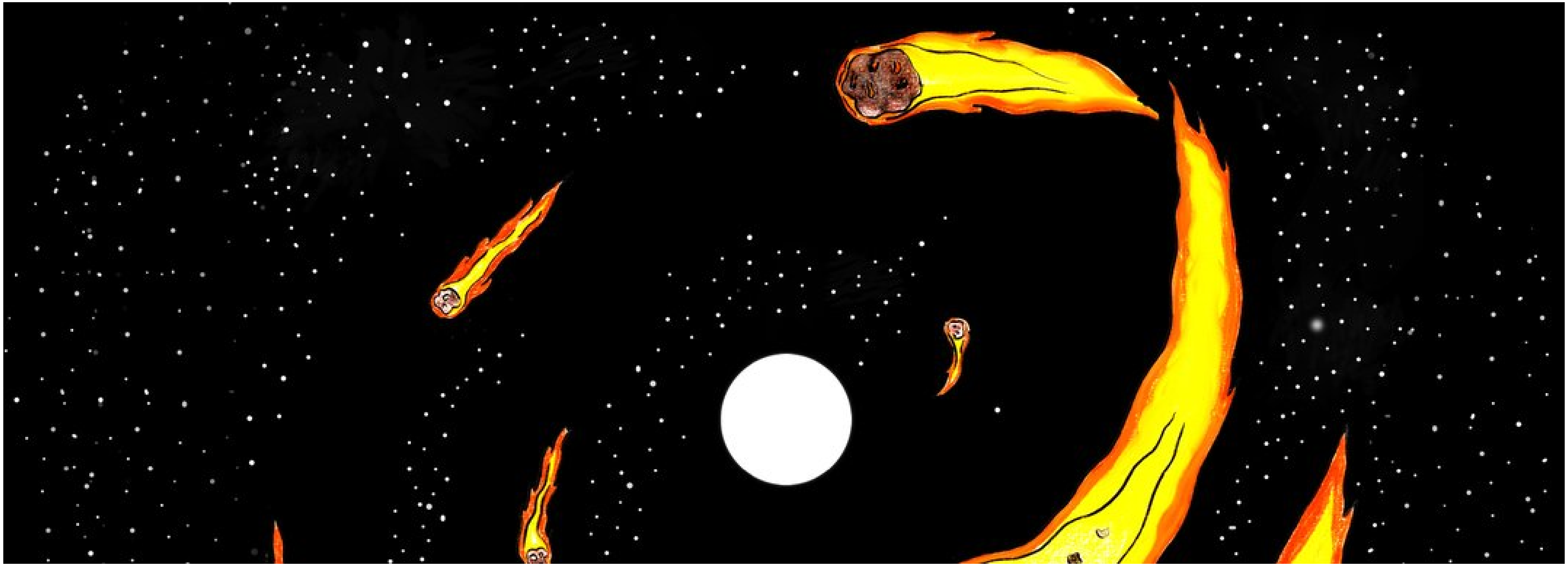


storyweaver Community

Level 4

सहस्त्रबाढ़नि (पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास)ISBN:978-93-340-4576-5 The Comet (First Maithili Graphic Novel)

Original Publisher:

StoryWeaver Community

Author:

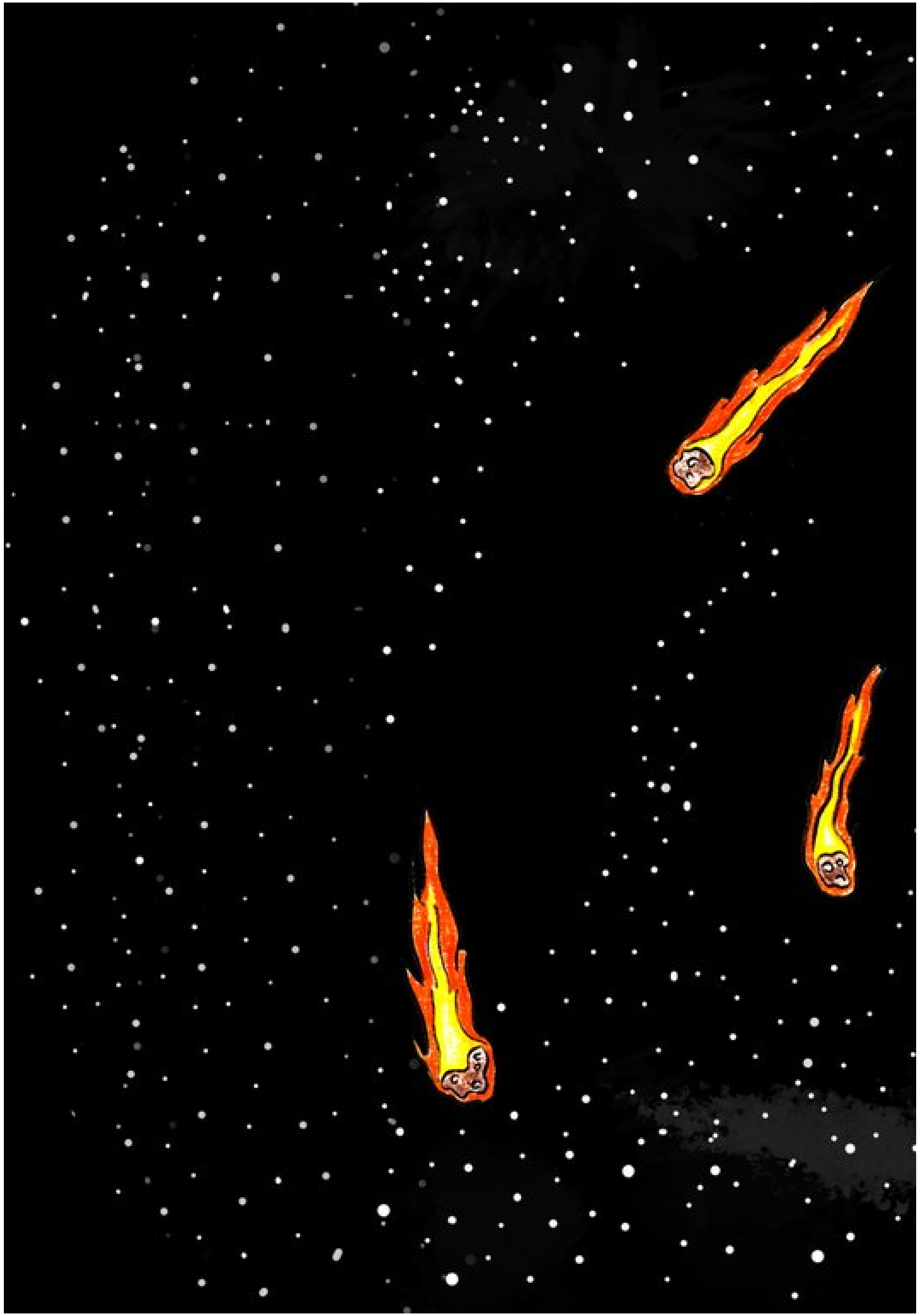
Gajendra Thakur

Illustrators:

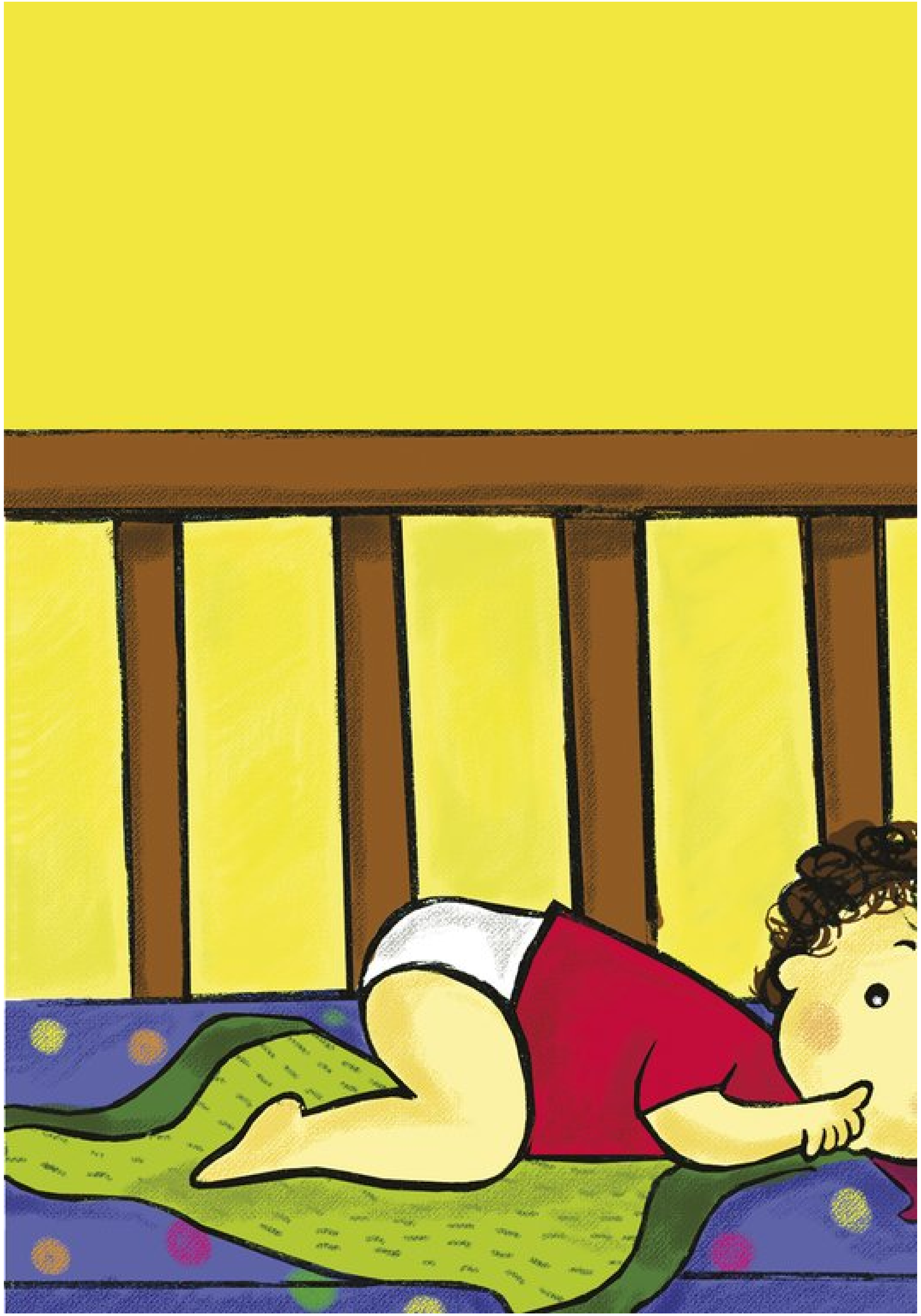
Aarush R Nambiar, Abhimanyu Ghimiray, Abhinavkrishna Aravind, Abin Shrestha, Abraham Muzee, Adonay Gebru, Adrie Le Roux, Adrija Ghosh, Aindri C, Ajit Narayan, Ana RoGu, Angelika Heuer, Angie & Upesh, Anja Venter, Antra Khurana, Aratrika Choudhury, Arkapriya Koley, Aruna Keerthi Gamage, Asha Susan Alex, Ashwathy Menon, Atanu Roy, B G Gujjarappa, Bao, Bhavana Vyas Vipparthi, Bijal V, Bindia Thapar, Brian Wambi, Canato Jimo, Chathurika Jayasooriya, Chitra Chandrashekhar, Deepa Balsavar, Dỗ Thái Thanh, Essa Biju, Gitanjali Iyer, Godwin Chipenya, Google India, Goutam Sen, Guru Khanna , Idowu Abayomi Oluwasegun, Isaac Okwir, Isaac Leung, Ivette Salom, JEROME JOE, Jacob Kono, Jahnavi Jain, Jean de Wet, Jemma Jose, Jemma Jose, Jesse Breytenbach, Jeyanthi Manokaran, Joanna Davala, Jonathan Timothy, Josh Morgan, Jupiter Pradhan, Kanika Nair, Kinga International, Krupa Thakur-Patil, Lakshita Tanwar, Lavanya Karthik, Levin Leo, Life Wars creator T. A., Lutfia Kamish, Lý Minh Phúc, Mamun Hossain, Mango Tree, Manisha Naskar, Manjari Chakravarti, Mansi Thakkar, Marco Tibasima, Marion Drew , Marleen Visser , Megha Punater, Megha Vishwanath, Meng Sokpheng, Namitaa Pradeep, Nankusia Shyam, Natalie Edwards, Natasha Sharma, Nidhin Shobhana, Nikhil Gulati, Nikita B, Nilesh Gehlot, Nuwan Chathuranga Athulasiri, Nyambura Kariuki, Offei Tettey Eugene, Pankaj Saikia, Phaoniu Shio, Phạm Thu Thùy, Pooja Dhull, Pratham Content Group, Priya Dali, Priya Kuriyan, Proiti Roy, REVA JAISWAL , Rajiv Eipe, Rajni Sharma bastariya, Ridhima Kakkar, Ritwick Roy, Rohan Chakravarty, Rohit Kelkar, Roshni Vyam, Ruchi Shah, Sachin Pandit, Sahitya Rani, Salim Kasamba , Samidha Gunjal, Sampurna Mondal, Sandhya Prabhat, Sangeeta Das, Sangeetha Kadur, Sanjay Sarkar, Sheshadri Mokshagundam, Shivam Choudhary, Shiza Khan, Shreyas R Krishnan, Siddhi Vartak , Sinomonde Ngwane, Smitha Shivaswamy, Somesh Kumar, Sonal Goyal, Srikrishna Kedilaya, Stephen Wallace, Students of Himalayan Public School, Sugrib Kumar Juanga, Sujan Chitrakar, Sumit Sakhuja, Sunaina Coelho , Swathi Sambasivam, TAKI team, Tanaya Vyas, Tapas Guha, Tasneem Amiruddin, Trần Lưu Đăng Nguyên, Ujwal Nair, Vachi Aggarwal, Vartika Sharma , Vidya Gopal, Vidyun Sabhaney, Vinayak Varma, Vishakha Yadav, Vishnu M Nair, Vusi Malindi, Wiehan de Jager, Youm Kosal, Zaheer Merchant, Zainab Tambawalla

Photographers:

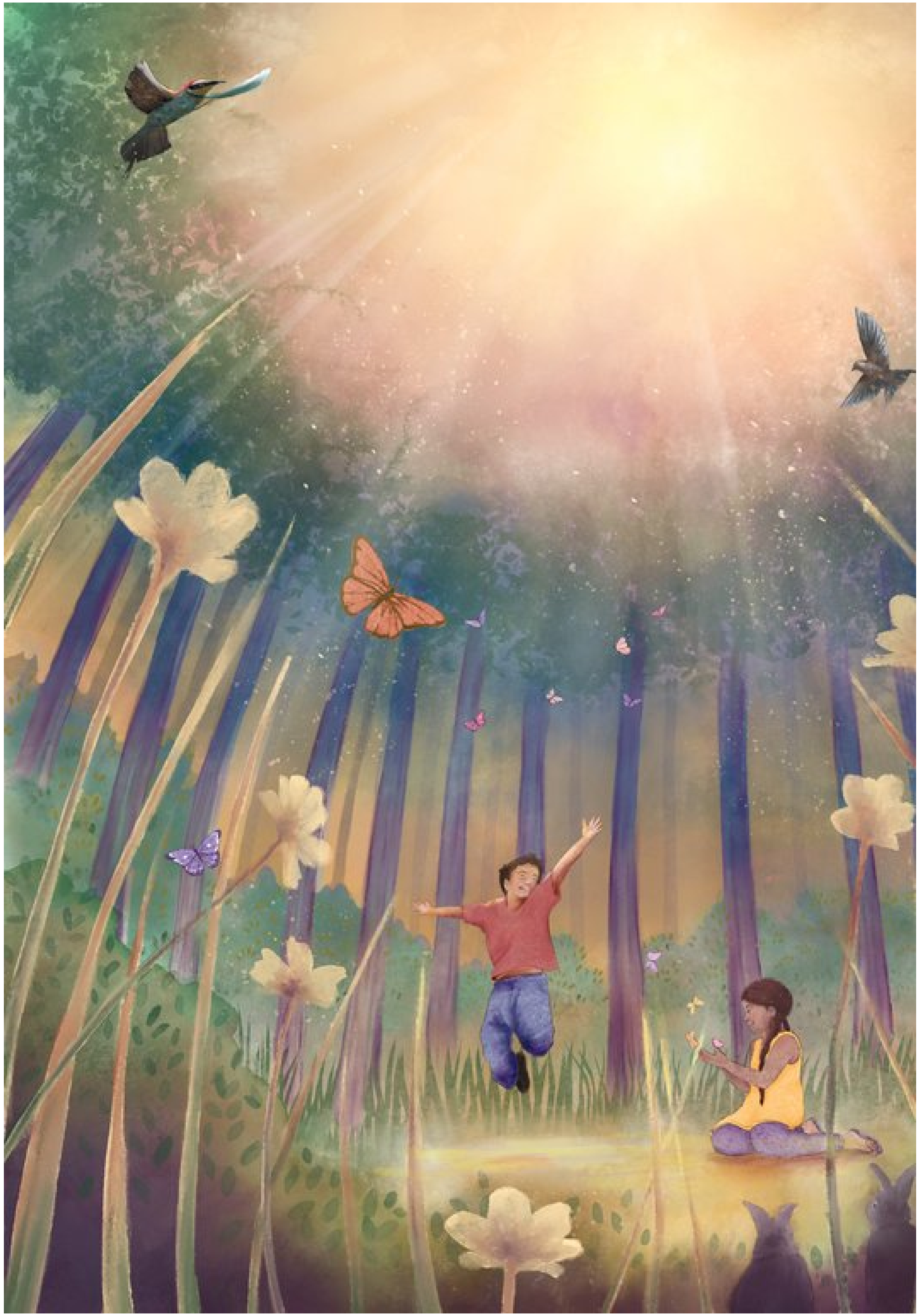
NASA Images, Visvesvaraya National Memorial Trust



सहस्रबाढ़नि (पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास): पहिल मैथिली चित्र-शृंखला (कॉमिक्स) आ पहिल मैथिली चित्रकथाक बाद विदेह पेटारसँ पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास सहस्रबाढ़नि (उपन्यासकार गजेन्द्र ठाकुर) Sahasrabadhani (The Comet)- First Maithili Graphic Novel/ After first Maithili Comics book, first Maithili Picture-story book, Videha Archive brings you First Maithili Graphic Novel.(Author-Gajendra Thakur) [विदेह(since 2000) ISSN 2229-547X VIDEHA (since 2004)www.videha.co.in] The contents and documents e-published by Videha (since 2000) ISSN 2229-547X VIDEHA (since 2004) are periodically being checked for accessibility issues. People with disabilities should not have difficulty accessing these contents/ documents. Sahasrabadhani (The Comet)- First Maithili Graphic Novel- (Author-Gajendra Thakur)ISBN:978-93-340-4576-5



″ Sahasrabadhani (The First Maithili Graphic Novel)
"One day, I saw Kalita who was going ahead to shoot. When he came out of the courtyard, he picked up the pebbles he had seen, only his hands and feet moved forward, "recalled the wife. "One day, I saw that he was trying to grab Debal and stand at the window. I'm not going to let go of what I have. Try it yourself. On his way up on two attempts, he caught hold of Deval and fell on the coach. Do not reach out your hand. Then he jumped for the third time and reached out his hand to the window and stood still, "recalled Jhingur Babu."One day I was calculating at one or two o'clock. I just said it, I said it. Then I rang the bell and it said, "Oh! Then I thought he was copying me. "



"One day, I came out of the field and was taking a bath and eating. I did it here, just as Kalit did here. I looked around and saw that he was sitting and playing with the ball. The second time I scratched it, it popped up again. I said nothing else, he is copying me. Why was everyone laughing on the floor? Then, if I say what I have just said, he will answer in a different way. "

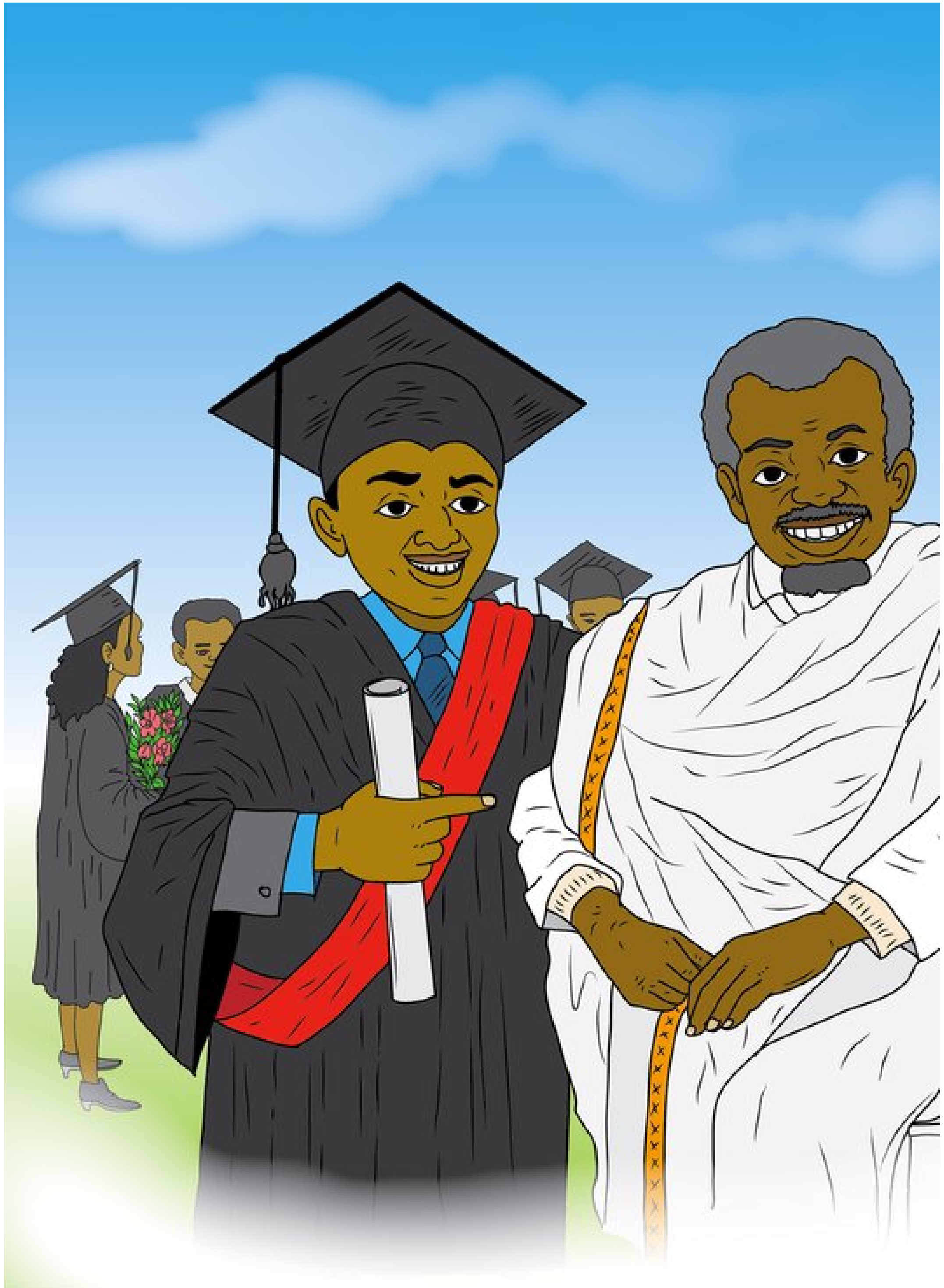
The boy whom Jhingurbabu found at first unconcerned and only smiled in his dreams, then stammered, then walked, is now receiving education. He still remembered how Nena's hand wouldn't move while giving him a tap and it would bounce back and forth like a bang. Like a full frog - suddenly he burst out laughing.



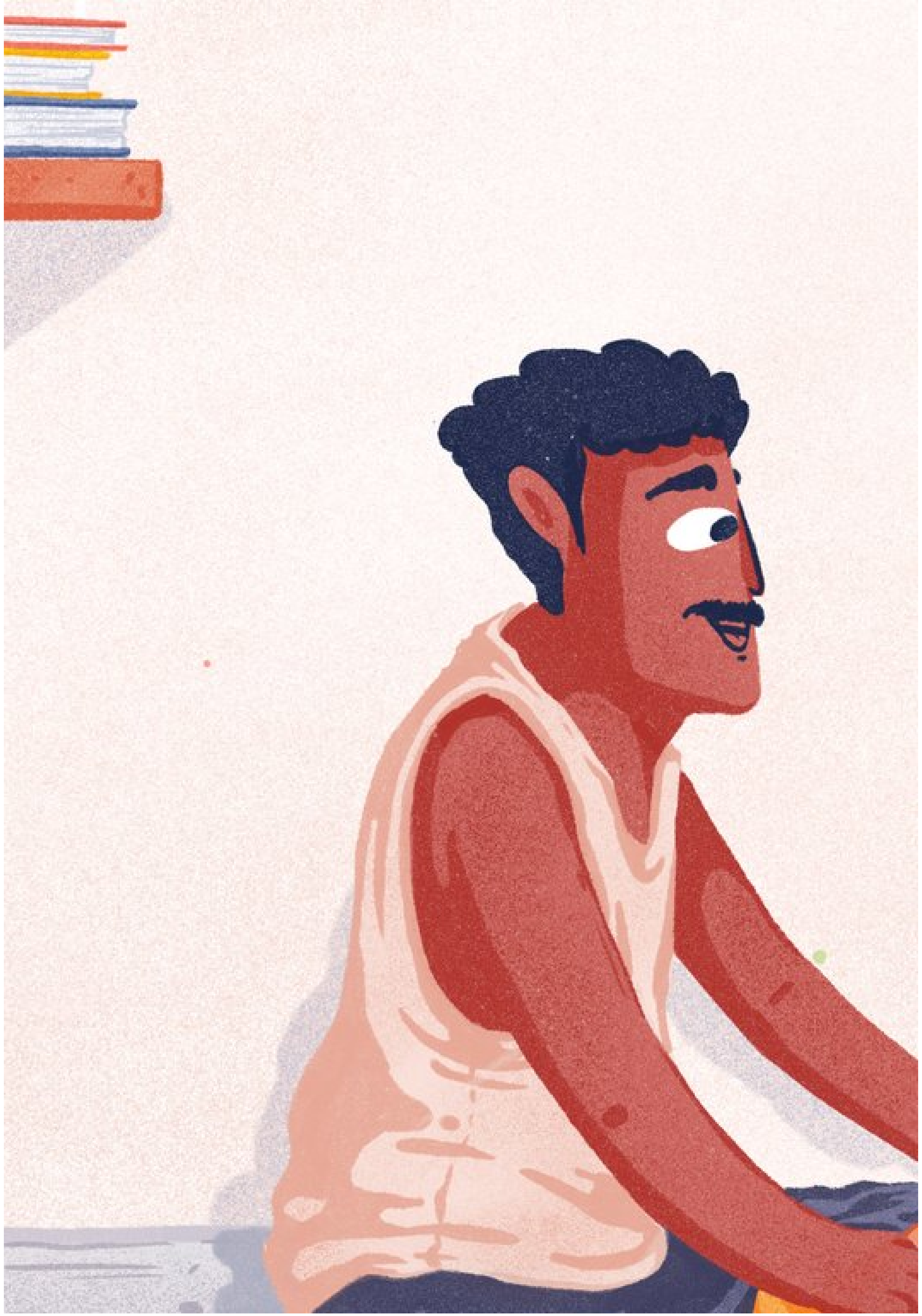
The wife asked, "What made you smile?" So at first he said no, then he spoke and listened with all his heart. Now, after that, the chatter started coming out.

In the year 1885. A boy was born in the house of Jhingur Thakur.

The year was also described as an important event in later times due to the establishment of the Congress party. The British Raj had fully established itself. The princely states took pride in considering themselves friends of the British. In academia, the Congress was soon promoted as a rabble-rouser. The form of Sanskritic Rattan Vidya was lost. It was impossible to get a government position without learning English. Government positions meant those related to and limited to the recovery functions of the princely states.



The boy was then kept away from the lure of Sanskrit education. The penetration of English into the family was often negligible, and so the family went back a generation. However, Jhingur Babu arranged for his son to be educated by a Calcutta master. Subsequently, another Bengali boy was taught English in Daribhanga. Balak Kalita gradually mastered the art of mesmerizing with his ingenuity. "He must have been six or seven months old when I heard that." "From what I've heard, it doesn't matter how old you are, it's usually nine or ten months old."



The wife, not being a member of the in-laws or an outsider, would say, "Listen," or do this, or do that. But in front of her in-laws, she kept on talking and listening, "Falna said. And then there was Jhingur Babu. He answered them in imitation of the work for the philosophy-work of the Gita. But in isolation, all is well again. Jhingur Babu smiled again, vowing to free Kalita from the clutches, knowing that his father was no old man.



The wife asked again what had made her smile. However, this time, Jhingur Babu broke down. Smiling, he walked towards the hall, as some people were talking about maintaining the akhara. There was more to the story behind the early-morning akhara. Early in the morning, all the children and young men of Turiya used to come. Make a perfect mattress like akhada, mud kori and chudi. Except for the boy, Kalita, all the children arrived safely.If Jhingur Babu was upset about this, other people would say what he was saying. If you've kept them away from you for any purpose, you've messed it up. Once the Thakur family had only one house and now it has five families. The equivalent of one tola in the share of duck meat has been found in Thukurpatti. There are eight families in Thukurpatti with children of Kalita and Turiya. The children have since been recognised.



Then, one by one, a messenger came and a message written in Tirhut on a sheet of bread was served. Jhingur Babu offered him a lota and a glass of water from the courtyard and started reading the letter. There is often a clamour for an amendment. Jhingur Babu made an impassioned plea to Samadhi to visit the halls of Partapur. Being related to an ancestor through a parent-tribe automatically inspires oneness in the individual. Then start reading the letter in the courtyard.



The. Mr. Swasti Harivadaradhya Shreemastu Jhingur Thakur Pitru Charan Kamleshu It: Shree Gulabasya Kotish Pranama: Santu. Hundred per cent. Happy to share the news of the Upanayana rites of my sons Shri Gares and Chandramohan. Your great-grandfather and my great-great-grandfather studied together. My grandfather had instructed me to keep up with the news of his tribe. There is a fear of evil in the future if any incident of joy or grief is not reported from my village to your village and from your village to my village and especially if Ashok is not considered.Samprati herself came to the same ceremony as the five Pandavas to thank the five Thakur Gurus. I have thought of making him the Acharya of my eldest son. We have been to Panchkoshi, the auditorium of Partapur, so many people are also craving for a chat. As soon as the first Monday of the following month arrives, all operations will continue. Wednesday often marks the start of the preliminaries. It is good luck.



On the other side of the Balana stream are the trees of Paratapur and below them are the Sabhas. Balana's stream is very deep and completely calm. It was only later that a large tree from the Himalayas fell into the Balan and blocked the stream by curving instead of staying straight near Pipraghat and a new stream, Kamala, was born. Balan towards Jhanjharpur and Kamala-Mahenth, Garhia and Naruara. Ballan deep and calm, little trace of sand; but kamala phenil, devastating.Along with the floods, the sand began to erode. During the summer, the ballans remain in their former form; it is difficult to cross without a boat. However, during this month, the Kamalamaharani is crossed by many people. All the teak trees in Sabhagachhi dried up in the flood fury. Sand on all sides. And the hall fell down. All the glory is gone. Panchakoshi was measured from the poles of Paratpur during the time of Jhingur Babu.

D62c59143cf3eb67e2788cef330c026c

Kalit will come a day after tomorrow from Darbhanga, then they will go one by one with him. The poor people used to do penance for many days. This time, Mama will go everywhere, Didi will go everywhere. Everyone has felt it. The father and son arrived together. This village did not look like any other. Just as there has been a tradition of scriptures at gatherings, discussions on various topics in the scholarly community have been great. British rule and the military campaigns of the Indians were also in the discussion. Mangrubabu had fought many battles wearing a red coat. Mangrubabu goes on to describe in detail the campaign he accompanied Sir Charles Napier on in the Abyssinian Wars. The second Afghan war also described how the army had to replace red with green uniforms due to lack of time. This uniform later became known as the khaki colour.



The Enfield rifle pocket that became the 1857 War of Independence was replaced by the much lighter Snider rifle in 1887. Mangru Babu also spoke of the Congress. Omhar Jhingur Babu started making feast lists and estimates. Kalita also became engrossed with his Turiya students. Among the crowd was Fannu Babu from Raje village. He had a sister and a brother-in-law at one time. So he used to do a bit more here and there.He had never seen Kalita before. He suddenly became curious and asked about Kalita. Knowing that Kalita is Jhingurbabu's son, he rushes to Jhingurbabu. During the course of the conversation, it was also learnt from Jhingur Babu that after the Permanent Settlement of Zamindari, Daribhanga Raj got the right to collect taxes from the Mithila region on a pargana basis for collection and after studying, Kalita would go to Katihar for tax collection work.



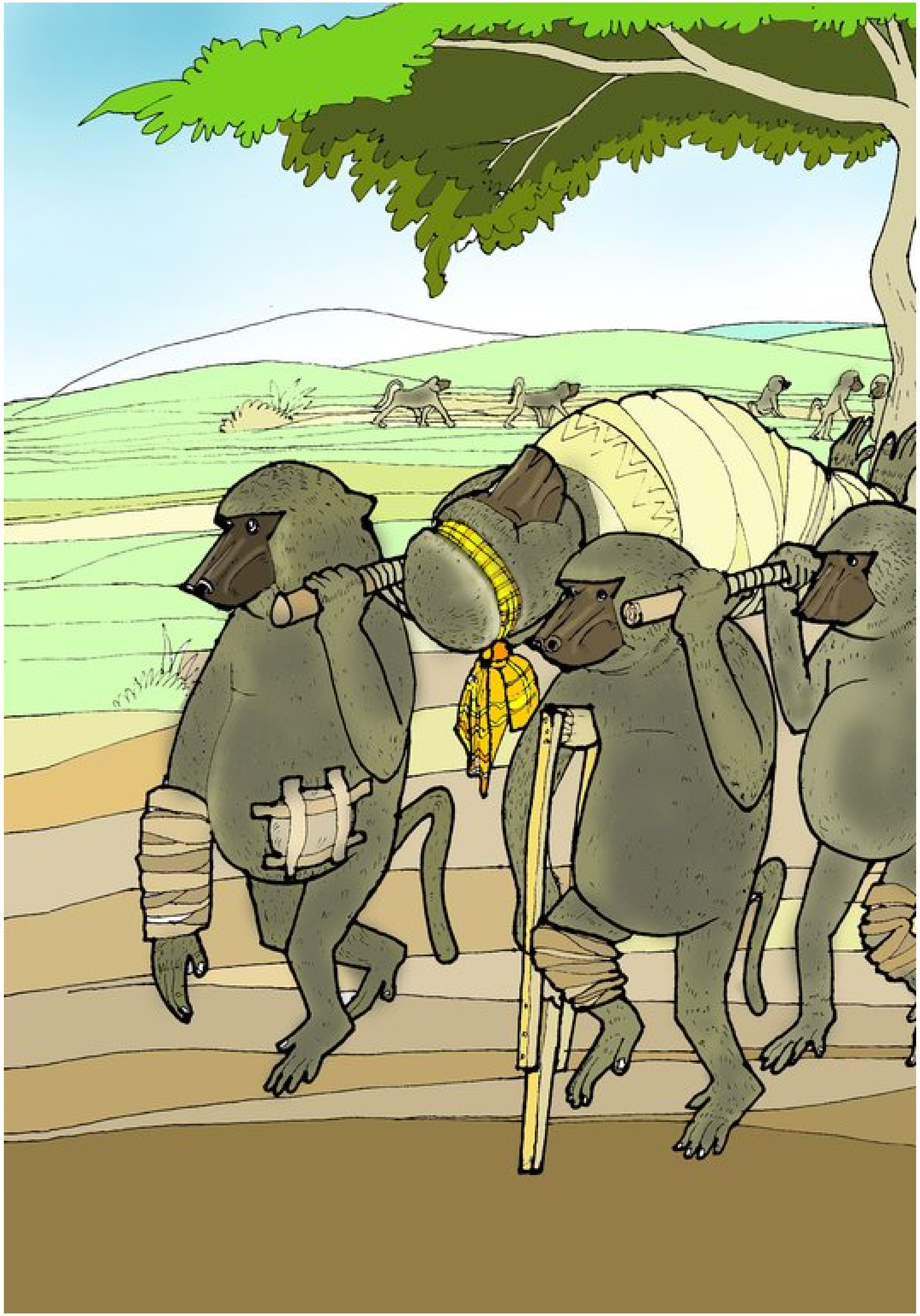
In the meantime, he completed his education in English. It is revealed that Fannu Babu is in search of a suitable bridegroom to save his life. Then it was thought that Fannu Babu would come in the next month to the Sabhagachhi of Partapur and Jhingur Babu got the opportunity to host. However, in the meantime, the Diyas besieged Jhingur Babu, who reached the village only after arranging Kalita's marriage to Fannu Babu's daughter and performing the siddhant in Bharam. Don't be afraid that the bride will cry a little.But as soon as she heard about the marriage, the bride became happy like a bird. All the numbness that has been there for the past four days will be gone.



The means of transport were either foot or cart. The floor was also green, but richly carved and rich. The bridegroom shall wear what he has worn in marriage and in marriage. And the younger one left on a cart. Welcome to the door. Fragrances, flowers, refreshments. Some people found it uncomfortable to do these things. The chatter of the audience continued. Scriptures and jokes. The rituals and rituals in the courtyard are interspersed with chatter on the patio.In between why would he come and look for something and then go somewhere else. where are the jewels Give it to Ghoghat. Ghoghat is also not new. This will also keep the relatives informed about the course and progress of the marriage. Thus, the marriage ceremony went on till five in the morning, both in the courtyard and at the darwaza. The hands of the bride and groom were tied with a celibate string, which would last for four days. The marriage was then consummated.



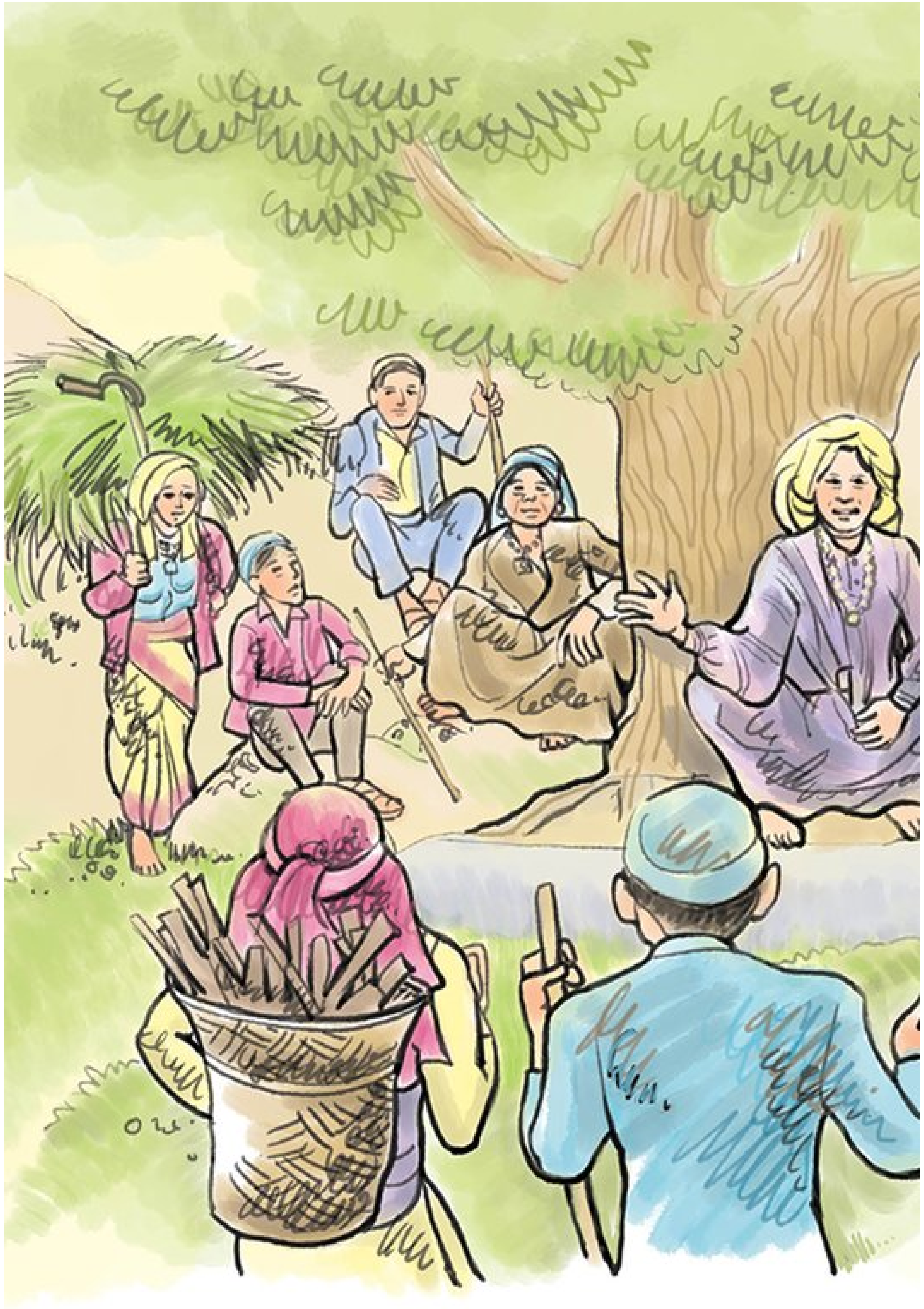
On the day of farewell, Taka was sent by Jhingur Babu and Kalita returned to his village. Now, preparations were made for his departure to Katihar. After bidding adieu to his mother and villagers with teary eyes, Kalita went to his job. Arriving in Katihar, an area plagued by the Kosi menace, Kalita soon became proficient in his work. He also called his father-in-law, brother-in-law and nephew when the work became too much. In a short span of time, he raised his reputation among the people of the region. Here, the zamindari's old experience with permanent settlement was very poor.The corrupt practices of the recovery officer have been changed forever. But yesterday, I wrote something else. Soon after Kalita's return, his mother passed away. I went away with a lot of comforts. Sometimes you tell Kalita that you will have a big fight with the bride, then see if you take my side or the bride's. Now, Jhingur Babu also seemed to be unconcerned.



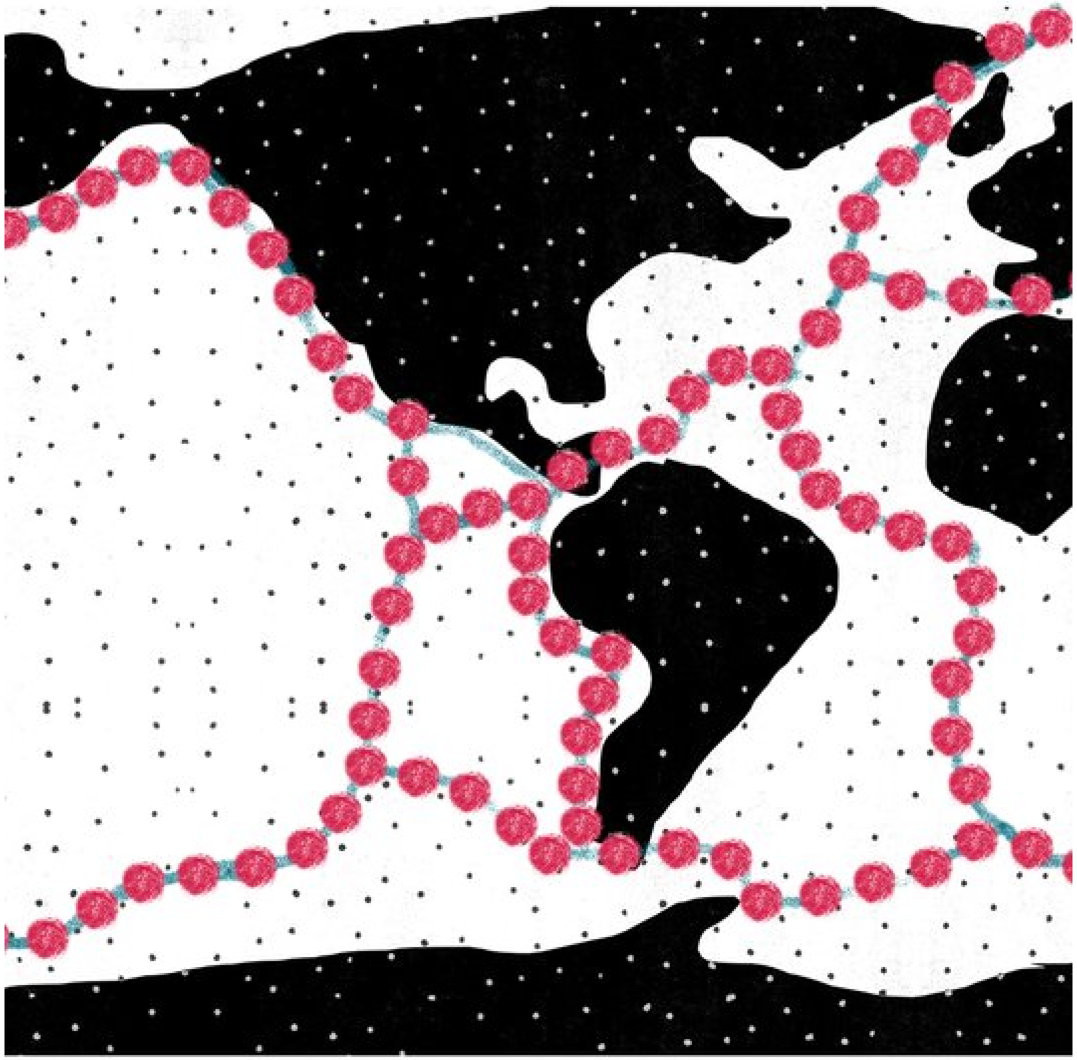
Learned people say to walk together, but how can you leave the place where you were born? After Kalita's return in the third year, Jhingur Babu was able to rest assured. On the way, Kalita was told that he would be out of the village for a long time. This is what made me want to serve you. He will now bear the burden of his sister. I thought I would be sure to donate it to the wedding. But your mother broke me.Now you have become your own jogger. If you have a five-year-old son, people will tell you that you have a five-year-old son. You now live your life by reading and writing. Then, after holding Putohu by the hand of Bucchia, he took leave of this man. Kalita had never seen him in such a hurry. Still, calm and anxious about the results, the farmer was also impatient after parting with his life-partner.



Kalita had the same concerns when he returned to Katihar. It was Bucchia's wedding. Being a father, he did not worry about any problems. But after her departure, now let's see Loko why not say that he did not pay attention to his sister after his father's departure. How could the father raise the question of marriage for so long? But how long does it take to pass the time? After the entire village had feasted, they set out to find a bridegroom for the marriage of the learned Bucchia.He went to the court of Partapur but did not find any bridegroom suitable for Bucchia. Fifteen days of vacation are useless. He again came to Katihar. During the task, you will also get to know the families on the south side of the Ganges like Gidhaur, Barh, etc.



From there, he came to know about a boy from a village near the town of Barh who was working in the Gidhaur estate. Soon, he came to Gidhaur to meet the boys. The child was very divine. Taking the address, Baruah came and spoke to the boy's father. The fact that the Panchakoshi story came to this region near the city of Barh after so many days makes it difficult to deduce this story. After all the chatter, they reached Siddhant Karen's place in Bharam again.The old man was amazed at what he heard. The elder son followed his father's path - Jhingur babu had learnt the principles of Kalita as soon as he arrived, wow. The story may seem far-fetched, but Kalita himself was a telepathic by nature, so he had an experience of all things. The entire toll went into preparing for the wedding. Bucchia doesn't have a problem. Butchia is endowed with all virtues.



{Map not to scale. Artisti

Take Geet-Naad or Sarai-Katora, the ten thousand Mahadevs make Sugardha Patar-Patar in a jiffy. The houses you visit will make them shine. The marriage was solemnized with rituals. The bridegroom offered to come with him, but Kalita did not agree, so the bridegroom had to go with Buchiya's handprint. Kalita's wife was Purna Shuddha. Bucchia to Bahinapa. Bucchio didn't get tired of saying brother and sister. The third year occurred on the day of Dwiravana.When the cook who had gone with Bucchia came and began to describe the Ganges and the view across the Ganges, tears welled up in her sister-in-law's eyes. Kalita was asked several times where the flood was. Everything becomes normal with time. When Buchia visited a couple of times, the sister-in-law became more relaxed. Gradually, Kalita became lonely again. Then came the earthquake.



1.

2.





4.

After spending the night with his wife and two daughters and a son on Mahadev Pokhari in the earthquake of thirty-four, he went to Katihar with his family for a few days. The cause was a month-long wave of small earthquakes. However, the wife began to suffer from homesickness. Since the house collapsed in the earthquake, he built a new house on the Phulwari side of the village, leaving behind that piece of land. He gave his old house to his brother-in-law and settled on this new house. He is survived by a son and a daughter. Once again, a family cycle began.



Their children also now seemed to be marriageable. Your baby always seems to be a baby, but so what. The first child will be married off and the second one will be adopted. The families of the Kachhabis were also court servants. Horse, buffalo, chas-bas. . However, Kalita's first daughter died during childbirth, but her maternal grandmother survived and continued to live with her mother.But he must have been five years old or one day he complained of stomach ache and went to the house of God in the service of his mother. Kalita continued to watch this struggle of life and death. Sometimes there was a cholera outbreak in the village, sometimes a plague, and what? When people came to check on one, they got the news of the death of the other. However, Kalita's family remained intact.



Kalita continued to gain promotion and prestige in Katihar. The nephews remain in the former form. Both sons attended Kejriwal High School, Jhanjharpur. Sometimes there is movement in the slow motion of time. Kalita Jena was convinced to get his third daughter married in the village of Amarupi near Tamuria. He married his elder son and became convinced of the younger son's academic talent. But he also had no doubts about his younger son being superstitious.And it was because of this that one day the noise arose, that in the dense city of Channa-Gachhi, where there is darkness during the day, a lump rises up under a tree. Then his son came to pick him up. When it came time for him to choose science or arts in Class VIII, his son's decision to take up science was a resounding yes. Many people say that Satyanarayana Babu and K-K expanded to science, later had to take up arts subjects again.

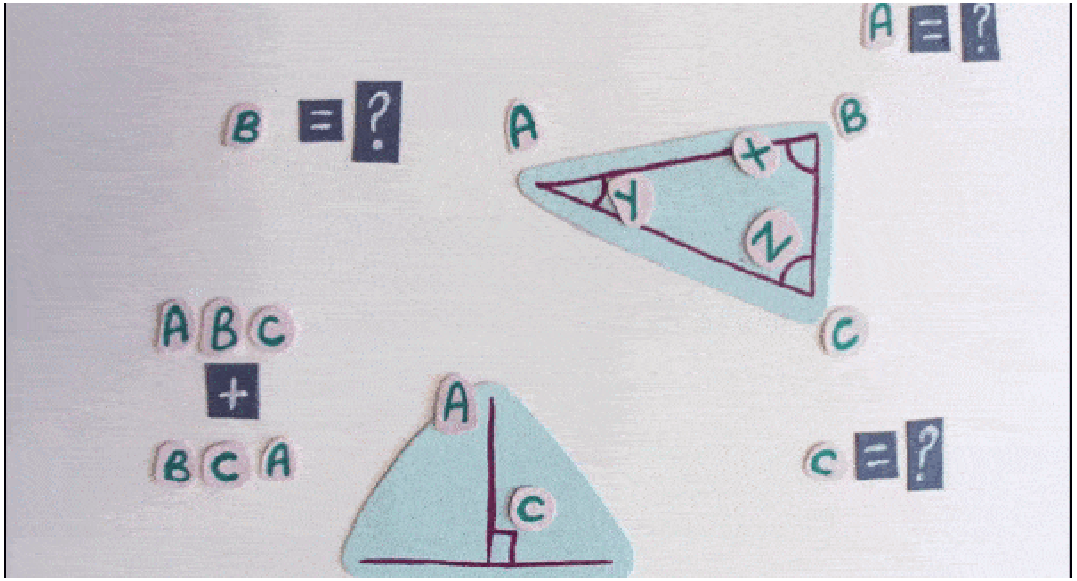


But Nanda did not agree. He took mathematics in science. Kalita thought that having studied science, Nanda would have been less interested in his love for the unseen. I don't know why Kalita became restless after this. He came to the village once from Katihar. In the morning, after retiring from the routine, Kalita was walking towards the mud to fold his hands or, if he did not know, to throw away the handkerchief. He fell down. The bride came running. But the game of life comes once and goes on forever. Nanda witnessed his father's death. This form of death was entirely new to him and utterly mysterious. The power of invisibility suppressed the supremacy of science in Nanda's life.



The circular shape of the circle completed a circle moving around the circumference of the centre. Trapped by the Invisible Center. Nanda grew up, aged, and taught under the aegis of his mother, Yashoda. Nanda became the favourite of his teachers. The neatness of his practical copy was widely discussed in the school. The flower-like letters matched her physical beauty.

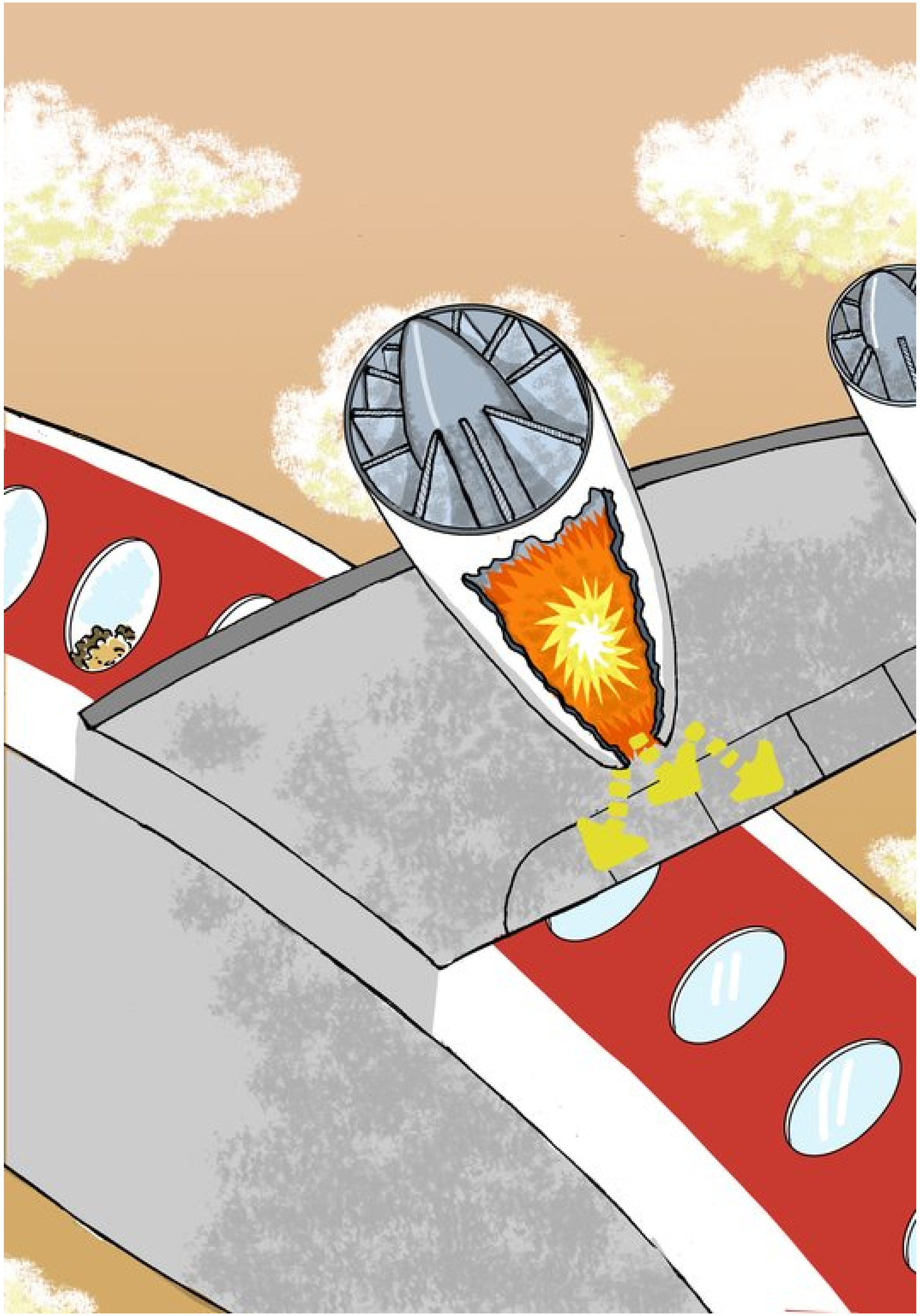
Meanwhile, another incident happened.Bhagavati, the second son of Yashoda Maa, was at the ground floor in front of the house. In the morning, Maa sees that the giant snake has broken into four pieces and Bijji is standing guard near the children's heads. Often Bijji was killed by Gahumana and both sons were saved by Yashoda. Nanda went on with the recollection of the incident. There was a split in the middle. The households, the farms, all started with two or three pieces of land. Outsiders said that injustice was being done to both the brothers.



After receiving a scholarship, Nanda enrolled in the mathematics branch of inter-graduate science at RK College Madhubani. Initially, he had difficulty in understanding mathematics. He thought it wise to leave mathematics alone so that later people would not say what they thought and choose science. However, after a few days, he also began to faint from crying. Memories of the village football field remain, with no opportunity to play.The mathematics teacher gave a set of three questions before the exam and said that whoever answered sixty percent of the questions correctly would definitely pass in first class. Nanda prepared the answers to seventy percent of the questions and showed them to the teacher. As expected, the results of the examination were later found to be first-class. In 1959, he applied for admission to engineering.

7fc726e7f6be3533bb3e0f520268d3bd

Uttar enrolled at Muzaffarpur Institute of Technology, scoring the highest marks. At that time, only the civil engineering branch was taught in that institution, he enrolled in that branch and came dressed in a dhoti-kurta. Professor Dixit Saheb saw the machine in the workshop and said that the dhoti would get stuck in it. Bring full pants and a shirt. Nanda had to buy two full pants and a shirt. If you had to buy clothes, it would take two and a half days before you could buy ready-made clothes.But when he went to the village, he used to wear a dhoti-kurta instead of a full-pants-shirt in a remote place away from the village. He never went to the village wearing full pants. He studied engineering from 1959 to 1963 and was then reinstated as an engineering assistant in the Bihar government and a year later as an assistant engineer from 1964. Teaching engineering was particularly expensive with the stipulation that the cost of the education be borne by the father.



However, a month's summer vacation and fifteen days of Durga Puja vacation in college was all that the father-in-law could afford and he paid for only ten and a half months instead of twelve months in a year. Later, when his in-laws told him that they had done engineering, Nanda also laughed and revealed the above. The circumference of the circle was getting bigger. The circumference of time completed a full circle first and now the circumference began to expand. Pockets of misery and ups and downs.Umang, the flag bearer on Independence Day, walking with school children on 15 August 1947. Bhakti of the Congress remained with the party. But the nightmare of the retreat of the Indian army after the Chinese invasion of 1962. The mood after India's surprise decision not to use the air force was one of retreat and defeat. Hearing All India Radio's announcement that our army was retreating with pride, Nanda's heart stopped.



When he started as a Captain in the army during the 1965 war to recruit engineers, Nanda and Saha Saheb applied. Shah Saheb's bride just turned a deaf ear and Shah Saheb had to stop. Nanda's wife did not resist at all. However, Nanda withdrew due to being overweight. He remained silent. Then the body that has begun to decline will continue to grow. It was the same dream - a house with rooms in the village. Map out all of those surveys and find a house chair that doesn't let any part of the house into the street.Only half of the design of the building could be completed. Every time I moved, it was a new experience. At that time, it was customary to address the bride as the third male, but Nanda introduced the address in the second male. Instead of criticizing it, people in the village went on to start this address in their homes. Development work in Dehri-on-Sone received the full support of rural tribals during the relocation.



Never lose your temper at the sight of money. Gently lift the jeep and complete your task. Sometimes, if the jeep was speeding, it felt like a child being run over. But never get into an accident. People of all castes in the village were given jobs on small muster rolls. He also encouraged the local people to take up jobs. The local poor tribals regarded Nanda as a god.It was here that Nanda suffered his first attack of asthma. The local healer brought the beetles from the forest one by one, day and night. Asthma is not treated in allopathy, but the only alimony from this plant kept Nanda away from asthma for many years to come. The companions gave him the name Bholenath. They also tried to learn ways to earn money.

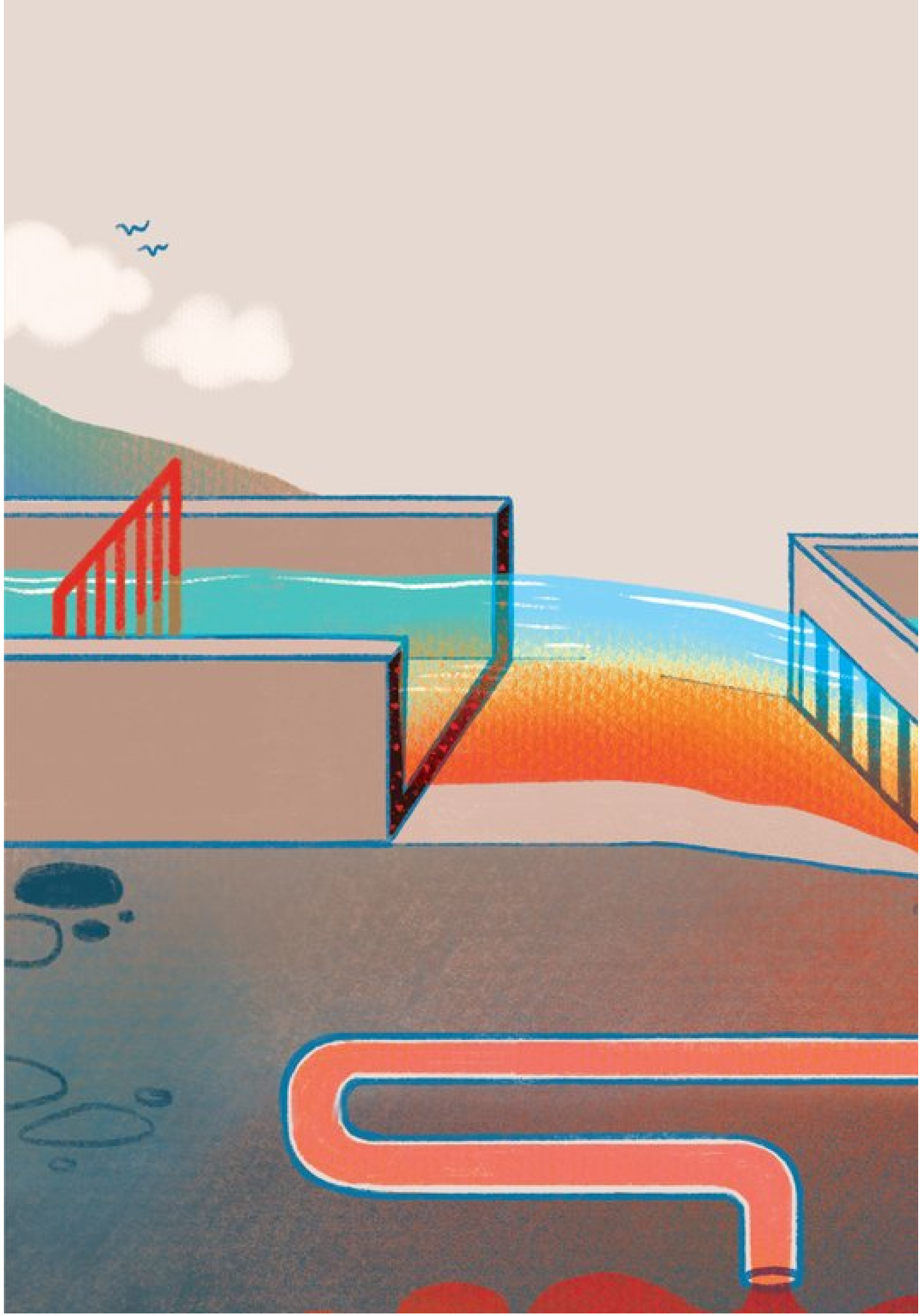
0341cc2fcd868a79ac7b34b155fb7866

However, seeing the helplessness of the villagers from the shore, Nanda did not pay attention to these things. So, despite the poverty, what do you get from the local people? In the meantime, a daughter was also born. The second time, he got a son. The daughter was born in Mama village and the son in his village. Children's situational awareness, then their laughter, then their stamina.... The philosophy of the child's growing up process is the same as the creation of the world and the development of their consciousness.

One of his nephews had died in childhood, and thereafter the sense of enlightenment towards these two children, not happy in happiness and not sad in sorrow, descended to Nanda. Nanda had gone to Delhi for some training. One night, he dreamt that his nephew Naveen was sitting on the terrace of a thatched house in the village. The girl, with whom Nanda is very fond of, gets up and starts playing. Complains of abdominal pain after a while. Why do they all gather? The old and the new start giving their own prescriptions.



However, the child dies soon after. Look for Nanda's eyes. He was survived by his elder sister. Such was the case. The old woman had put her hand on the child's stomach, and she had suddenly become paralyzed with abdominal pain a short time later. Nanda had immense faith in the unseen, the ghosts, the demons, and the witch. Thinking of all this, he began to cry aloud. The companions started to get up in a hurry.When all the news was known, some people said that the nephew's age increased. Seeing Nanda's face hanging, some recalled the scientific approach of his engineer. But he could not convince Nanda. Nanda left the training and left the village on a dream. When he reached the village on the third day, he was shocked to see Bhaiya with a haircut. He spoke in a low, sad voice to those he met on the fringes of the village.



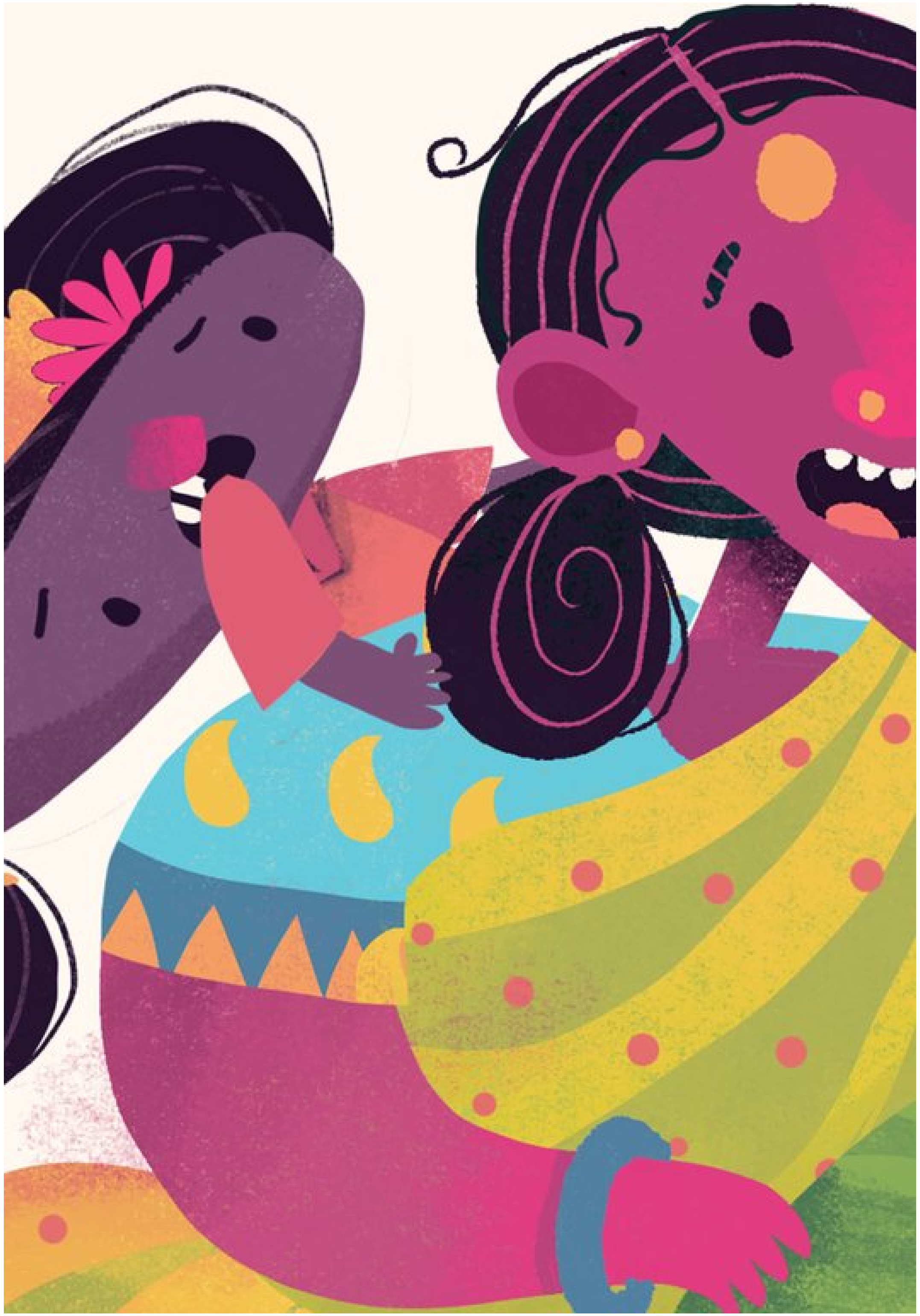
When he reached the courtyard, the mother began to cry aloud. All the stories of the dream explained the truth, literally the truth. The nephew called her at the right time to give her a haircut. Behind Naveen's photo, Nanda wrote in English the dates of his birth and death, as well as his uncles in his native language, with the ink of a fountain pen.He left before the house was built, even after he had gone, but in a dream, calling his uncle on the day of Nahakesh. After the birth of a daughter, kotha houses began to be built. When the daughter grew up, she used to say in her heartbreak that the house was too dirty to be dug up for a chair. But Dad remembered how the digging got so bad when Uncle used to hold you by the hand and put you down in the ditch to clean the leaves.



The daughter used to come to Ba's room to solve the problem as if the food was very dirty, then it is also true that the uncle used to unload the food by hand. Nanda's mother became the mother of the children. Nanda's son was called Nanda of Ba Nanda. Sometimes it was Gopal, sometimes it was Rajkummar, her laughter, her black curly hair. If the house of Ba's room is built, then the abdominal pain may begin. However, Nanda, seeing two deaths of abdominal pain in his house this time on unseen instructions, took Ma to several places, big cities to allopathic doctors for treatment.Diagnosis: A painful disease called cancer. The treatment of the disease was more painful than the disease itself. Removal of the tumor with radium. I broke down. He died in Patna. Due to the fact that the cremation took place on the banks of the Ganges, it was believed that the language of the Ganges could be heard as far away as the Magha region. The Shradh ceremony then took place in the village. Baa left, just before the birth of Nanda's second son.



But the talk of Baa continued in the house. Ba's photographs continued to be a source of inspiration for Ba's grandchildren. His grandchildren did not eat the mangoes of the betel tree that was cut down in Ba's shraddha. The mangoes that fell were placed on the father's head. Seeing the cows that were killed in the process of crossing the Gadan and the Vaitarani, both of Ba's sons took a vow that now this work would never be done in the future. With her fortitude, Ba was able to restore her family to their former prestige and status as devotees of Saraswati before her death.



Before her death, Buchiya also came to Patna to visit her sister-in-law from the floods. The two sisters-in-law and brother-in-law found themselves lost in the old chatter. The brother-in-law had become the father of the children and the sister-in-law had become the elder sister of the children. Budhia Didi's pocket became very popular among children. The small pockets, like the pockets of a giant, will be gone in the night. During the listening session, one child fell asleep, then the older child fell asleep, followed by the oldest child.Start beating the next night, the oldest child said, and start where you left off. If they had gone to sleep earlier, they would have understood themselves. But the older sister was no less. She used to start her pockets a little further ahead.



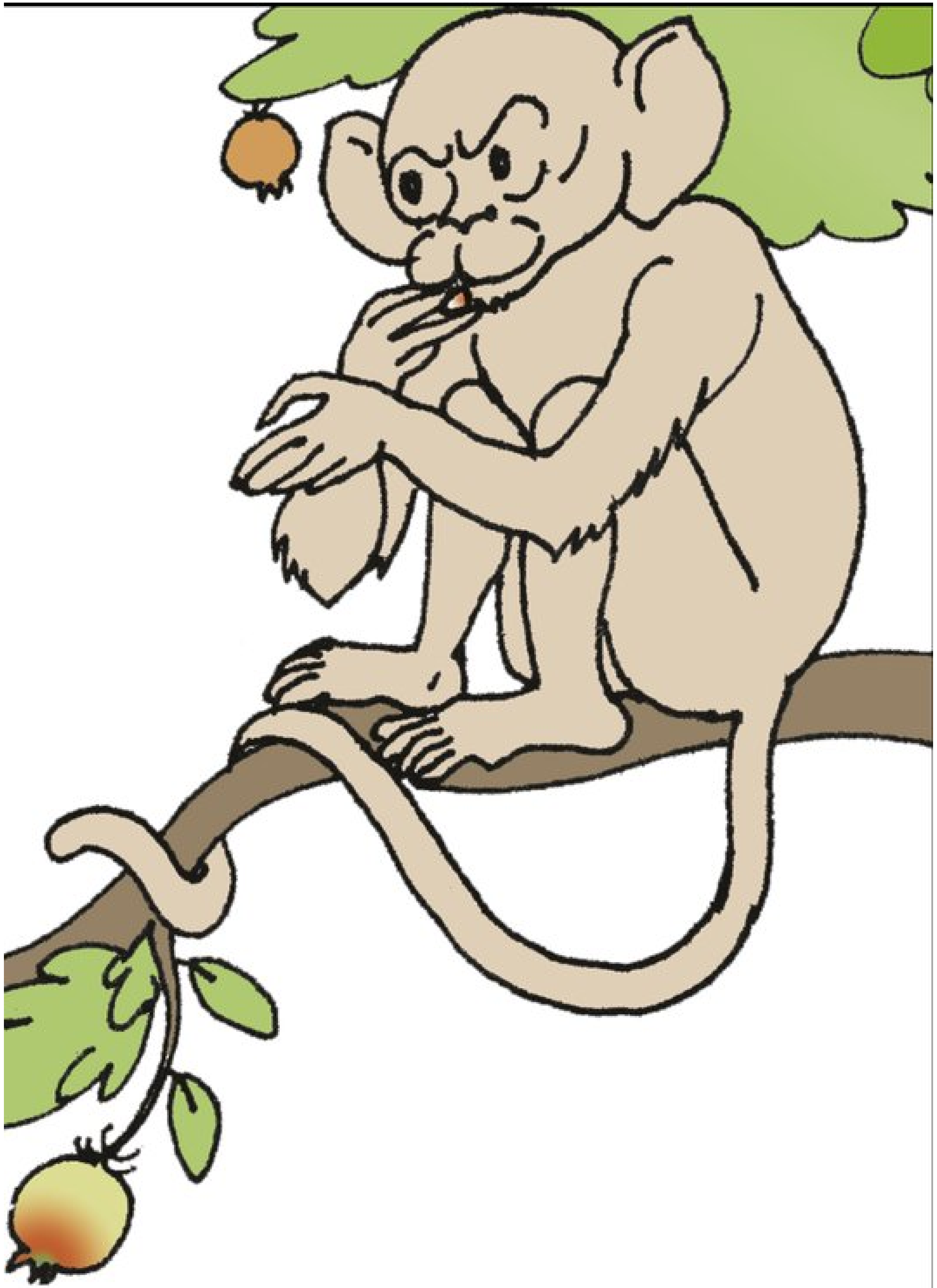
When the eldest child asked where I had heard the jhatka before, the older sister said that I had left the jhatka as usual and had gone to sleep. Then I stopped saying it. It was then decided to start picking pockets from wherever the youngest child wanted them. In large coal-bearing fields, the nand should be bored so that this barrier for water is irrigated.However, after several days of hard work by the workers-masons-artisans, it was found that there was a lack of water at the bottom. Due to the unavailability of a lift, the pipe remained in the ditch and dried up without any water. For children, this field became known as the boring field.



Later, the same village was announced to be attached to the Government Boring Village. However, Nandak Bhaiya finds out that this boring will not be made in the waterless barrier, but in the barrier that holds water for twelve months. He came to Patna with some people and submitted a petition to the Chief Minister. It was then that the dry barrier was repaired. The white British engineer with seven hands brought some machines and left in two days with a boring car. But why did he later say that he was American and not necessarily because all white people were English?Then on both sides of Kamala Balan, Chahar was built. It was fine for a few days, but after a few days, the situation became such that the sand got filled between the two holes and the higher the hole, the less. The sand was filled up to the bottom of the Jhanjharpur bridge. If any water came, the water would have crossed the danger mark and the water would have gushed out of the gate, inundating the fields.



The fields, which were very high and worth two paisa, became barren and cultivation in the barren fields stopped. The sandy soil between the two terraces had to be replanted three times. People now started cultivating pigeon pea and aloe vera in this sandy land. Sparse paddy cultivation was carried out in large tracts around Dakhi Pokhari as plantation became costlier in terms of yield. The Purnaha barrage used to be full of water. There was a morning in the middle of Kotia-Mehath - a narrow strip - often a splintered stream of Kosi. However, due to the geographical distance of Akhunaka Koshi, there are many who doubt it.Early this morning, the old conflict between Mehtha and Kothia comes to the fore. The latter would be the handiwork of a blind old man from the Bhumihar clan. They tied up the old man so that he would not be killed. But he broke through the gate and came out to fight with a spear and a large bamboo staff. One hundred and twenty-four bangles exploded in the room. And what about Mari.. for sugar syrup.



Another story - the story of the lies of the old uncle, all the monkeys were abandoned to the pen-tree for fear. Let's look at yesterday's tricks, how to hit the ball and show that you can touch the ball. All the eleven people took the flame, then how the body would be formed. At Nanda's dera, the old lady once came with her son from a flood, for her son's job. Children used to go to Old Didi's Patna or village Aale to taste the deluge.

After the end of the zamindari system, jobs were lost and so were the problems. That includes government jobs. Jairam Naua then states that the Nandas gave government jobs to all castes, but the Naua-Thakurs were spared. He would ask her son, if not Nanda, for a job for his son.

A41b49397e1a2c56c299a6db846a2b42

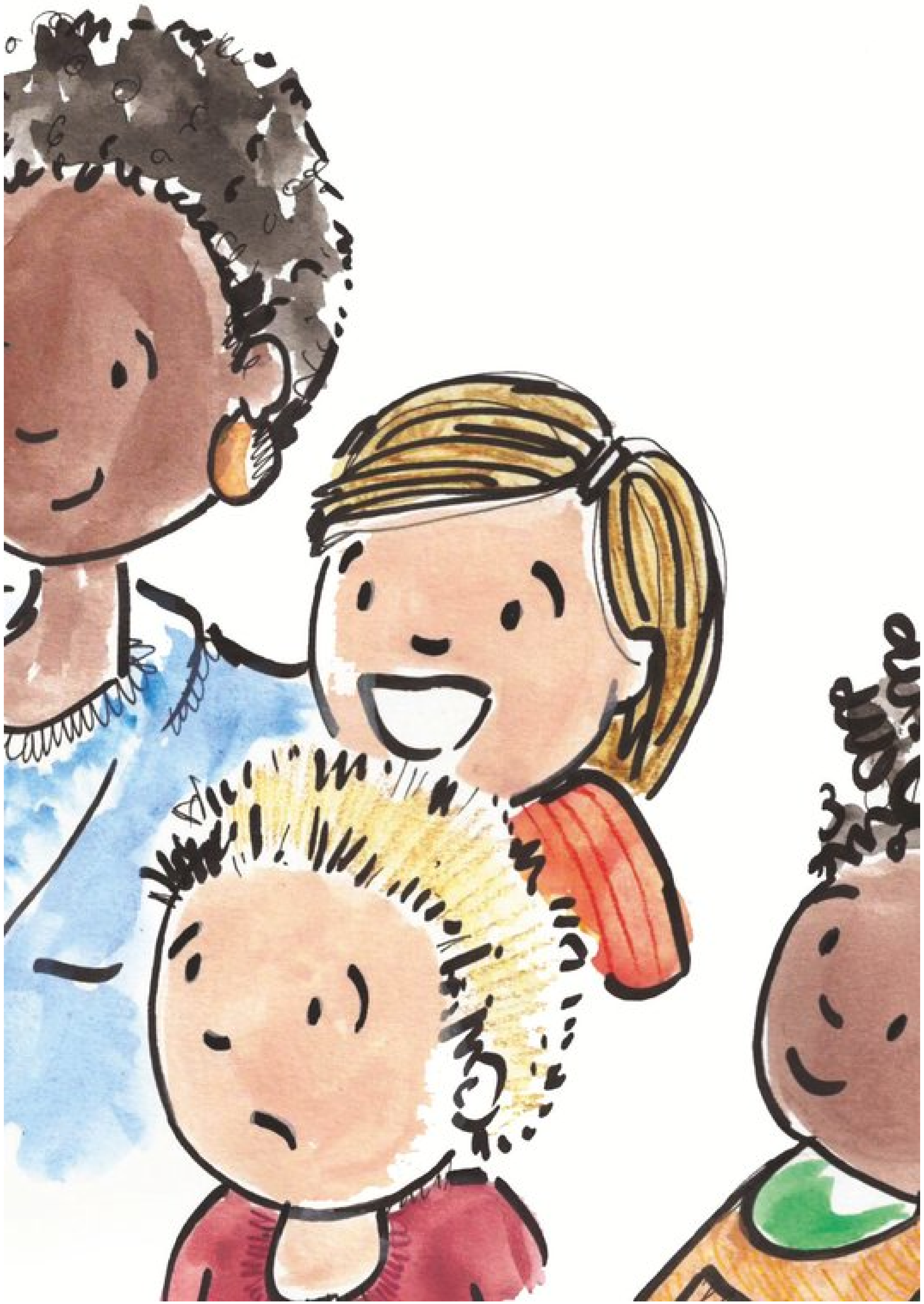
Everyone got a job, but old Didi's son did not get a job. Some even changed from year to year, or people didn't want to be employed at first. Gulab Jha of Pubai Toll said that if you do not have a job, do you eat meat and fish without paying wages? Old Didi brought the flood lights and the night-long hailstorms. The Nandas of the Nandas began to flourish in the village homes, sometimes in pockets of other variants, inar, pokhari, karin, baha, khatta, kachhi-pokhari, and in the midst of the small squabbles or quarrels that ensued.Nanda did not want to take his children away from the village. The summer solstice, Holi and Durga Puja, at least three times a year, were celebrated by the entire family. The children used to go to Didi's village to eat mangoes. The experience of walking for miles and miles, sometimes amidst the orange sand and sometimes amidst the mango trees, was something different.



In the month of Mango, how will the children of today get the experience of having dinner of fish and rice at night in the mango pen, the experience of removing the mangoes from the mangoes, the experience of playing ti-ti, 'Jakre naam laal chadi' and Satgharia, the experience of putting out the smoke by lighting a bonfire or the experience of eating a glass of mangoes with lime and its salt, all these experiences will not make them want to go to the village. Nanda then once told his son-in-law that he would not roam around the city for the next seven births.During the 1975 Patna floods, Nanda was involved in the North Ganga Bridge project. Nanda ran his family with two sons and a daughter. All three children went to school reading and writing. Kakra then knew that this year would become a dividing line in the lives of Nanda and his children and would change the course of life.



The gist of Aruni's account is why she told her father at the time of her birth that she had been saved. For two or three days, she thought she had given birth to a daughter. A day before Chhath, he got to know that he was going to have a son. After this uncertainty, it was proved that Yavatam will remain true as long as the form of truth is known. The personality of Aruni emerged as a counterpoint to the various forms of truth that are not untrue. Since birth, Aruni has been a witness to the various manifestations of this undefined truth.Baa died before Aruni was born. Later, whenever there was talk of Baa, Aruni listened intently and piqued his curiosity.



Gradually, the ba became a part of his life. Baa had not been physically present since before her birth, but her presence was always felt in this house. The contrast between the story of Aruni and the story of Nanda was not understood earlier. But along with nature, Aruni also started showing her talent. Many people spend their lives comparing and comparing, critiquing and explaining similarities and differences that are human tendencies. One can also see the uncanny resemblance between Aruni and Nanda.Both share a superficial talent and a basic personality that is devoid of the so-called ideological differences. It was supposed to be like that. Aaruni was no exception to the aspirations that nurture and nurture middle-class children. Just as all parents see the mark of brilliance in the little things of their grandmother, Aaruni's parents, especially her father Nanda, see a special brilliance in Aaruni's personality.



Aaruni has a lot of dreams. In the same way, the teeth are also cut at the base. Dreams have both good and bad elements, but there is a special element of horror. For a long time, Aruni tried to find ways to stop having dreams or nightmares. In the middle of the night, she would get sweaty and when she scratched herself, she could see that her parents were on the fan. First of all, Cocker was born and then Cocker, and if God created all, then who created God.They used to get worried every now and then. At night, he dreams that he is roaming on the roof of the village in his inimitable nature. Then he starts going to the side of the roof. Then, as in the case of a puddle, they go to the edge of the roof unwillingly, then they want to leave the side and come to the middle of the roof. But he is drawn away by the gravity of nature. and falls down.

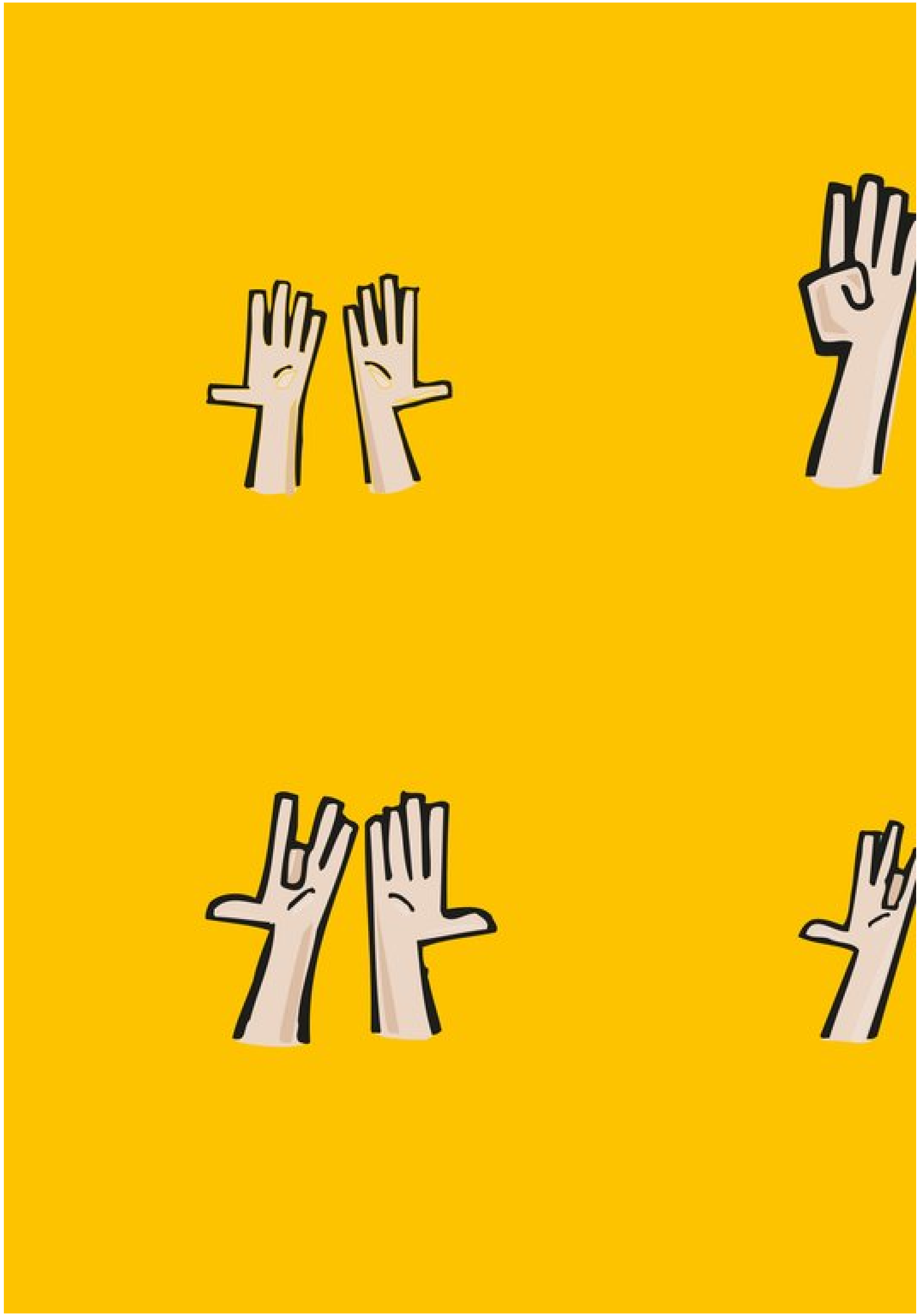


Feelings of both happiness and sadness come to mind when you suddenly wake up. Happiness is a dream, not a reality. It is a pity that such a nightmare never comes again. Ask your father if you have a similar dream or not, and he will tell you no. Yes, when he was a child, he dreamed of being a millennial with big tits. The fire roared, as if it would devour the earth. A dream is a dream that you think will happen at night.Don't know why I have to listen to the old millennials. Do they say that the coming of the millennium is a bad omen that the years in which it came were marked by famine and disease? They used to come in my dreams. But if that child now has fewer and fewer dreams, where do they come from? And Aaron thought it would have been better for him not to have done so. Meanwhile, Aruni started researching on when sleep comes and when dreams.

55f07b4e4a241b5682e7e421b1735b22

Then the next day I remembered, who had been up until nine o'clock, who had been up until ten o'clock, when I was there. Then, in a few days, he regained his composure, remembering that he would be awake when she arrived. His name was changed several times. This is why it is important to study the ancient texts. Then he began his teaching career. Shri Ganeshji taught Aruni to write in six different ways and Gaurishankar's invocation with this figure - Siddhirastu.

साते भवतु सुप्रीता देवी शिखर वासिनी
उग्रेन तपसा लब्धो यया पशुपतिः पतिः।
सिद्धिः साध्ये सतामस्तु प्रसादांतस्य धूर्जटेः
जाह्नवीफेनलेखेव यन्यूधि शशिनः कला ॥

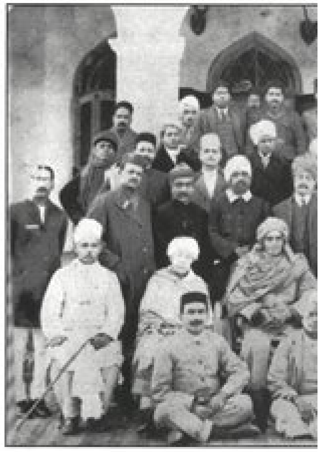


Pashupatih Patih by saying this Aruni laughed a lot. This also put an end to their vandalism. In recensions one to seven, Aruni is referred to as Pashupatipati. Ten to nineteen and then twenty to thirty-nine. Nanda's younger son, Aruni, began to symbolize Nanda's hopes and aspirations from early on. There were a few reasons for this. Nanda was teaching him how to write from one to six. Nanda taught him to write and play from one to ten and beyond eleven.Again, he paused, thinking that it was not right to burden the boy so much. But by the time the child is eleven to twenty, then twenty-one to thirty, he will know that it is only one to ten repetitions. He discussed the rationale with his father, who challenged him to write from one to six. After the boy had written it and appeared, he had trouble deciding which name to give to each word.

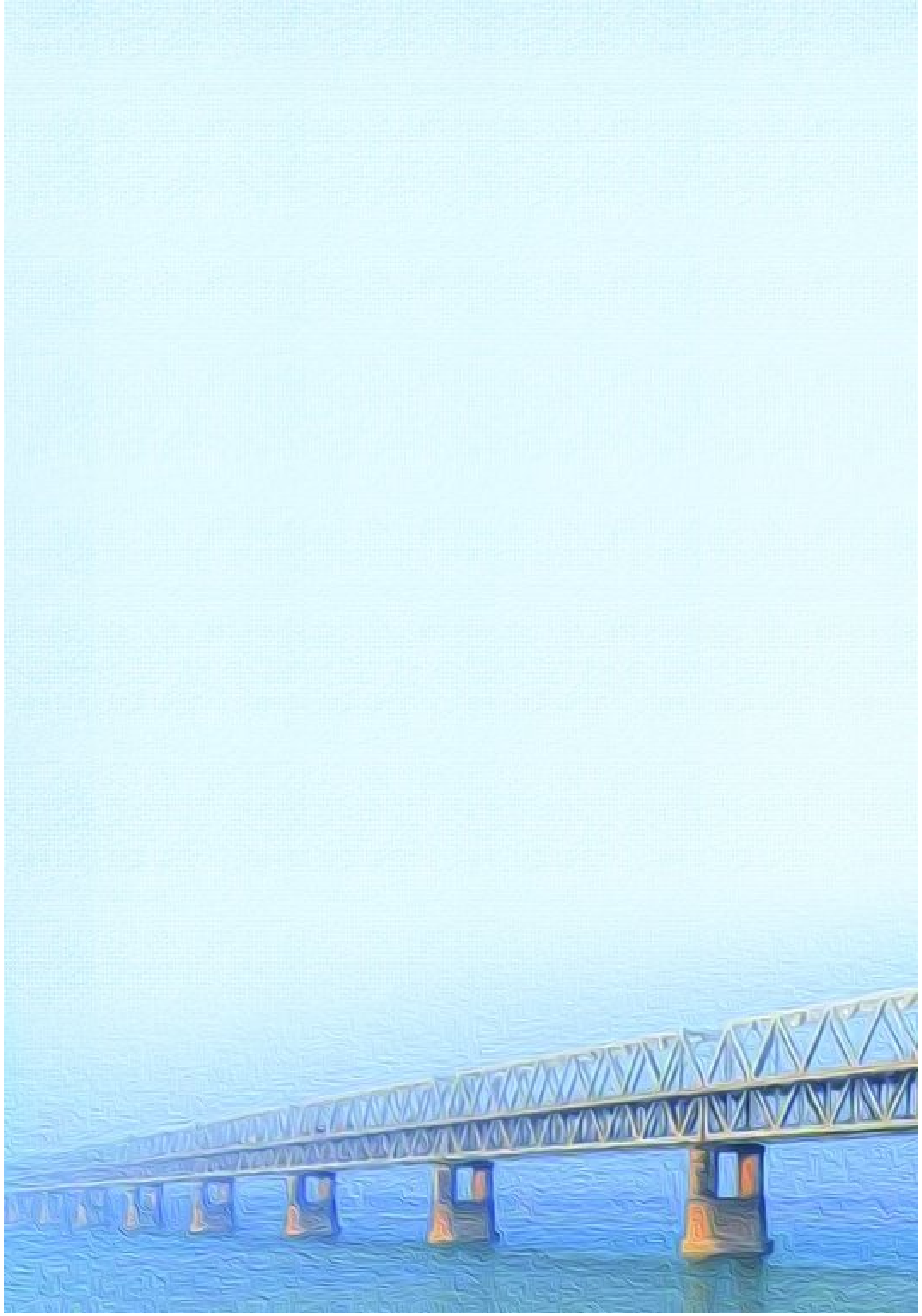


Nanda I, Ekkaish, Unnasi, and Nabas are particularly mentioned. When the mother arrived for a half-hour progress review, she found that the course had already been completed between father and son. The father frowned and the mother spoke of the incident to very few people so that no one would notice. Many such examples were able to etch an image in the father's heart of the son for no fault of his.

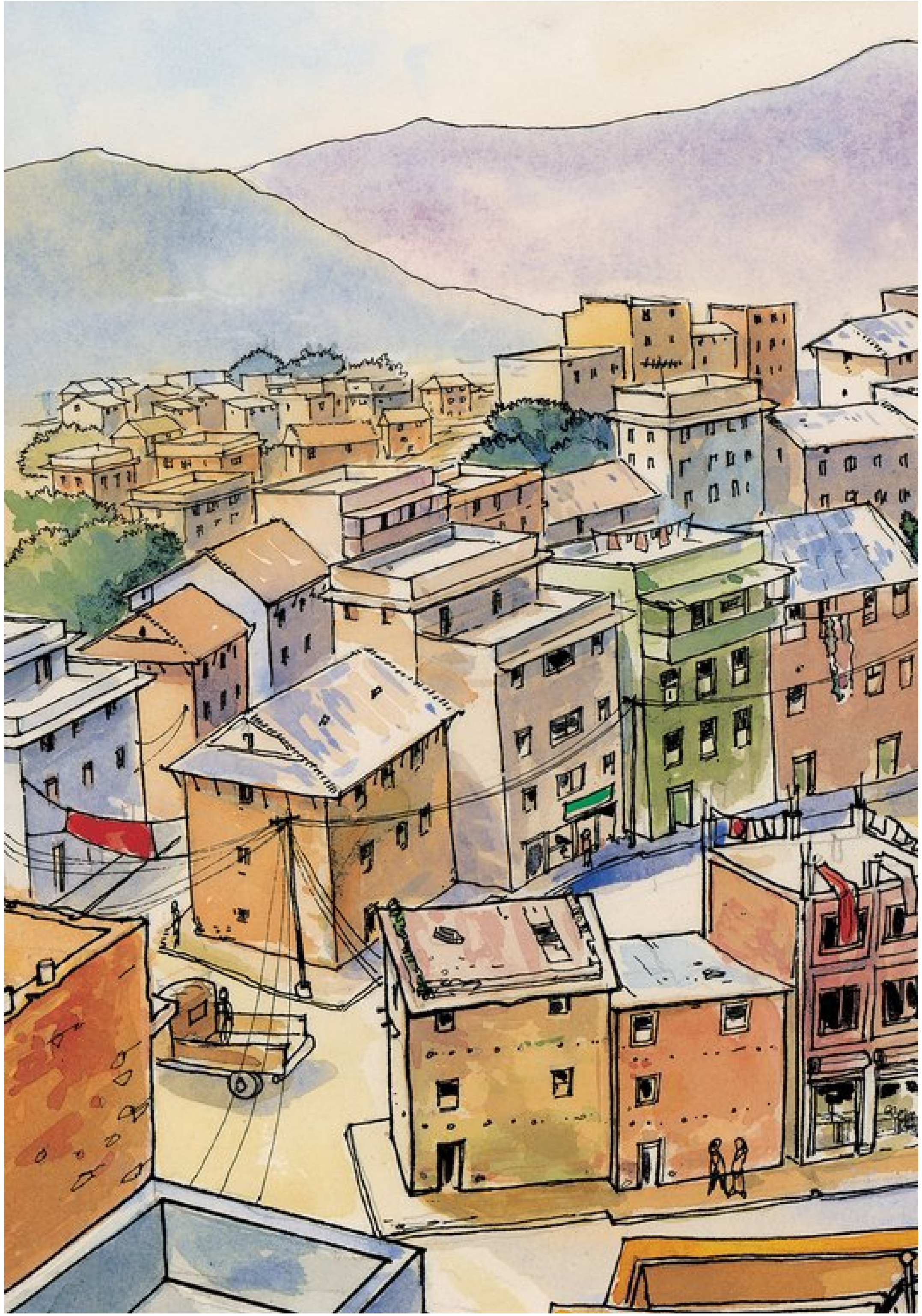
Aruni had a habit to remember old things. Who will remember what happened in which AD, what happened from which AD. He longed to know all the things I did as a child - about my parents or the life of the elders. At times, he is puzzled as to how everyone in the world is doing without him noticing.



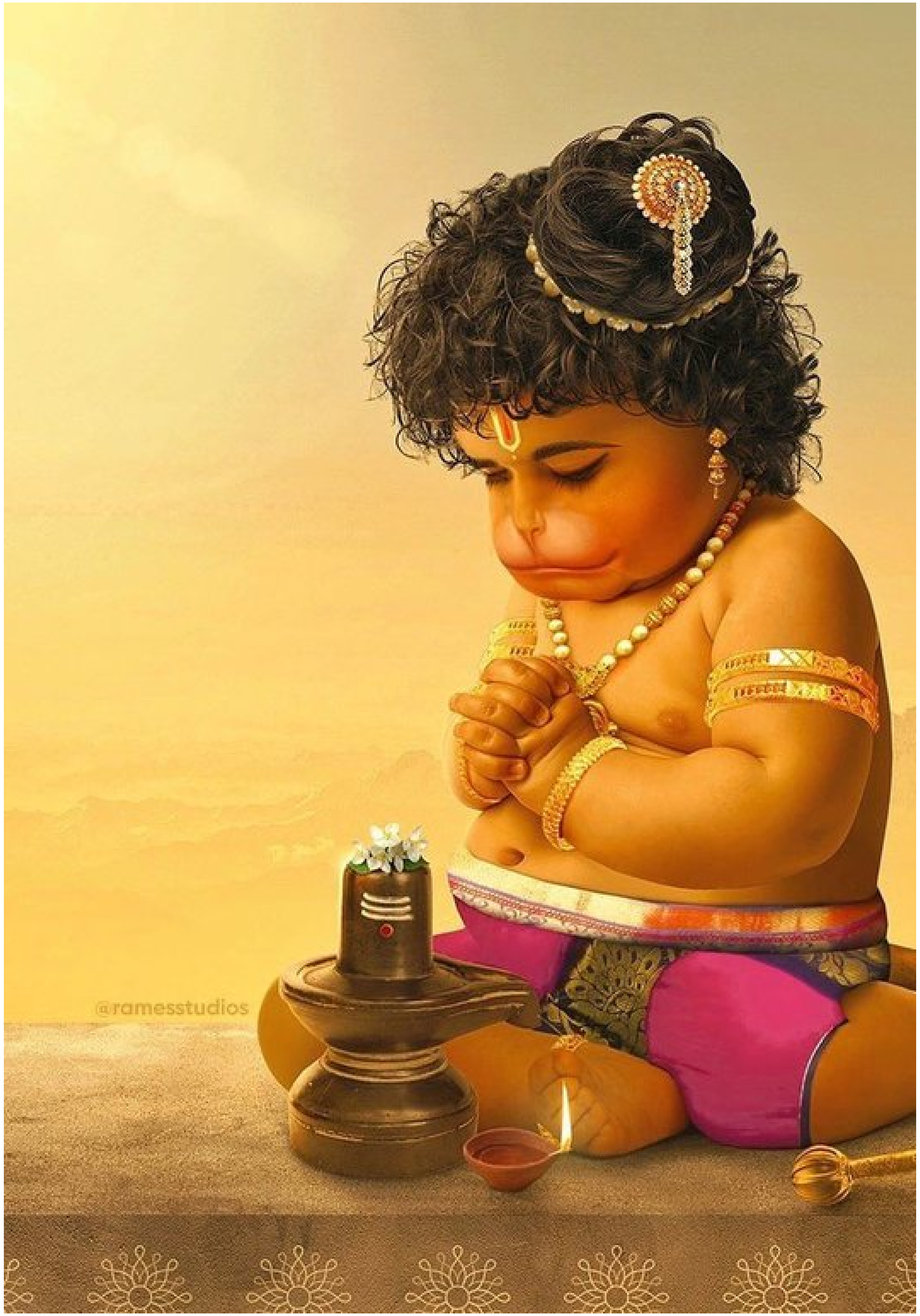
It means how the world is going when Aaruni is still a child. She had only two or four cases of children. For example, remembering the movie Bobby in the cinema hall, remembering taking a photo with parents in the studio with their hair before shaving. Then the memory of throwing the entire house's key bag into the dustbin after the mother didn't pay attention to anything. A crowded scene of some work-enterprise in the village.Then Aaruni, after thinking about all these things, concluded that she remembered everything from 1976, as she would have been 5-6 years old then, and from this year onwards, her mother had given her a portion of reading the newspaper. One day, after a long time, Nanda got hold of Aruni's diary, in which Aruni narrated the events of her memory in the manner of a historian.



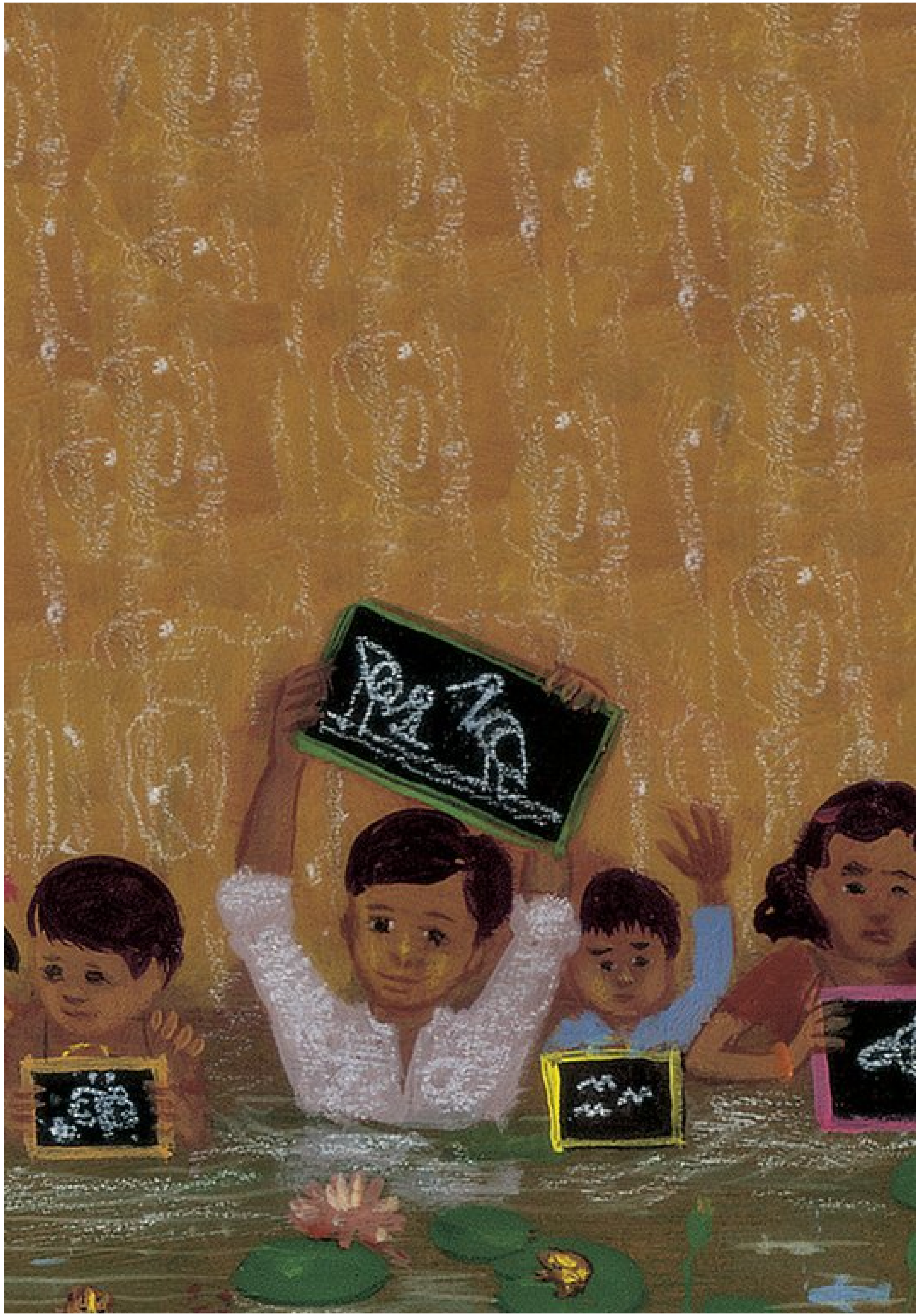
I, Aruni, consider the year 1976 as the dividing line of my life. Because before this, I perceive the events of my life as a few broken episodes without comparison. Sometimes I wonder if some of these are a continuation of past lives? In the year 1976. I live with my parents and elder siblings in a construction colony in Hajipur, on the downhill side of the Ganges from the Gangabridge project.Dad is a government engineer by profession but is also an MD (Gold Medalist) in homeopathic medicine and has a hobby of sorts. People from all over the colony collect donations and order homeopathic medicines from Kanpur. Babuji is accompanied by a group of people who come to Kanpur to collect medicines. In the drawing room of our government quarters, there is an almirah, two chairs and a table dedicated to medical work.



I also have a small table in this room, where I read newspapers to my mother for thirty paisa. As far as I remember, there were two parts to this colony. There was a boundary wall all around, also in the middle of this colony was a wall that divided this colony into 'Duaibala' and 'Gaudaibala'. I remember a Kadamba tree in a godown area with iron rods, weighing machines and trucks.One of the washing machines was a big piece of cardboard that didn't even move its thorns when I stood on it. I was told that the stuff on it was just too much to handle. The weight of a five-seven-year-old child of fifteen-seven kilograms is equivalent to nausea. There was a large and a small ground in the said area of this Ganga-bridge colony. Between the two was a large water tank and pump house.



The pipe through which the water came to the pump house was very thick and I still remember that it was open. I stared into it, but for the second time, I turned away in fear, wondering what would happen if I fell. That pipe used to hang from a gunny bag. There was a kotabala shop on the downhill side of the big stadium. A Hanuman statue and temple were being built behind it, which would have been built much earlier, but the craftsmen were not able to put the nose of Hanuman properly.Hanumanji's nose would have broken either because of the lack of proper proportion of the material or because of someone's bullying, but after a few days, Hanumanji's idol was ready to be made. On Tuesday, the Aarti Home was held, and the entire colony was filled with devotion.



After a few days, there was a slight decrease in the enthusiasm of the people, as is the case with other institutions, the initial enthusiasm gradually decreased and all the social programs associated with the temple were left to plan. I had started going to a school away from the colony. My elder brother and sister also studied in the same school. One day, I got into an argument with another child at school.Slate with both of them. Me and that other kid started using it as a weapon. I thought that if I hit the slate on the other child's head, Shonit will come out. So I used the slate defensively. But that other child was Machand... Khul. A stream of sound came out of my head. The teachers took me to the principal's room.



There was nothing but sevlon or dettol in the cotton, the colour and fragrance of which I can still remember, the evening after first-aid and not looking for a holiday. I was sent home with Didi (sister) in another rickshaw when the school rickshaw with "Savdhaan Bachche" written on it did not turn up. I asked Didi what "Savdhaan bachche" meant. I think it meant that all the kids who are sitting in that rickshaw are careful, and that was another disagreement and a fight broke out over that conversation.Didi replied that the purpose of writing this is a warning, not to hit another car from behind and drive away.

4427bfe4452120a14a0b62a3b0c9ba30

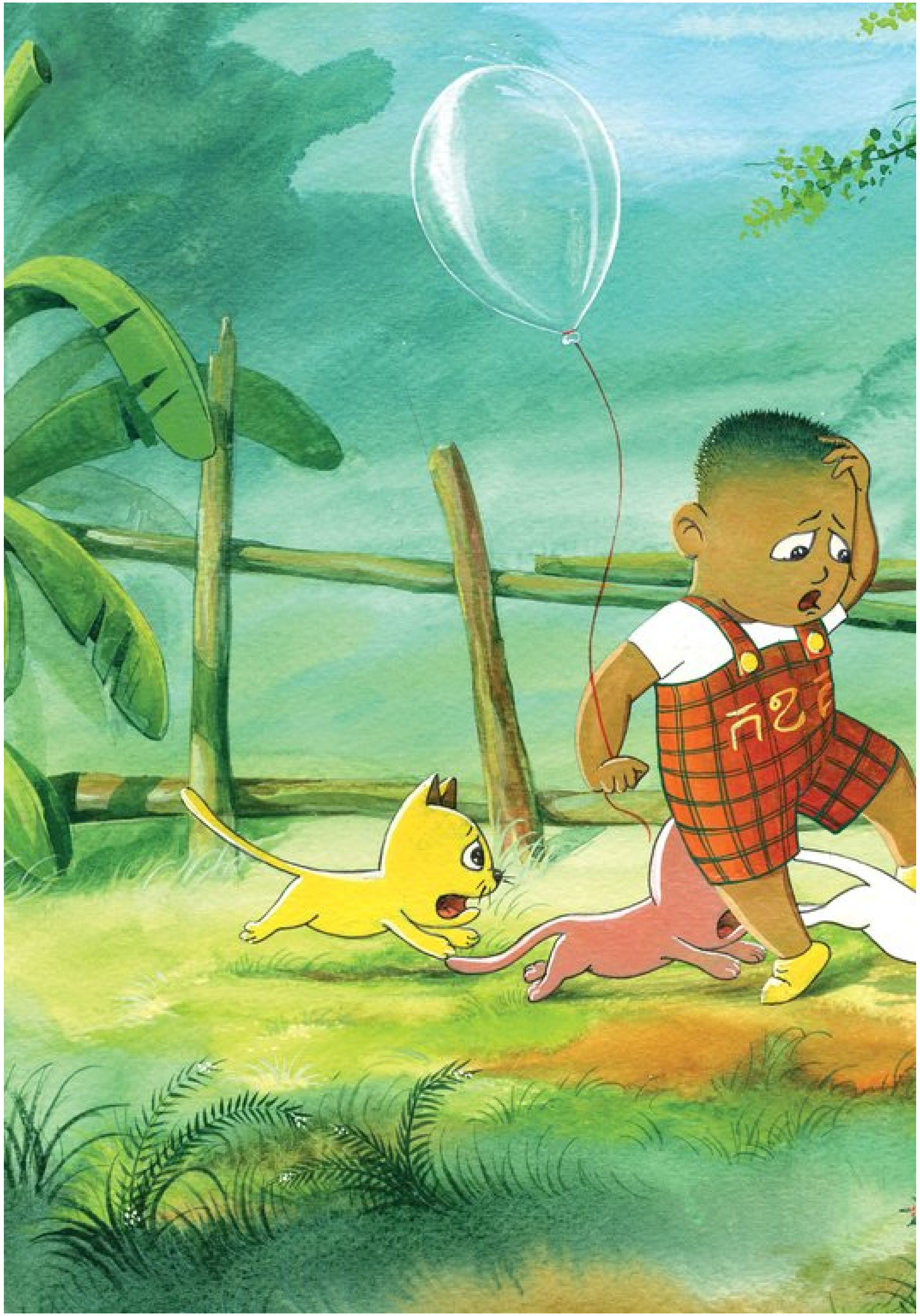
"But why?" I asked, not satisfied. I grew up with these questions and answers. And as she grew up, she would sometimes say to her mother, who wondered when she would grow up and if she had choked on her nose. Let us brothers and sisters go to the school named after the Christian saint outside the colony. After smashing his forehead with a slate, Babuji held a meeting of officers in the colony. It was decided that the kota shops (Public Distribution System shops were called kota shops), which were located near the playground and the North Baria border wall, were bigger houses than they needed to be. The license of that quota was also terminated for some reason, it was decided to make that 3 - 4 room house with asbestos a primary school and a committee of two to four people was formed to start the school by reinstating two to four teachers.



The neighbouring Gandak colony was also notified six months later that children from the parent colony could be taught here. The name of the school was written on the north wall on the outside, which became dirty after a few days. However, the school's reputation grew. When a father came to register his child's name, his children were asked to go down one or sometimes two grades by the teacher. Dad talked about getting a little higher in school.Dad talked about getting a little higher in school. Besi stubbornly called me on the banana and took the test and asked me the question that the third-grade enrollment aspirant had not been able to answer, and when he answered correctly, he gave a crooked smile and turned to the boy's parents for enrollment. Broadly speaking, I was the brightest student in the school - why couldn't I stand in front of the girl from the village before she came?



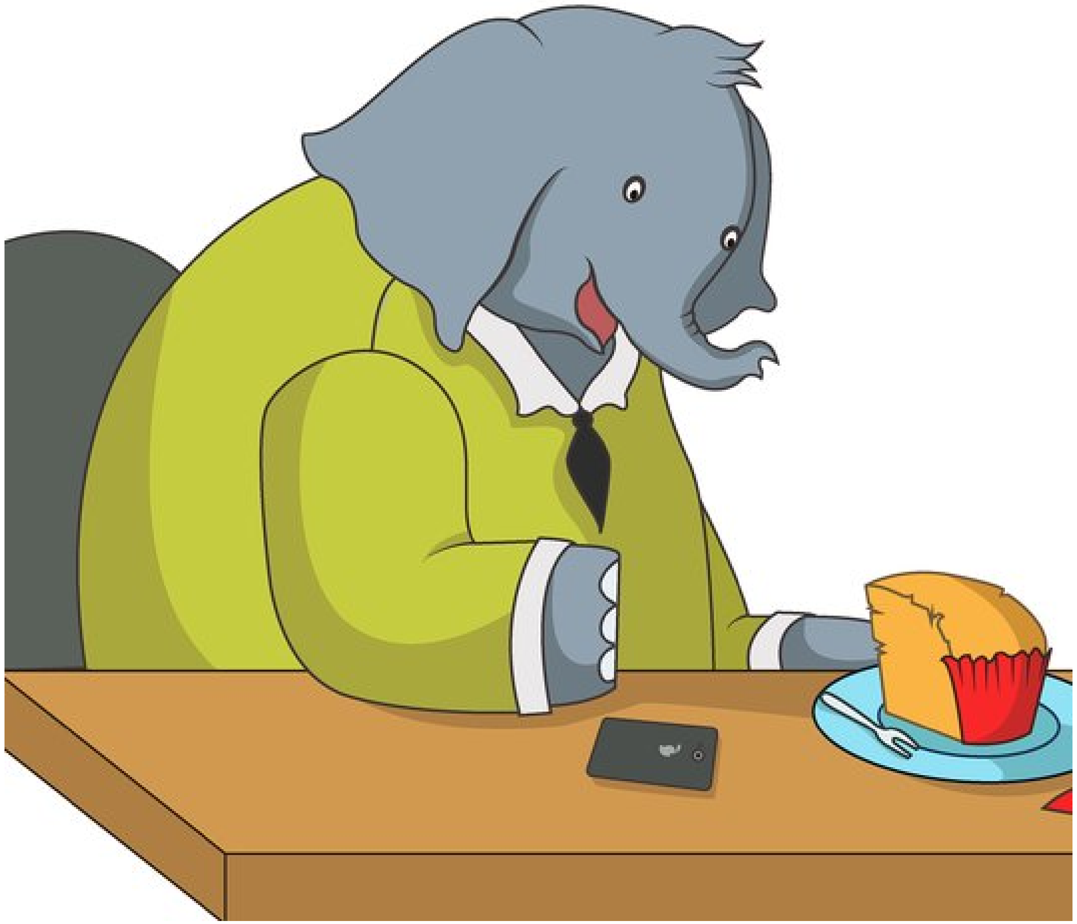
I had a particular fondness for reading, which gradually turned into apathy. It was the day of the exam when he once complained of nausea. I was begging not to miss the exam. Questions and copies came home, and then I was able to take my exams. The school was small but all its activities were enthusiastically attended by the residents of the colony. Be it sports or cultural. In the sport, two students each tied to a long string and ran in a three-legged formation.The race itself was a test of both physical and mental endurance, with me leading the way while maintaining the calculations written on a blackboard placed on the other side of the field. I remember two more incidents. The first incident was reported from a children's village.



It was a learning challenge for me for a few days as there was some new information in his village books, but after he completed his quota, I gave up on his challenge. The second incident was a child's accident, after which we took time out to look at him through the window while playing. Later, I would sometimes go to his room and check his diary. That's how I remember parts of it.



"I found myself running out of time to talk to my parents. Some of it was due to my father's habit and some of it was due to my father's accident, due to which one and a half years of my life were lost like one and a half days. Something that also got my attention was how to compensate for the time lost in a year and a half. Some thought of getting up in the morning to save time, but tears became a hindrance. Then came the idea of limiting social contact.In this, I was successful without any effort. This was due to my seemingly incurable illness. These included various doctors' opinions, some botched operations, and the added impression that I would now have to live with a disability. Forget anything else, I had this thought in my mind. The doctors seemed to be assuring Fuchsia. In the process, the number of phone-to-mail news inquiries had also declined.When I got into the car after a quick shower and then on a walk, a lot of people found it uncomfortable to have a normal relationship with me again.



What didn't take away from me was the fact that I was in a forced relationship, but my behavior with people on the other side was neutral. This behaviour would have been seen as condescending to someone who laughed at me in bad times. This saved a lot of time. Initially, it seemed as if he did not know why he was in the office. But when I reached the office, it was like a hero's welcome. However, my colleagues noticed that my walking with the stick caused a stir in them.Everyone just kept praising my courage. As I walked away from the stick and put on my jeans shirt and pants, a colleague said, "Now you are walking around naked." I came home and thought about it. With the help of my wife, I videographed the photos of my past with a handycam. Once upon a time, I was silent. The way of walking also resembled running naked. At first, it would have been more, but the companions did not even leave a trace. Later, the people of the house said that it was too little, earlier it was more.

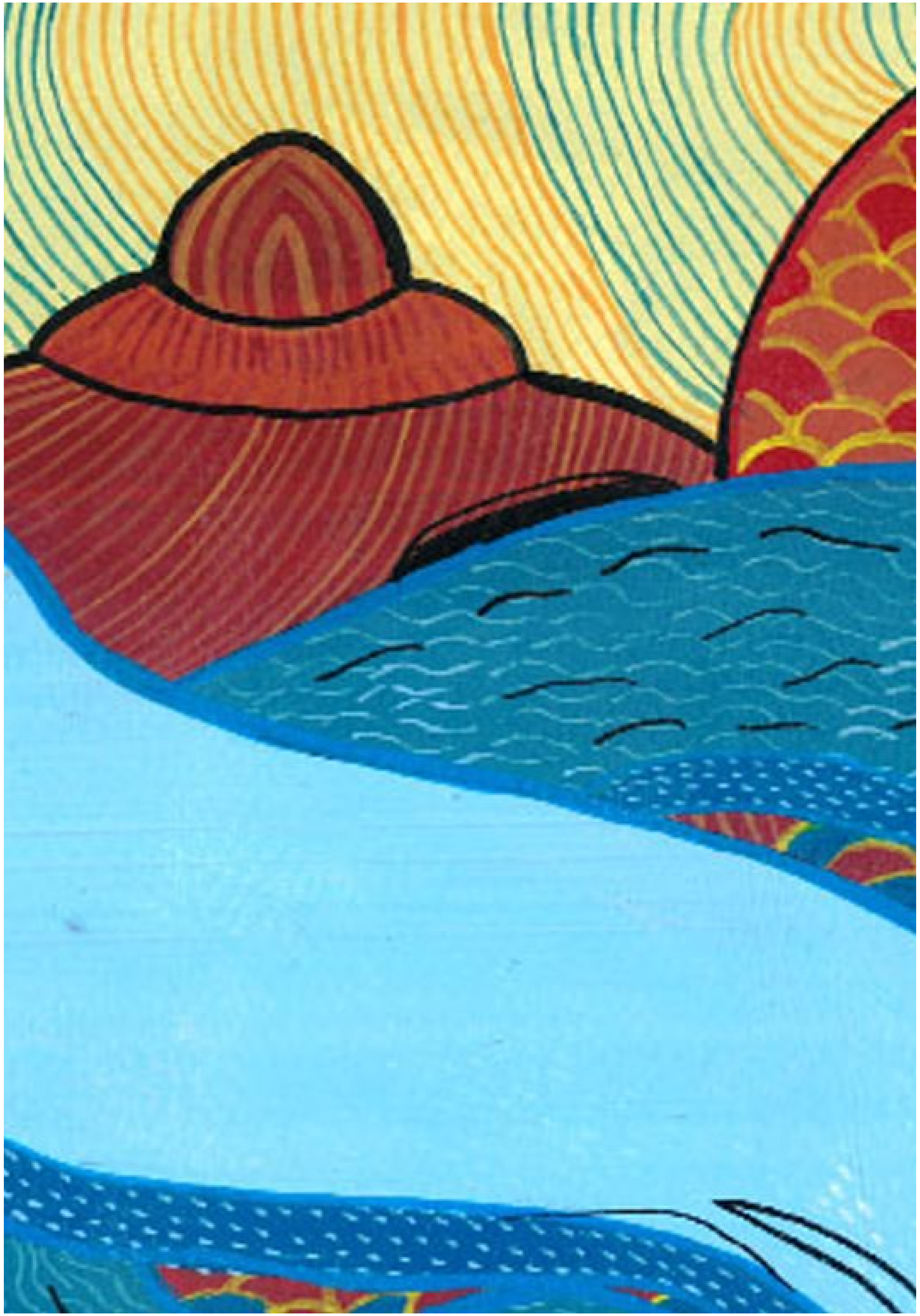


It was then that I realised how much worse things seemed to the friends and those who felt close to me. It was then that I discovered the secret to their encouragement and continuing to admire my courage. After the loneliness of my early life and the doubt, hope, expectation or feeling of being isolated in public life after holding a job, this kind of experience gave further strength to the different development of my personality. "

ओ तँ छल हमरे संगी मुदा कल्पना कऽ रहल छल जेना कोनो पैघ वियाहल व्यक्ति होअए आ काल्पनिक रूपसँ ठीक भेलाक बादक वर्णन अपन डायरीमे कएने छल । मजदूरक टोल आ साँझमे ठेलागाड़ी पर हुनका लोकनि द्वारा अपन कपड़ा सुखाएब, एहि सभकेँ देखि कऽ हम विचलित भऽ जाइत छलहुँ । ई देखलाक बादो जे हुनका लोकनिक मुँहपर हँसी छन्हि, बिन घर रहलो उत्तर । छोट-छोट बच्चा सभकेँ भीख मँगैत देखब, हम सभ जखन खेलाइत रही तँ ओकरा सभक हमरा सभक दिशि कातर दृष्टिए देखब ।



The fault of the people, when this calamity strikes us? Then, when no one else looked at them, I wondered if I was any different from the other kids. I keep thinking that when I am not at a place, everything moves at a pace. In the book, I read that some living beings see only in two dimensions. We live in three dimensions, so the earthquakes and other calamities that occur are not forcing us to work in any four dimensions, which is unimaginable. Showing the red gram at five paisa, Babuji said, "Look, these people are selling red gram at five paisa each to feed their families." The greater the value of the money and the greater the need for it. Problems with their environment and life after life - living with it, night-time chatter, teaching, and their father's job - followed.



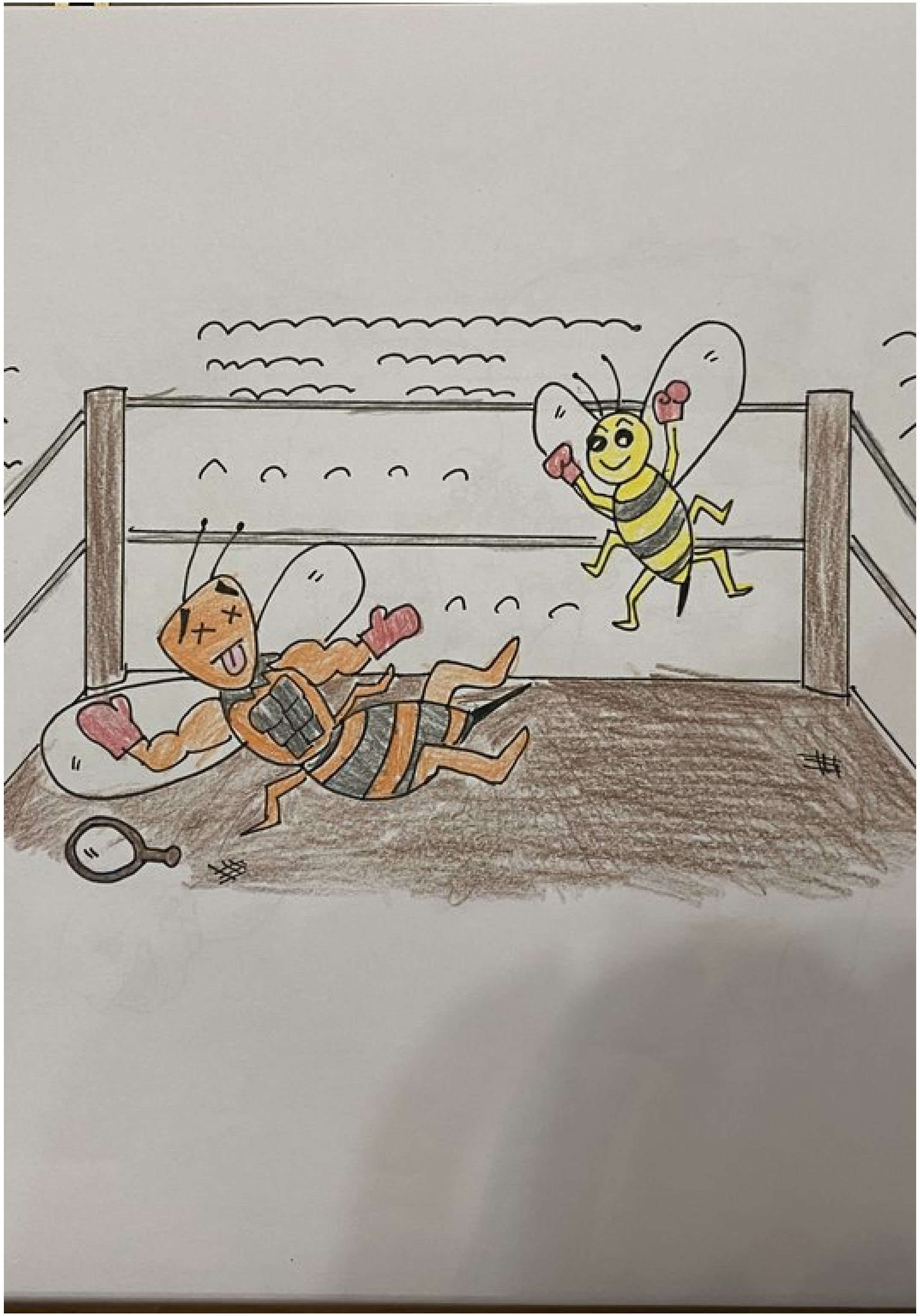
I remember my father kicking a gentleman's suitcase hard early one morning. The suitcase slipped away and the money in it was splashed with gold. I had a cousin who picked up all the money, put it in a suitcase, gave it back to his boss, and told him to run away quickly or the police would catch him. Mom took me inside the room.I was a child, but I realized that this was an attempt to get my father to abandon his engineering and take me home without any demolition work in the direction of the bridge over the Ganges.

B77daaca743f3fc72c88068e4c674b23

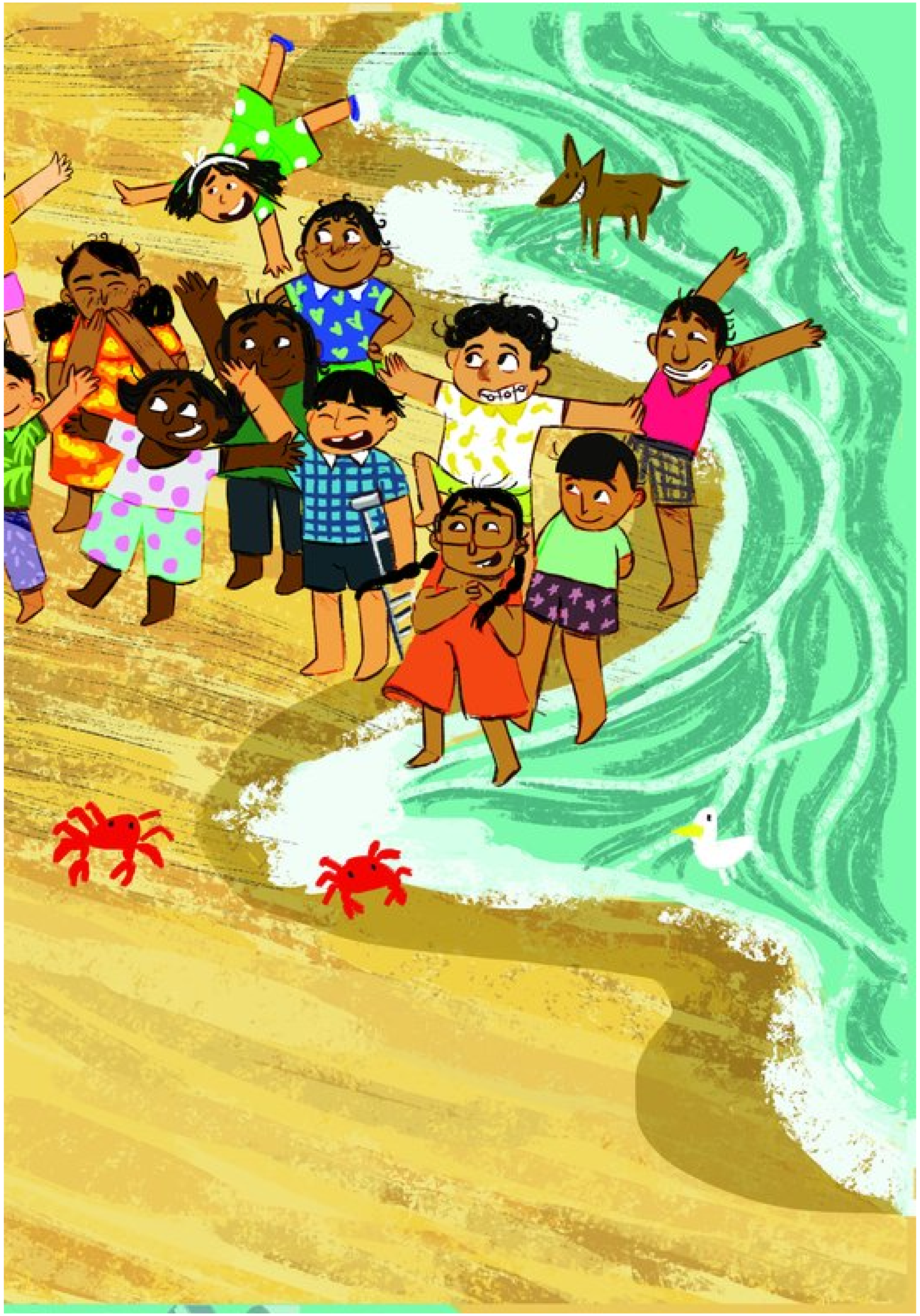
Baba kept muttering for a long time. Sometimes, the sound of throwing the uttara for lack of salt in the dal or some other reason would make the body shiver. Then, after a few moments of silence, all the children were called and there was a merry-making. I came first in the class and on the day of the results, Sinha aunty from a colony used to pull the lath all the time. I have not been able to forget the taste of these sticks, often made of jaggery and flour. That aunt had a semi-crazy brother-in-law who played the sitar. Once, as we were crossing the Ganges by steamer, he was about to throw his brother off the steamer. That aunt had a daughter, Rajni. Unsure of what ailment had occurred, the poor man swallowed a small amount of the allopathic medicine. How often should we go to see him? I'd hate for others to go here, but I'd rather come with someone. Why don't they call her Didi? He was bigger than all of us. However, he died a few days later. After this incident, my mental conflict with death began to deepen.



Even after her death, the aunt sent her sons to school the next day, which did not go down well with the other domineering aunts in the colony and was talked about in the colony for a long time. Chachi's brother is a lecturer at Muzaffarpur Institute of Technology. My father also passed his engineering from this college. He came to our house in Ganga-Bridge Colony in Hajipur and made a big fuss of his sister-in-law. He blamed Pai for failing to visit Patna for better treatment.It struck me that Patna had great doctors who could conquer death. But one day, when the village father Vai, who was with us, was talking about nuclear war and how many nuclear weapons existed on earth at that time, how many times the earth could be destroyed, our shield was broken.



It was one of the best experiences of my old life. Later, the accident became a joke. Otherwise, it caused no pain, nor did it result in any goal. Sports are also good in that they are individual events rather than teams, as the performance of others in the team becomes a disadvantage in the event of a loss. This was also because individual performances did not depend on the team's performance and what was booed or badgered went to the individual. You can't say I lost because of that, but I did well.In addition to schools and education, however, there were fewer places for sports. The objectivity towards goals that came later was not there at that time. At that time, it was a mission to conquer the world. There was no question of second place. Second place meant failure. In sports, in teaching, even in beating. The village used to be quite crowded. When I used to go to the village, my uncle used to call the teacher at Mahadev Pokhari Parka School and I used to go to school on holidays. Kabaddi, Satgharia, Lal-Chadi, these games are not known to the children of the city.



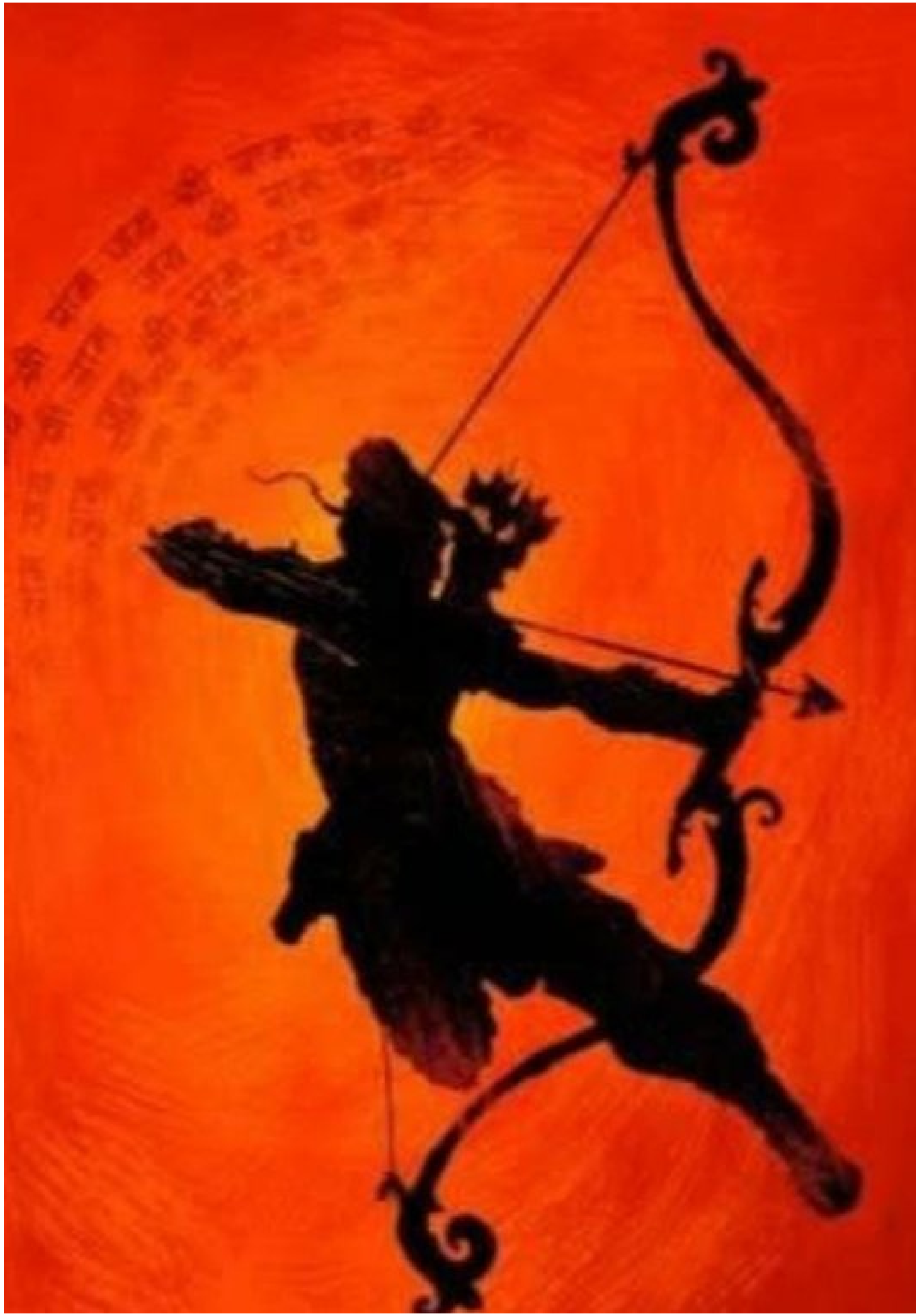
As such, all systems of Otukka teaching were different. Writing every day with a crumpled pen took a toll on the body and so did the daily routine: I woke up early in the morning, had breakfast after my routine, sat down to read, then went to school, came back from school, and played again. Then I went to school, then I came to the village and then I had breakfast. Went back to play. Then I came back, cleaned the glass of the lantern, read it again, and then went to bed with the name of God. Instead of Sundays being holidays, a two-day daily had to be written and carried on Mondays.However, the excitement of 15 August was similar. In the evening - and early in the morning on 15 August - Independence Day, I used to go and hail all the great men with Bharat Mata Ki Jai. But it was not understood by Master Saheb that he would not go on beating. But when I heard the sound of jai while passing through the border of the village in the morning, it became clear why Master Saheb had said this thing. School children in Mahinathpur were beaten to death as soon as they arrived from Omhar. No heating was done.Then when we reached the village, the students of the first batch started their pockets and told how the Anagauans were killed on Independence Day by throwing money and bananas into the water in the pond. Then they were looking for revenge for the second year but that was it.

447b3299b104eae7c5d9f9a3bf7ac13c

The next year, the same meeting was again held between the two village schools, but this time the team from the other village changed the route. Mari Bajhab was like a festival in the village. In Durgasthana, a chocolate bowl will explode and start a beating by uprooting the legs of a kataghara or tat. And the chatter that followed was amusing. Once upon a time, a young man hit a novice two or four times. As I waited for the next incident, my father asked the cow who had said the same thing. Why did everyone agree that this was the case?This time I lost my mind and asked what it was that everyone knew but I didn't. He said that he was underage for his childish antics on this young man but did not hear the story. The young man was married elsewhere, so he took the can and kicked a pimp and beat him up today. I didn't ask if the in-laws would have had an affair if they were married. Then why are you beating yourself up over this nonsense?

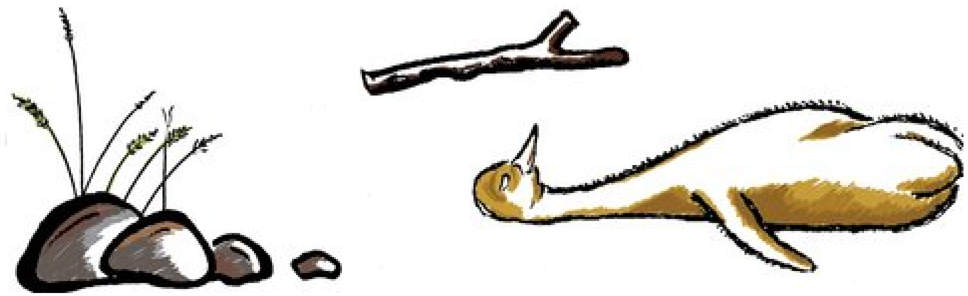
5f84b707aa691347a72c39f38db1b772

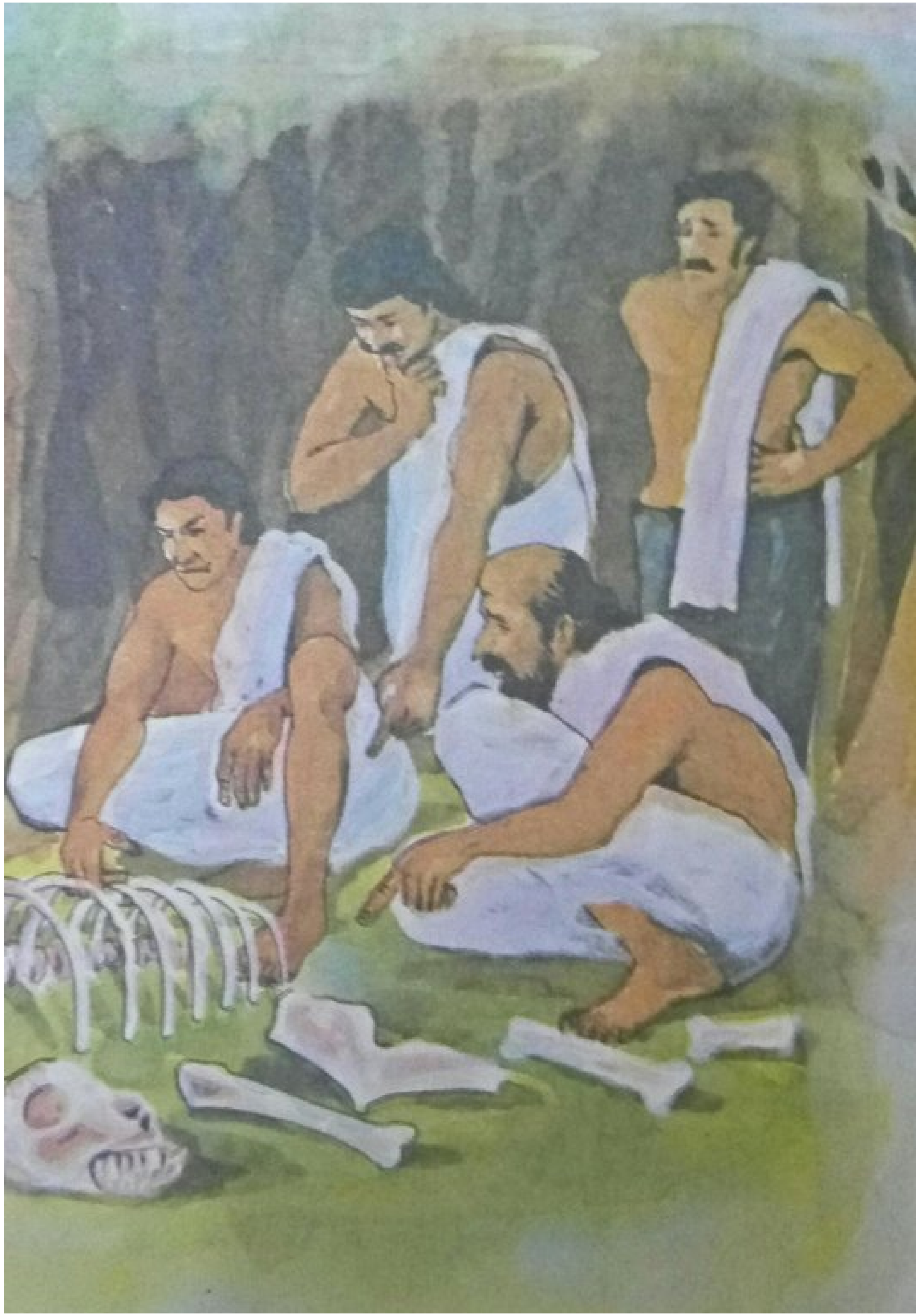
Everyone said you went to the third one. Watching the drama at night, you will see dandi-scores in the sky, if there are empty dandi, why do the scales say so? Then, in the same play, it was my friend's turn to get beaten up. It so happened that while watching the play, he was staring at a stranger. Mari Ant-Shunt was barking. And when he played something, he said that he would play Naren bhaiyya. Then he said, "I am not afraid of your younger brother." Now go ahead and listen.My friend suddenly began to cry loudly, and both of them started to cry. Bhokari reaches out to Naren, who has struck a defiant blow and says that he has no fear of Naren, and under-shunts. Now Naren Bhaiya has reached to tell me who he is. As soon as the torch reaches that person, it goes off. It's you. Of course, it's Choda's fault. Talking about Anka, the husband won. But about you. And he didn't even mention that you killed Tamaseli instead. And what the naps were like was how many were killed.When I was asked to say something else, I said no. Wherever my friend's voice came from, let it go. Fajjati nodded and listened, telling everyone at Naren's brother's house that Naren was his uncle's friend, as it would have been inappropriate for him to say anything.



And told Aastha that it was today that she was saved. The village primary school used to have examinations for all arts. Music, painting, theatre. The village played the harmonium, dhol. Earlier, plays used to be performed during Durga Puja, but later, plays started being performed during Krishnashtami, Kali Puja, etc. The Harakha Ramlila Party was also played for a month. There used to be plays in the middle of Ramlila on two or four days. The game began without a Ramlila party. But for two or four days, he continued to pick up the garland.Raising a garland was the cost of one day's food for all the performers at a Ramlila party. On two or four days, I went to the mike and asked if I would pick up the garland, but after two or four days, seeing the humid request of the Ramlila party, the villagers made a sequence of picking up the garland according to the toll. At that time, it felt like a miracle to watch acting and I wanted to make my career as an actor later.

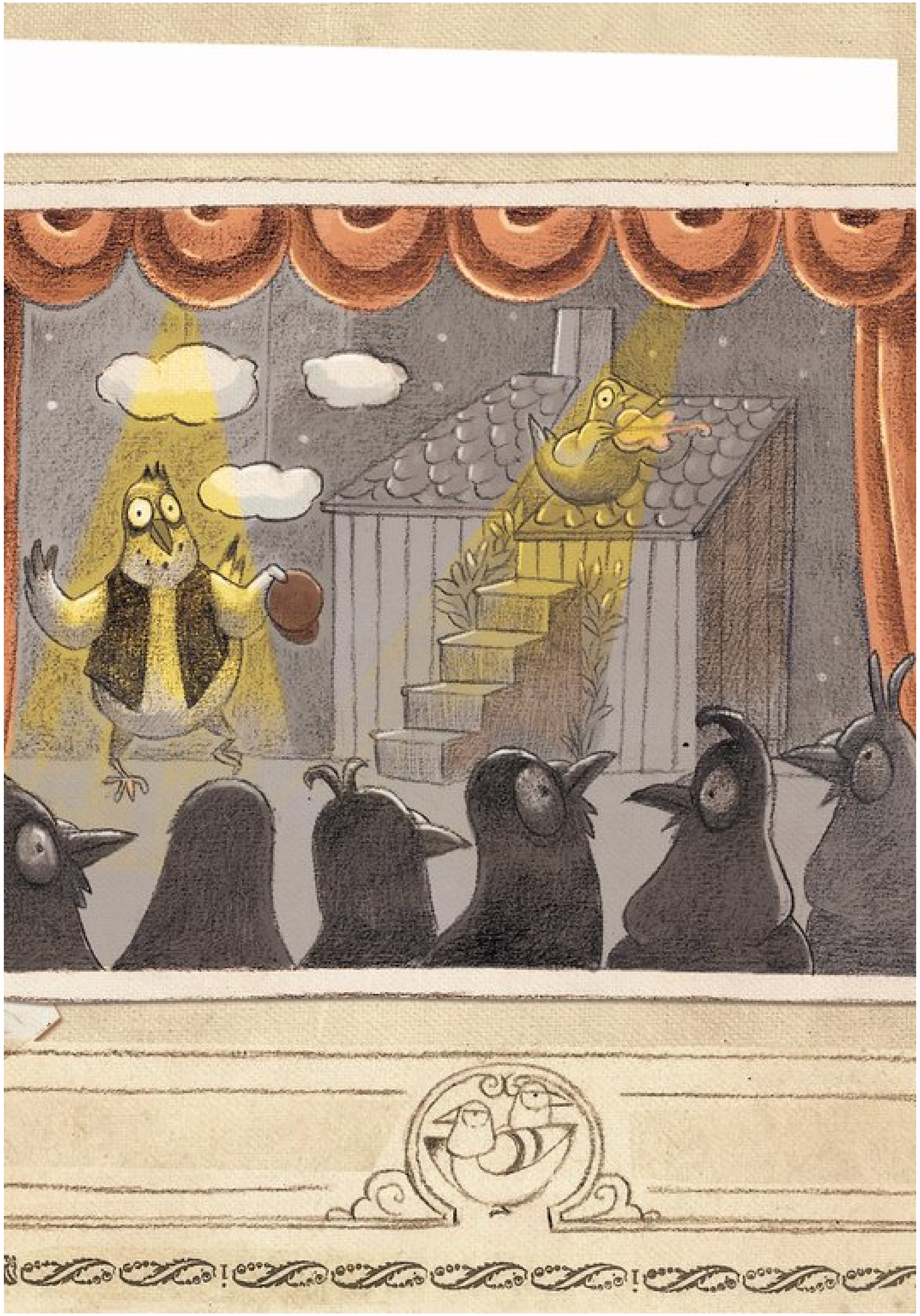
At that time, a Saturday school drama was planned with the approval of the teachers. I wrote a play Danveer Dadhichi based on where the playbook came from. We gathered the artists from the school. Listen to the names of the artists now. Potaha, Lulha, Nengda, Potsudaka, Lelha, Dhahibala, Kanha, Anhara, Totaraha, Bauka, Behera were my child artists. Because those who consider themselves good-looking will play a drama. When the parrot was asked why the curd was called dahi, it was called dahibla.If you have ever sneezed in the winter, you have a stomachache, and if it happens again, how do you differentiate between the two? The pot in which he is sitting when he falls is called Potsurka. Come on ahead. If someone was hurt in the middle of the night, who was hurt? Yes, his name has become dark. If you started playing late as a child, you were a fool. If you are smart, take it.





If you ignore the conversation, you are deaf. After putting on the new watch (a plant watch on the day of the festival), if you keep your hands straight, it will be red. If you are a parrot, but belong to the Kabiyathi group, then people have named you as a parrot. If I had given one-and-a-half times or if I had scared someone by doing that to Pippani, I would have done it. As soon as I walked away from the injury, I was naked. And if you are the son of someone's father or the son of someone's mother, then tell me the answer to what!

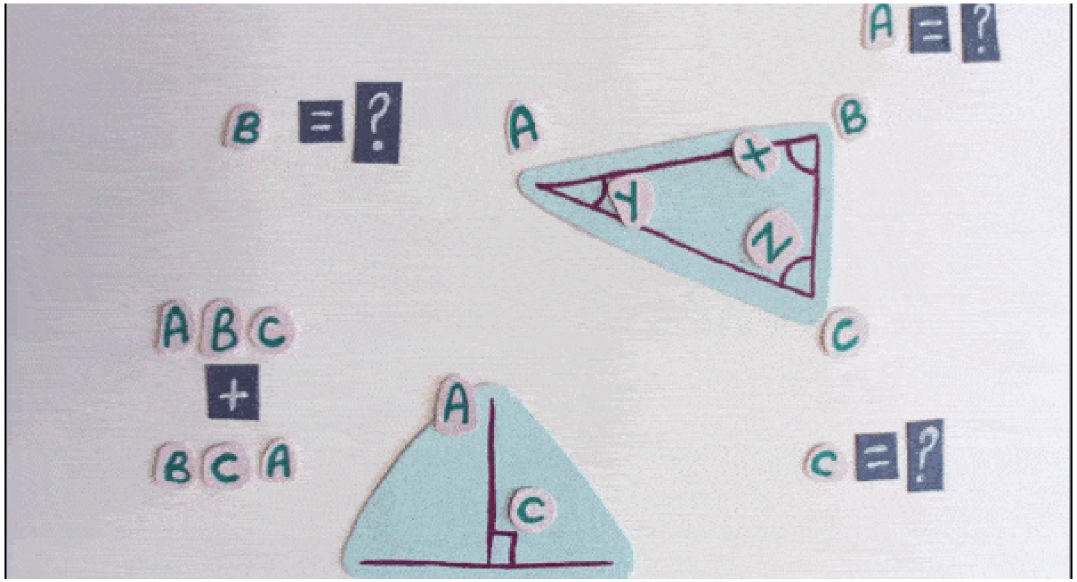
In fact, my play Daanveer Dadhichi with these child actors will be on Saturday.



And the play Daanveer Dadhichi started on the due date. Shortly before the school opened, we arrived at the school. In one corner of the verandah, a wooden screen brought from the village was erected. Since the rope could not be fastened properly, it was decided that the work would be done by lifting and pulling the rope. After that, the actors began to dress themselves. What was the dress, only powdered and wearing gamchha-dhoti, everyone wore all kinds of dresses. The master sahib, whose duty it was to conduct the play, would take leave on the day if he found any work necessary.The big turia of the village came to know that the children of the primary school were doing a play. Immediately, the ten older children gathered and began to give thanks. We told the artist that this would provoke them to object to our play. But the younger brother ran away. He said, "O boys, I am in a play dress, so do not think that I will not kill you." Dress up now and we'll do the work for you. However, there was no decline in the number of footfalls in the past. And Chhote Bhai said leave this drama today.



I'll fix their mess right now. And he took off his feet and ran. The play, Daanveer Dadhichi, which I had written and which I was going to stage, was over in the middle of the day. For a few days, I had a face-off with my younger brother. He came and said what to do, and Thomas got up. They had done so. Then, after a few days, everything went back to normal. The ghosts of Ram-Leela and drama also rose above me after this incident.



Apart from mathematics and science, I did not study any other subject from time to time and that is why Master Saheb said so. When a student saw Master Saheb reading history and civics books one to three times, the student's name would appear in the subject. Now, when he reads the math, he has to hear that Babu is not the history that he has memorized.Saying saya-ninanbe, anathanabe, santanabe, ninyanabe, panchanabe, and making a roof of a gunny bag in the rainy season, the students run away five-four-three-two-one-one. Once on a holiday, when Master Saheb was seen riding a bicycle while playing Kabaddi, the students ran away saying Kabaddi-Kabaddi, Master Saheb Pranaam, Kabaddi-Kabaddi. And in one such incident, I bowed down to Master Saheb with a standing ovation and in the process, when I was taken in by the opposition party, the Master Saheb of Koilakh Village was happy about it and discussed it in the school.



Understand that migration to villages proved to be a major strength in later times. Run at a speed of while wearing a khadam, and then in the rain, wear a khadam on a slipper. On the pitch, Khawam was not lagging behind. Later, with the advent of the hawai chappals, many people used to take hot water vapour on the rocks by falling down.Next, the kerosene oil lines, the lights, the lanterns, the rubber balls, the odhi balls, the two tolls of fish that died in the pond from the poison of fish juice, the crowd that gathered to watch the flood scene, the panchayati that took place on a small talk, the trees that grew from the mangoes in the month of Mango, the shade of mangoes, all these would have vanished if not for the rain.



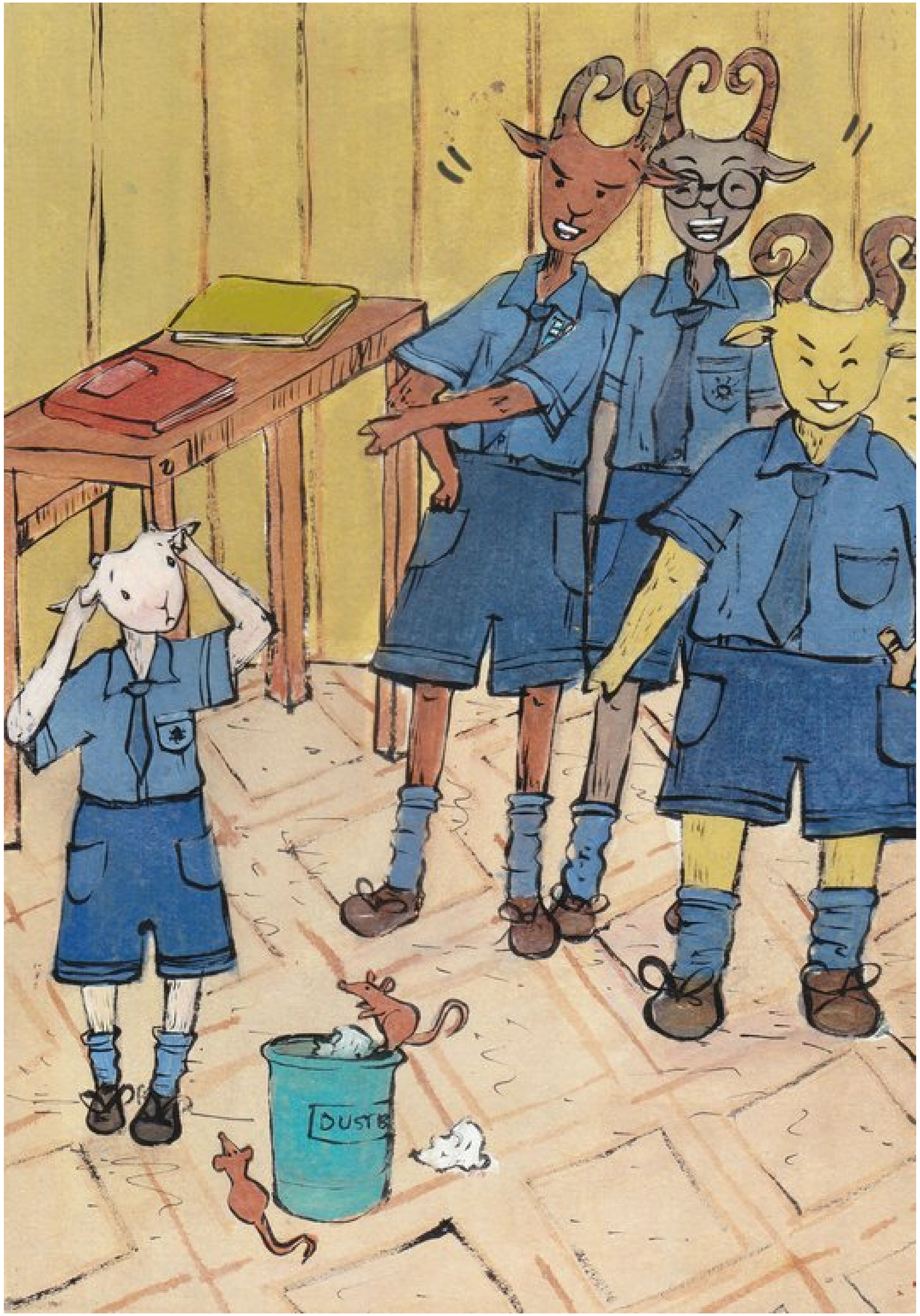
"Uncle, I didn't know when to call." I had tears in my eyes while saying this. Some of the Banais have even installed a kababauch on all the platforms in the evening. Many people were coming from the pen direction to play. Mahara broke the kabakbausa leaves on the side and started discussing the consequences of rubbing the leaves on the leather. He rubbed the leaves on her body when he saw that she was sitting on the floor, not ready to put on her own leather. I was coming from behind and all eyes were on me.He told it to his uncle. Uncle did not listen to any of my words and was sentenced to sit and sit holding his ears for ten times. Also, in the evening, instead of playing with friends, it was decided to walk with my uncle and his cooks towards the farmyard to reduce my nuisance. It was the time of the flood, the scene of the flood on the boat and the hunt for the antelope. Later, its hunting was banned by the government. But my mind wandered to the fabled village games played by my friends. It was the first day.By noon the next day, I was hoping to be with my uncle again today. However, I did not let my colleagues feel that I was worried at all, and they listened intently to the pockets of Nao and Sili.



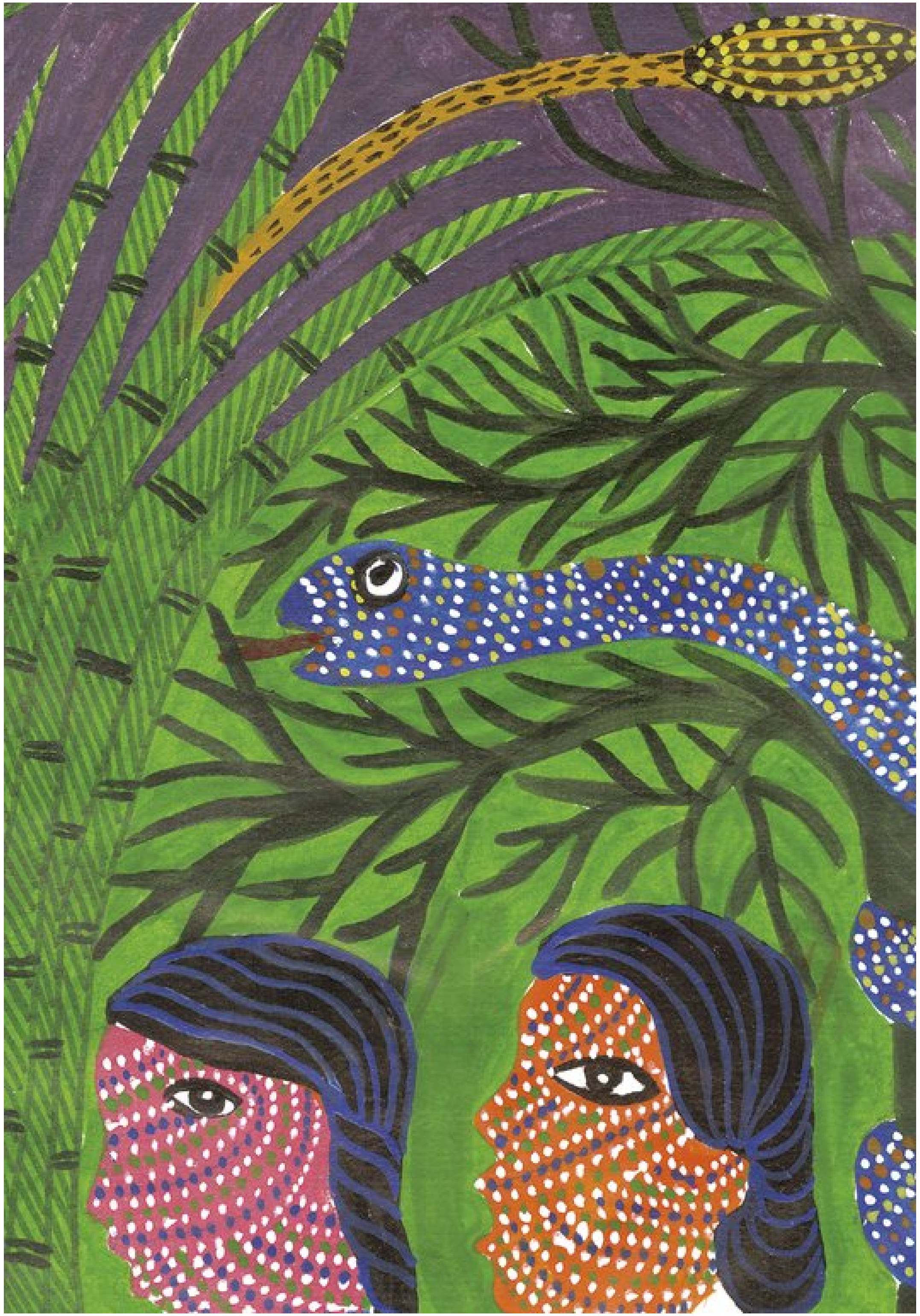
But seeing my face, uncle asked, "Don't you want to go with us today?" So I couldn't say no. But then, taking care of himself, he said, "I feel good about myself." Then Kaka felt pity and with the restriction that I would no longer be a bully in the village, I was allowed to stay in the village. I stayed in the village for a year and a half, and when Babuji was transferred to Patna, I came to Patna with my elder brother via Pehlejaghat and Mahendrooghat.Schools used to have entrance exams and Babuji made my brother sit for the entrance exam for classes VI to VII and me for both classes V to VI and VII. And then I began to understand why my father had asked me to study science and mathematics in the fifth grade. Both these subjects were asked in the entrance examination. As a matter of fact, I was selected in the district school for both my sixth and seventh grades and for my sister's. Then there were dresses in government schools in the city, that's a surprise. Both of them went to the shop with Babuji and got the dress stitched, two half pants and a ring each. Mari escaped unharmed on the first day of school.



I didn't mind if one of the boys called me rustic. At that age, the word rustic seemed silly to me, but today I think he said it sarcastically. Then, when he saw that it did not open, he started saying Bengali-Bengali. Both of us looked dusky and chubby, so he thought we were Bengalis. I couldn't take the sarcasm and ended up hitting him. The brother-in-law saved it.Now he started shouting and went to call some rogue student of the senior class. When he came back, his ears were ringing and he told me that I was lucky that the person who had been ringing did not come to school today. For two or three days, I kept pleading with him not to call the scoundrel. A few days later, he again had a fight with another boy and that day he had come to the Hero School. In front of me, she entered my class and hit another student in a fat belly.



Why did he not go to escape but later when the teacher did not come to a class and the students were just talking, it was decided that why not talk to that student now and complain to the class teacher so that he would tell the class teacher of that rogue student about the incident. Now, the other students began to cook. Then he walked over to the student, his ears full of people walking against him.The miscreant came and asked everyone to get up, but they did not. Then he told me to get up. I got up and then he picked up three or four people one by one and then asked them all to get up. Everyone got up. Then they started threatening everyone. But this time, our class monitor got a little bolder and started telling them about the hole. Who showed me that you see this?



Looks like some rascal, someone was pressing your name. The boy, who was a hund, went up to him and warned the boy, the pinnacle of my class, not to come near him or quarrel with anyone in his name from this day on. She was on her way to school or one day she fell behind in a small class. He soon fled to Mumbai to become a child artist. When I turned around, the class teacher asked why I had turned around.So he told him that everyone said that they are all BA, MA, you should at least matriculate. Now, after a while, the class teacher gave up teaching and started exploring it. In which direction did he come from? One side was eliminated on the basis of majority.

Now come from the front or come from the back. A bench was also decided on the basis of that. There were six people on that bench. Now it was up to Home to decide whether to come from the left or the right. Then, two of the six were determined by majority vote. One of them was our Bombay hero, who used to walk from his pocket tiffin to laser class in Bombay. However, both of them ended up with a 1: 1 tie as the latter was not ready to concede. "

After that, the diary was empty. Nanda called the son and gave him the diary and only told him to focus on his studies. This was nothing to be ashamed of, but Aruni was teased by her sister-in-law for a long time for this gossip. One day, he tore up the diary and it was lost before the autobiographical novel was completed.

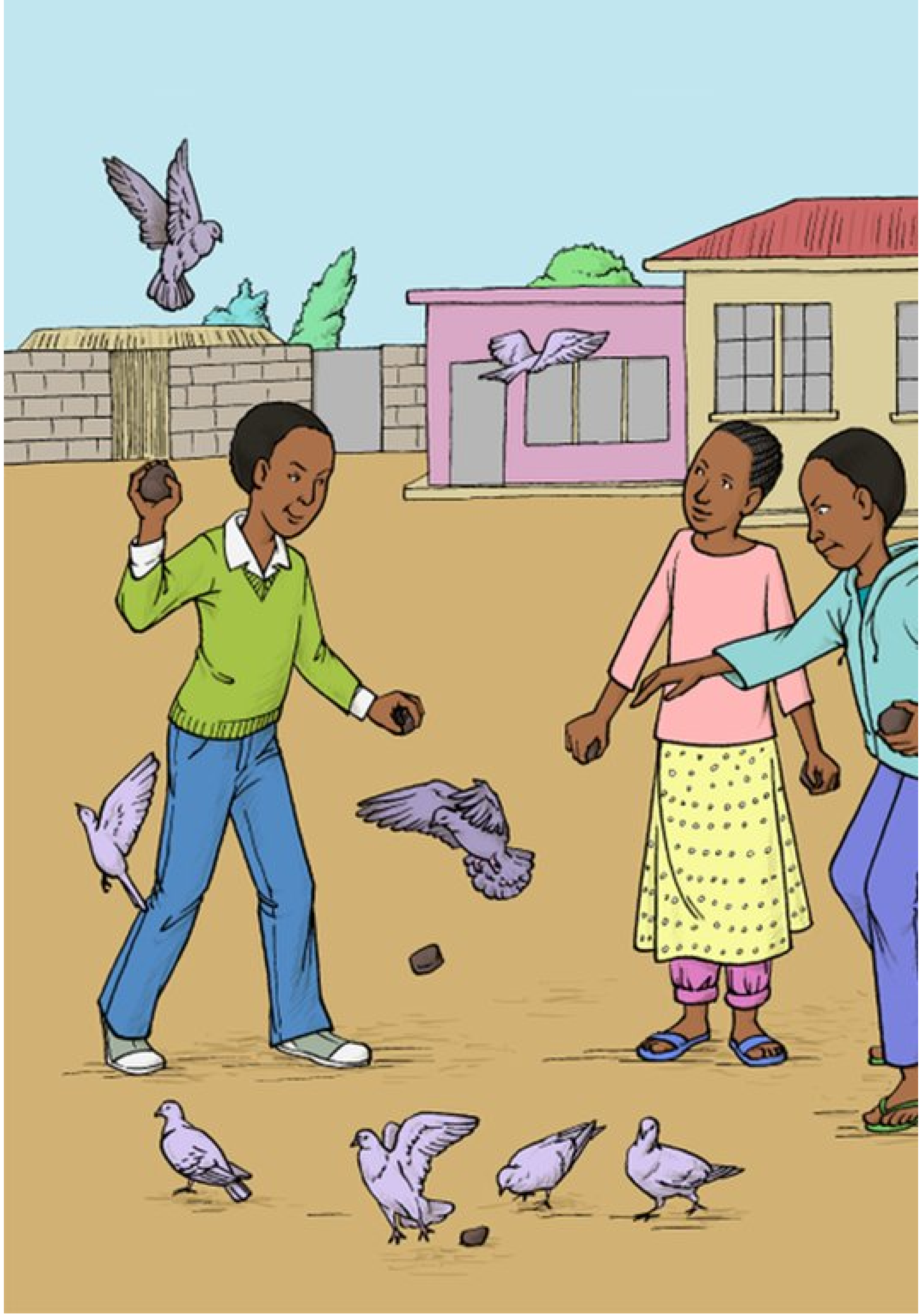




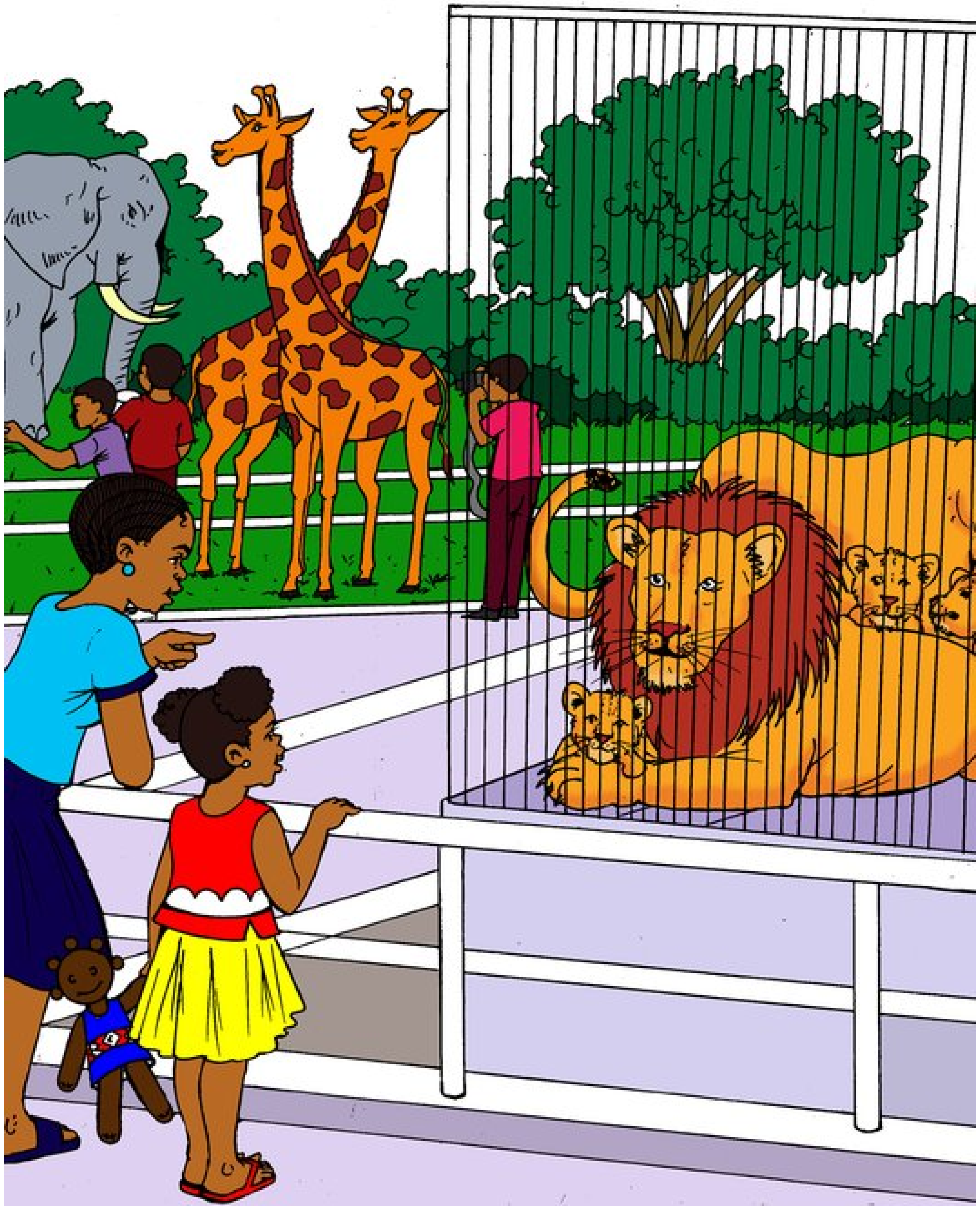
The struggle launched against Nanda's absence took a pause of a few days. The children stayed in the village for a year and a half, locked up for several days each. In the village, the elder brother asked a future politician to shift Nanda's posting from field work to a painting project or design in the office. He also told me to go to his office and pay attention to the kids. Marry all of them. Nanda came to Patna and paid attention to all his brother's talk. After enrolling her daughter in college in Patna, she looked for a house on rent next to the college.Both of them called everyone to Patna to fill the forms of the entrance examination for the enrollment of their sons. The nephew was told to come with everyone and ordered to catch not the baby but the Bihar government steamer at Pahlejaghat. Because a private steamer also carried a child, it carried more passengers, while a government steamer ran on its own time, whether it carried passengers or not. Government steamers had a limited number of passengers, so tickets were regularly calculated and all passengers were insured, which was not the case with private steamers.The nephews were accompanied by their wives and children. Nanda lived alone in the Ganga Bridge Colony.



Even family members were not allowed to socialize much with the neighborhood. But all was lost in Patna. In the neighbourhood, there was a retired army man, a Bihar government policeman and a Bihar Secretariat employee. Nanda took the two sons and the three of them went home the next day and greeted everyone. The sons and daughters started going to school. Nanda would walk five kilometres to the office and also do household chores on the way back.For example, if there was a market on Thursday, you would bring green vegetables, rice, lentils, etc., from there. Haat Ravis also used to have holidays and used to go and do all the household chores on that day. The children's work was limited to reading. Due to the availability of milk packets, the children's studies would be hampered if they were brought in for lifting and milking.



The elder son, who would sometimes pluck someone's flowers and sometimes throw ballast at someone's window in Ganga Bridge Colony, had calmed down after a year-and-a-half of village stay. Nanda recalled that once in the colony, he had gone to the neighbour's place with his son and the neighbour's wife had asked for forgiveness from the son. Because the answer from the office was that the son had thrown the ball at her, while she was standing near the poor window looking out.And the younger son had once killed an older child by throwing a stone at him while the child was riding a bicycle. It so happened that the elder child had not kept his promise to return the bicycle after making one round of the colony and after returning - by making another round - he was moving ahead with the bicycle while playing. The younger son had even refused to apologize because he thought he was not at fault.However, by the time the children were taken to meet the Nanda neighbours this time, the elder son was completely out of his element but the younger son was adamant.



Both of Nanda's sons came first in the class. Everything went well for a few days. All the worry and worry seemed to be gone. A couple from the village also lived in Patna. There was a fixed Sunday in the month, on which everyone went for a short walk. A visit to the zoo on a Sunday or any other time. Once when everyone went to the zoo, they asked Aruni Nanda - "We have come to the zoo, outside there is a board of Botanical Garden and above the gate is written Biological Garden.""Earlier, temporary bird shows were held at Sonpurmela and the word zoo came to people's mind. However, there are trees in Kata's garden, each tree has its name and botanical description written on it, and hence the name Botanical Garden for Botanical Garden in English. However, it was later realized that there are two types of biology, animal and plant. The park also exhibits flora, birds and tiger-lion, etc. Hence, it was named Biological Garden or Biological Garden.The election board stayed where it was. "



Once upon a time, everyone went to a village. There have been talks of the Ganga bridge being inaugurated this year or next year for two or three years. They asked Nanda, "By when do you think this bridge will be inaugurated?" The Chief Minister has said that it will be inaugurated this year. " "It never will be. He has been listening for two or three years.

When a foundation is made, it has a layer of sand that cracks in a few days. Then they break it overnight and start building a new foundation. " Listening to the discussion of the Ganges Bridge, the images of the zone-workers falling into the Ganges from above danced in front of Nanda. Nanda continued to have disputes with Thakedar and fellow engineers over work. Nanda had expressed his opposition regarding the work of a foundation; a few days later, that foundation broke, leaving a large crack in the middle.



They were dismantled by engineers overnight. How could something so huge break through the night, take so many days? The next day, tarpaulin was put in place of the crack, so that no one could see it. The incident was discussed for a long time. Nanda's respect among his subordinates was increased by this incident, but now Nanda had become Ravana among the technicians and engineers. Everything was working fine. Nanda's children prepared arithmetic questions of mathematics and science from January to March. But since Nanda did all the household chores himself, Nanda's children were unaware of the outside world except for going to school and coming home. Wherever you go, along with Nanda, in a way, understand that the personality of Nanda's children was formed in a different way. Nanda was leading a normal life, but any talk of the Ganges bridge would stir his conscience. And so, gradually, the frequency of visiting relatives and friends began to decrease. Then neither any friend, nor any friend's house.

02b1d69f1bdd95b34f3f6326e0622d7f

At that time, a Japanese transistor of the medium wave was the only means of entertainment in Nanda's house. His children called it a radio, and Nanda explained that radios are very large, transistors are small in size. When Nanda started his job, he was assigned to a radio village of the Bush company. A crowd had gathered at the toll plaza to listen to the radio. However, these Japanese medium wave radios were powered by medium-sized batteries and consumed a lot of battery, say transistors.The battery probably lasted for ten days of the month. Batteries came once a month, along with monthly groceries. That means of entertainment for Nanda's children did not work twenty days a month.

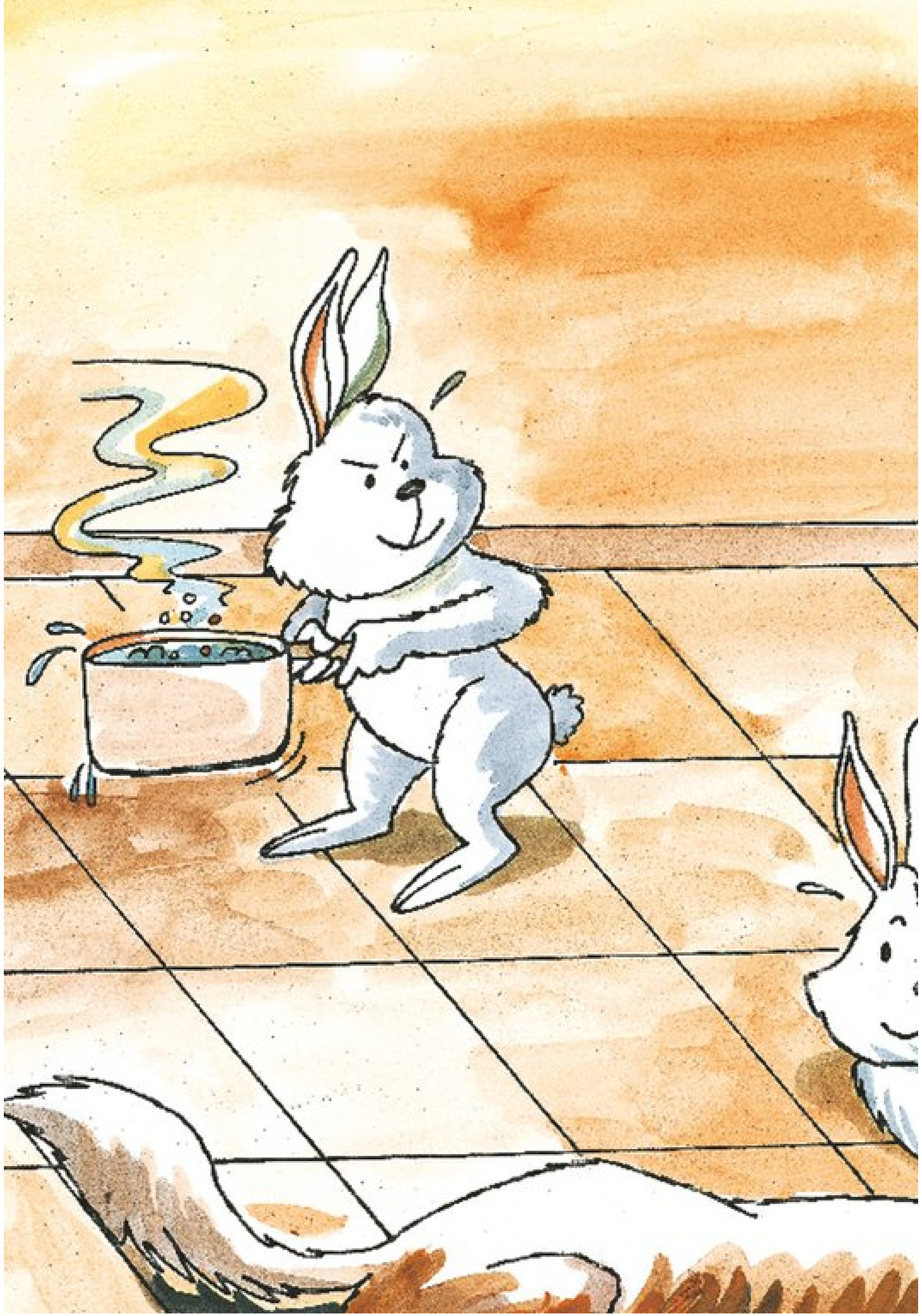
And so the children would build two goal posts on either side of the bed. These goal posts were made of plastic interconnecting play materials, these play materials had been lying at home for many days, often given by a colleague in Ganga Bridge Colony. Both of Nanda's sons played with wooden sticks on both sides. Kachkara's sporting goods of ABCD were made into balls. The rules of the game were also different. A goal was scored from one goal post to the other in just one shot. The progenitors of many such new sports were both sons of Nanda. This is how the time passed.Playing outside was a bit of a chore. Two incidents followed. One was the inauguration of the Ganges Bridge. And in the second half of the examination, both of Nanda's sons failed to secure the first rank. After this, Nanda felt uneasy at home. Although there was no connection between the two events, Nanda's conscience began to grow. Now that he was no longer able to get justice from the government machinery and his sons had also lagged behind in studies, his attachment to the invisible force was renewed. सभ परिणामक कारण होइत छैक आ कारणक निदान जखन दृश्य तन्त्र द्वारा नञि होइत अछि, तखन अदृश्यक प्रति लोकक आकर्षण बढ़ि जाइत अछि । आ नन्द तँ अदृश्यक प्रति पहिनहिसँ, बाल्यकालेसँ आकर्षित छलाह ।



"Who is Nanda?" A half-aged man, his teeth blackened from the constant gnashing of teeth, his face a double pindashyam colour, knocked on the grill of Nanda's house and asked. "No no. He has not come out of the office but is still there. Come in, sit down, "said the child of Nanda. "I'll be back in a little while." After some time, Nanda Surasural reached home without looking left or right in his tune as he came. The man behind him reached home. Nanda looked at him and said, "Shobha Babu." After so many days. " "Done," said Shobha Babu. And in response, Nanda sat down and started sucking tears from his eyes.



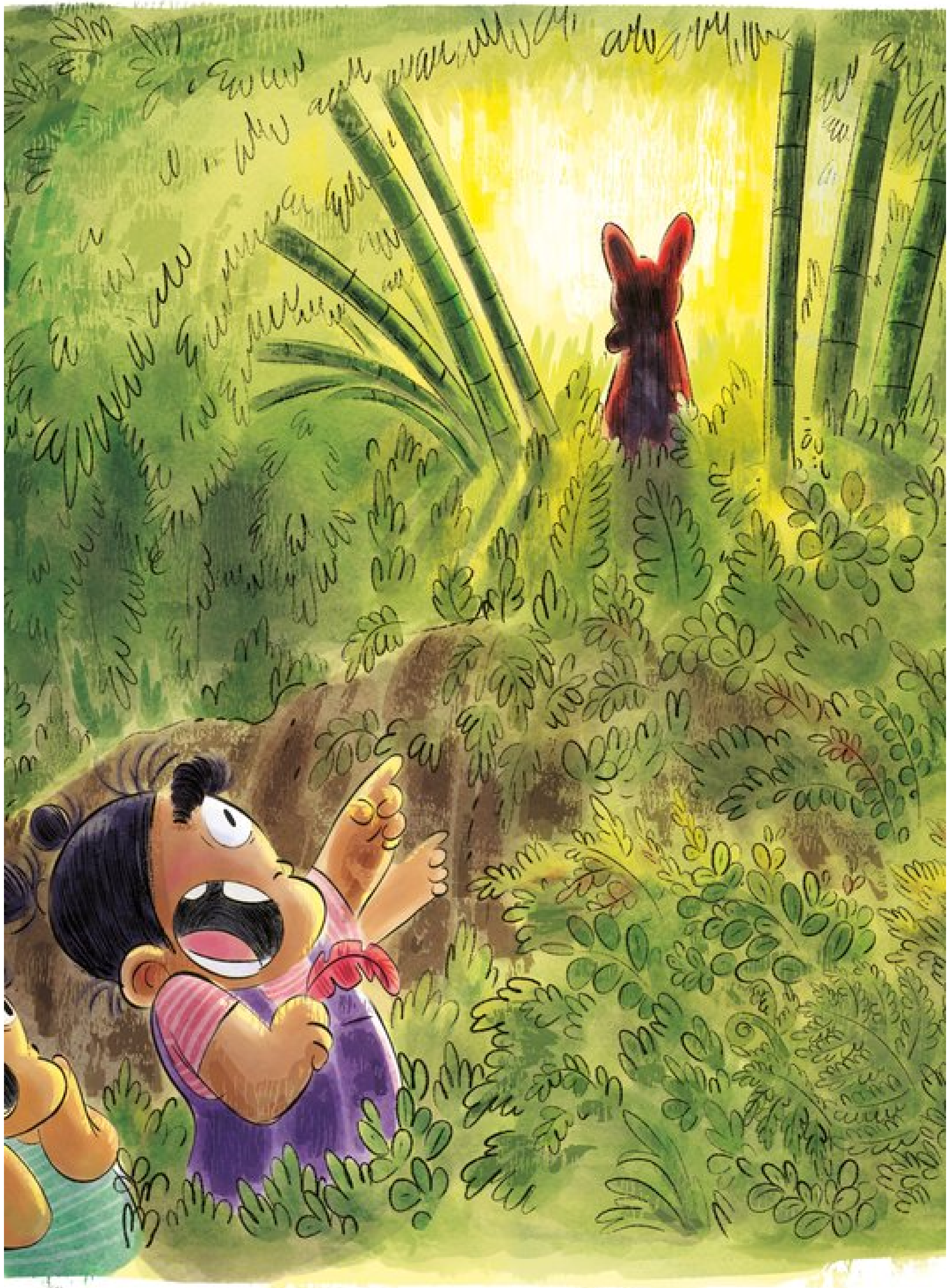
"That's it, I haven't been told yet." Shobhababu was heartbroken to receive such an honour. Shobhababu was from Kachbi village. Deer of Nanda's eldest sister. Sister Bechari had just died, sister Mamagam - in Nanda's village Mehat - was suddenly paralyzed with stomach pains. Nanda's sisters set out to collect the booty on well-trained horses.However, after the death of his sister, his relationship with his sisters began to deteriorate. No one knows but by chance. And today, after twenty-five years, I met Shobhababu in Patna. "How is Ojha ji? We talked a lot about getting married again, but we didn't. "



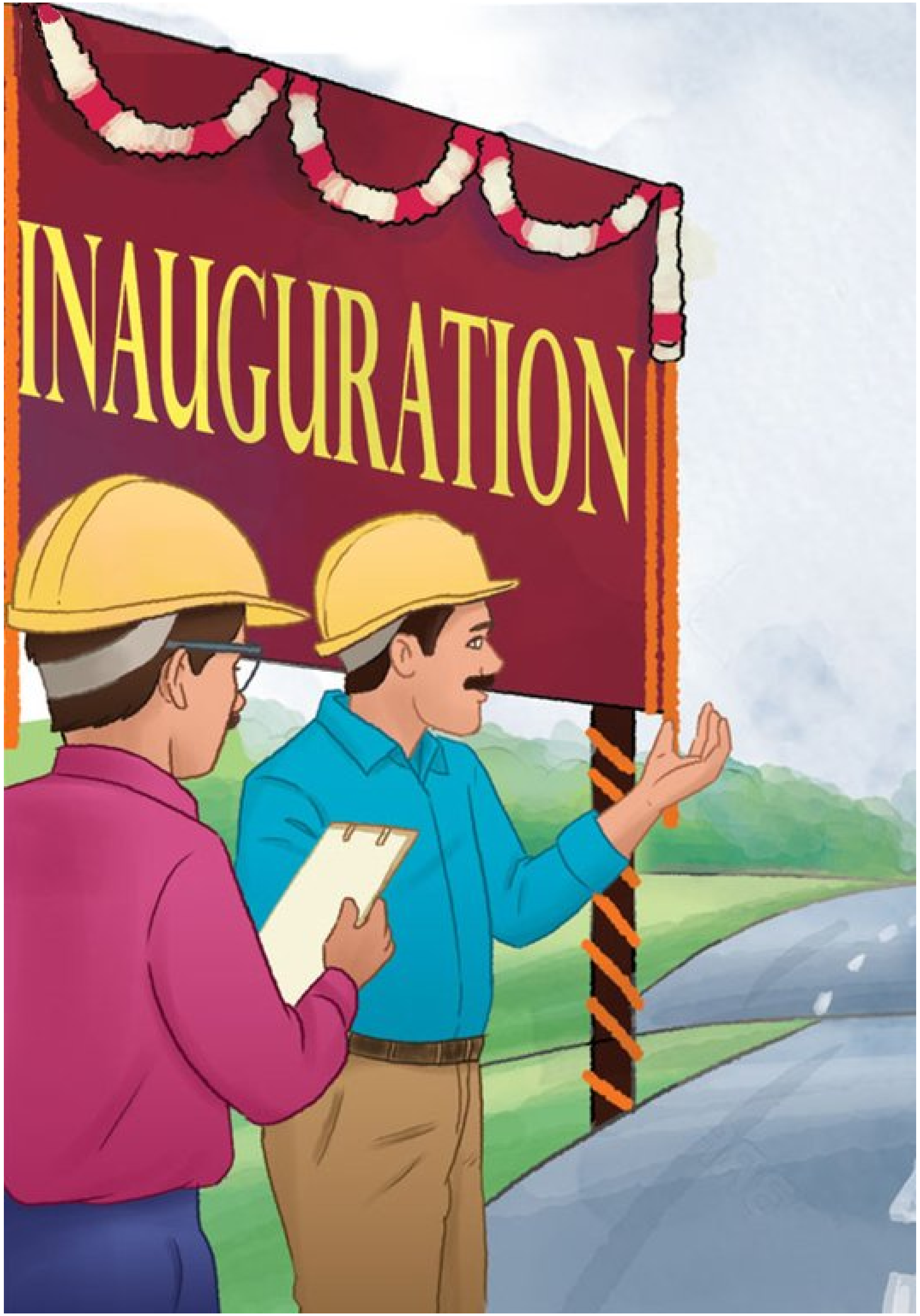
"Now that old charm is gone. The zamindari is over and so is the chasa-basa. But the cost is the same as before. The farm was sold and worked for several days. Everyone started running outside. But I said that you are much older than us, have seen a lot of happiness, that we would not like you to go out and do any small work. " Shobha Babu fell silent on the pretext of having a betel leaf in her throat, but the truth was that both her eyes and throat were blocked in emotion.After remaining silent for some time, he went ahead and said, "Without taking her formal permission, I went out of the house." We took bath in the river Simaria and crossed the Ganges in a boat and reached Patna in the evening. Earlier, I worked at a tea shop for a few days. In those days, Patna did not have the same number of people on all its sides. The conditions were low. Then I stayed for a few years, later I came to know that during this time various things happened in the village. Shobha who died or became a sadhu. Then, when I opened my tea shop, I went and sent a postcard to the village. I have been running a tea stall near BN Collegiate School for 20 years now. He has also set up a paan stall. "

A0ba96d95455bb4e3b0d3238df227f6d

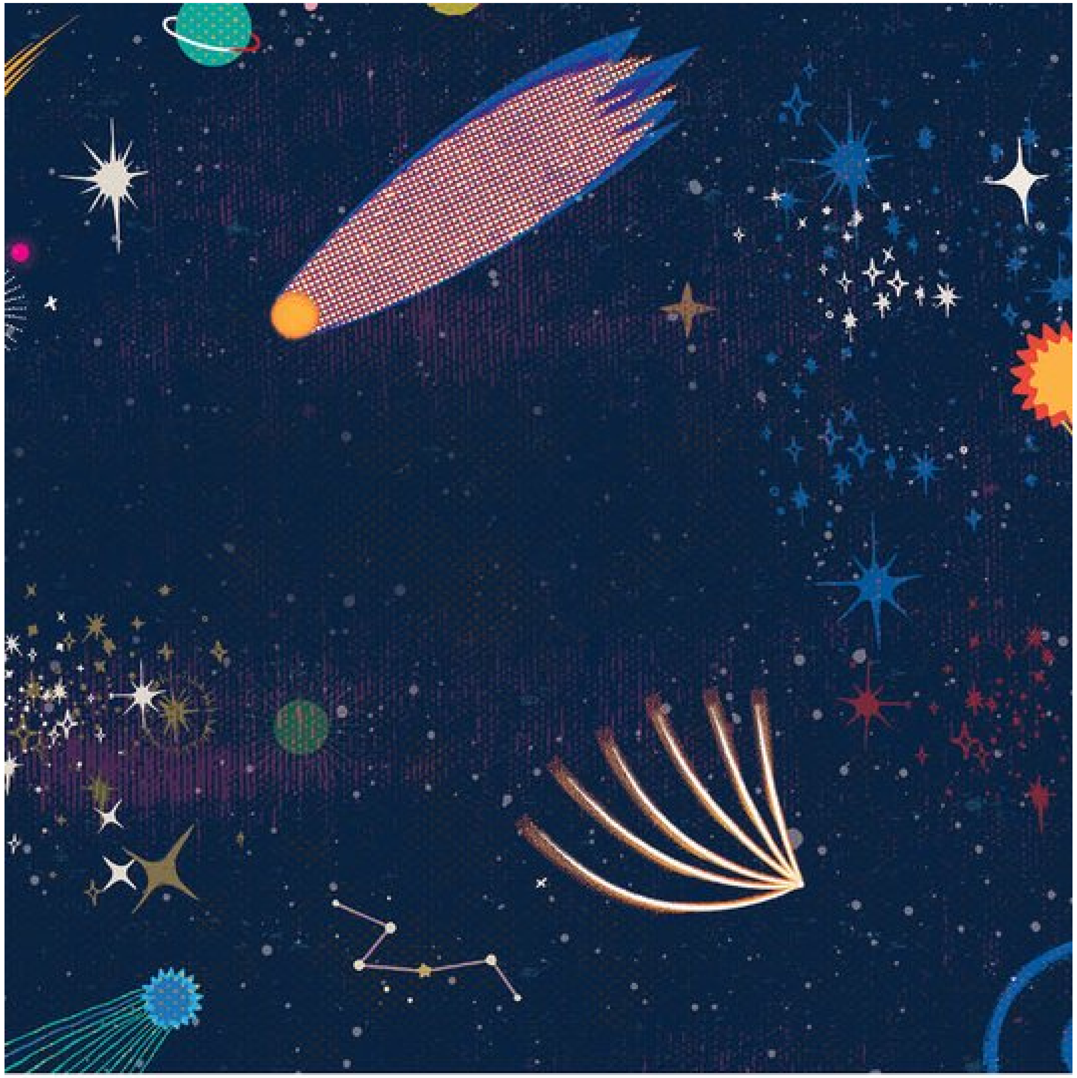
"All the teeth are broken Shobha Babu."
"Staying at the tea stall became a part of drinking tea. But there was no problem with that. But when the paan shop came, I drank hot tea and then poured cold paan on my teeth, and all my teeth were broken because it was hot and cold. " Both Nanda and Shobha Babu burst out laughing at this conversation. Then the chatter began. Shobha's brother-in-law had died, but had the niece lived, the relationship between the two would have survived, but what happened was all at once. Nanda remembered that the sister used to play in the neighbourhood and came and told Nanda's mother that someone had put his hand on her stomach and that's when she started having abdominal pains which never went away and the child died mysteriously in front of Nanda's eyes.



Shobhababu said, "Those children who are not alive should not be related." But Nanda, as usual, had gone elsewhere. The subject of his love for her, the child. This family mess, fetching vegetables from the market, worrying about the results of the child's exams, all these were done by the Kumon from the word of their elders.



The Ganges Bridge was inaugurated and both sons did not place first in the class. Then the daughter also took science, in intergraduation, then biology. But gradually, the half-yearly exams came, but everyone scored well, but did not get the first place. There was no correlation between Ganga-Bridge and exam scores. However, Nanda's belief was in the advancement of sons and daughters through the actions of their parents.This was due to his failure to campaign against the corruption involved in the construction of the Ganges Bridge and his attempts to fulfill his family responsibilities as an elder. Meanwhile, once the children's uncle and Nanda's elder brother arrived at Patna Dera. Nanda Gor said, "Have you brought the bridge over the Ganges or by steamer?" "I came here by steamer, not knowing that the Ganges bridge had been inaugurated. When he returns, he will take the road to the bridge. It is heard that new deluxe coaches are piled up in heaps. "



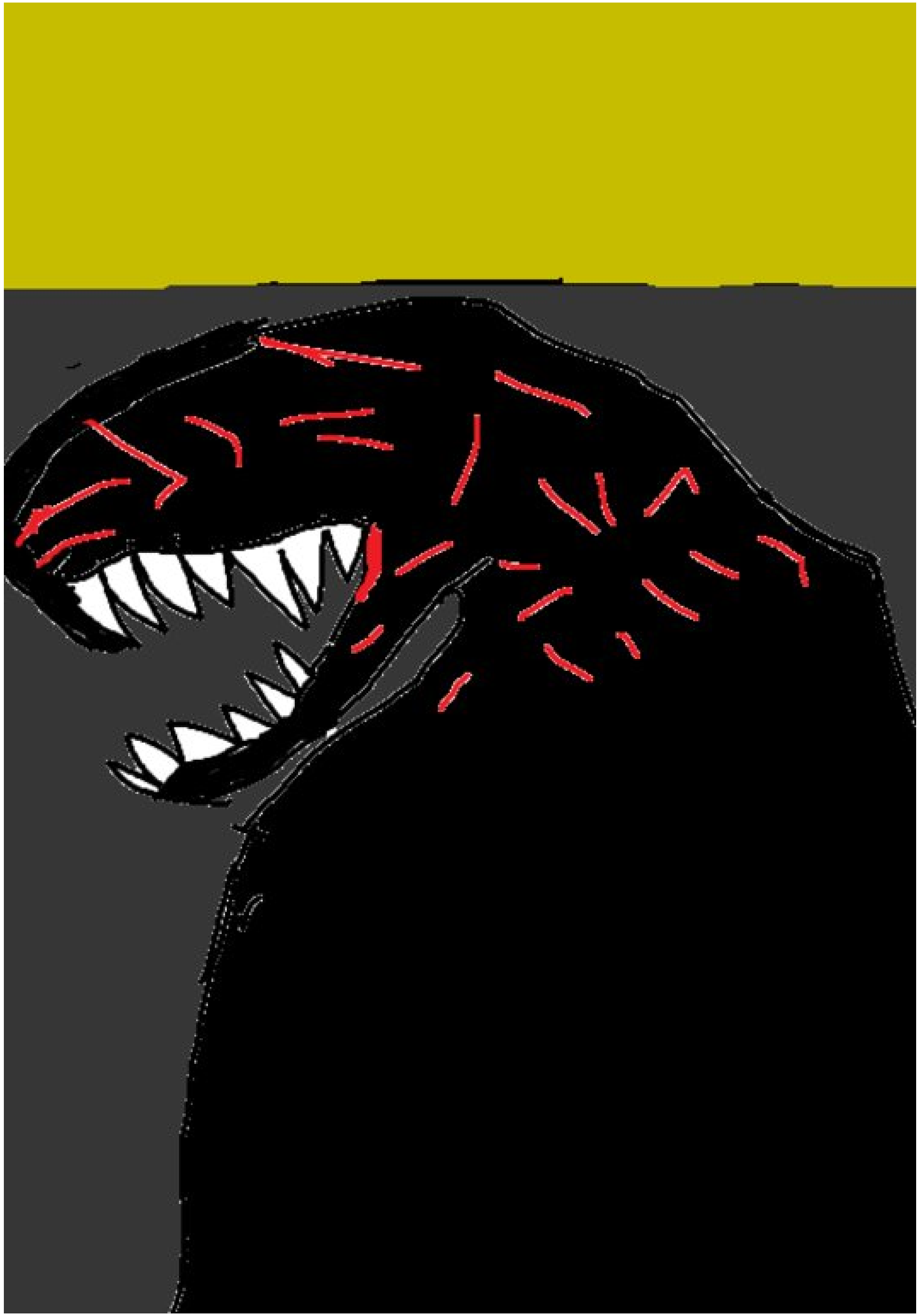
"No, there is no need to walk across the bridge. There has been a lot of mess in its construction. I will never go down. " The elder one could not understand what had happened to Nanda. "I'm going to be fine. Both of them were asthmatic, although their asthma was more severe. "No, that's all right. But I tried to forget all the old things you said. In the bridge construction that took place, hundreds of workers died while watching the shadows fall from the workers' feet. And engineers who have filled their homes with corruption.Now, when the bridge was inaugurated, the names of only 30 workers were inscribed on the stone and awards were announced to all the engineers. There is no guarantee that the bridge will ever collapse. When I started struggling, I had to stop every month. After all the transfers, the months are closed and the family has to leave the village. With your words, I have come to this transfer, leaving the struggle behind. I want to forget everything. The falling waves, and their families. They continued to appear in dreams, becoming the embodiment of millennialism.There is a cursed soul like me, a thousand years old who would have died leaving behind his struggle and is now returning to the universe....



.. Now look at the exam results of all the three children, they used to come first every day, what will happen now. This is the result of the struggle I left behind. " Nanda was taken aback. "Smoke. Those who do not know corruption. Those who killed the workers' rights will not be rewarded. You have to fight for yourself. And does not run his own family life. Let your children be spoiled by the mistakes of others. What is their fault in this? " The two brothers then begin a village-house conversation. Nanda used to get lost in the middle of the ringing. The elder brother realized that this marriage would not last anymore. He kept on giving assurances but seeing Nanda's stubbornness since childhood, he did not know what to do now. There is no face-to-face interaction with the brothers. But Apraoksha addressed and said, "The bride is here now. Take care of the children. "

862e22ba5b0573191155ea9a0226b7fb

Nanda took Agraja with him and left him on a steamer at Mahendrughat, as he feared that he would be run over by a bus in the middle of the day and that the bridge would collapse tomorrow if not today. Thereafter, Nanda started exploring the astrological horoscope. Different types of stones, gems were worn by the children in their hands and fingers. Once Hanuman bought a chalisa, he brought one each for those who were at home. They lived in five or ten thatched houses, for the people.Those who came from outside were given one Hanuman Chalisa each. One day during this deception, Nanda met a trickster. Nanda's psychology caught up with him and he began to think of him as a messenger of God. That Tantrik had solutions for everything, to punish the corrupt, to get better results for the children, to keep everyone healthy and so on. The basis for the solution of all these problems was mechanics, the reliability of which Nanda never doubted.



He started demanding money from Tantrik Nanda for secret worship. The tantrik never said that the mother dreamt that the evil would now be destroyed. Come Asin, the Sharadiya Navaratri will be full of siddhi. Then Mari Ras explained the methods of worship, Shavasana-Yoga, etc., to Nanda and Nanda followed them as a student practices the lessons of his Guru. Nanda was engaged in all these works but Asin came and went but nothing was to be done and nothing happened. In the month of Asin it was said that now the corrupt engineers will be punished, let there be rain. Years passed, but the time limit for sentencing continued to be extended. Panditji also faced some financial problems and Nanda had to bear the brunt. Tantric teachings were also introduced by Panditji's children at their doorsteps. Under the bed, Bhagwati - these words would be uttered by the children of Panditji or Tantrikji, and Nanda would look for Bhagwati under the bed.



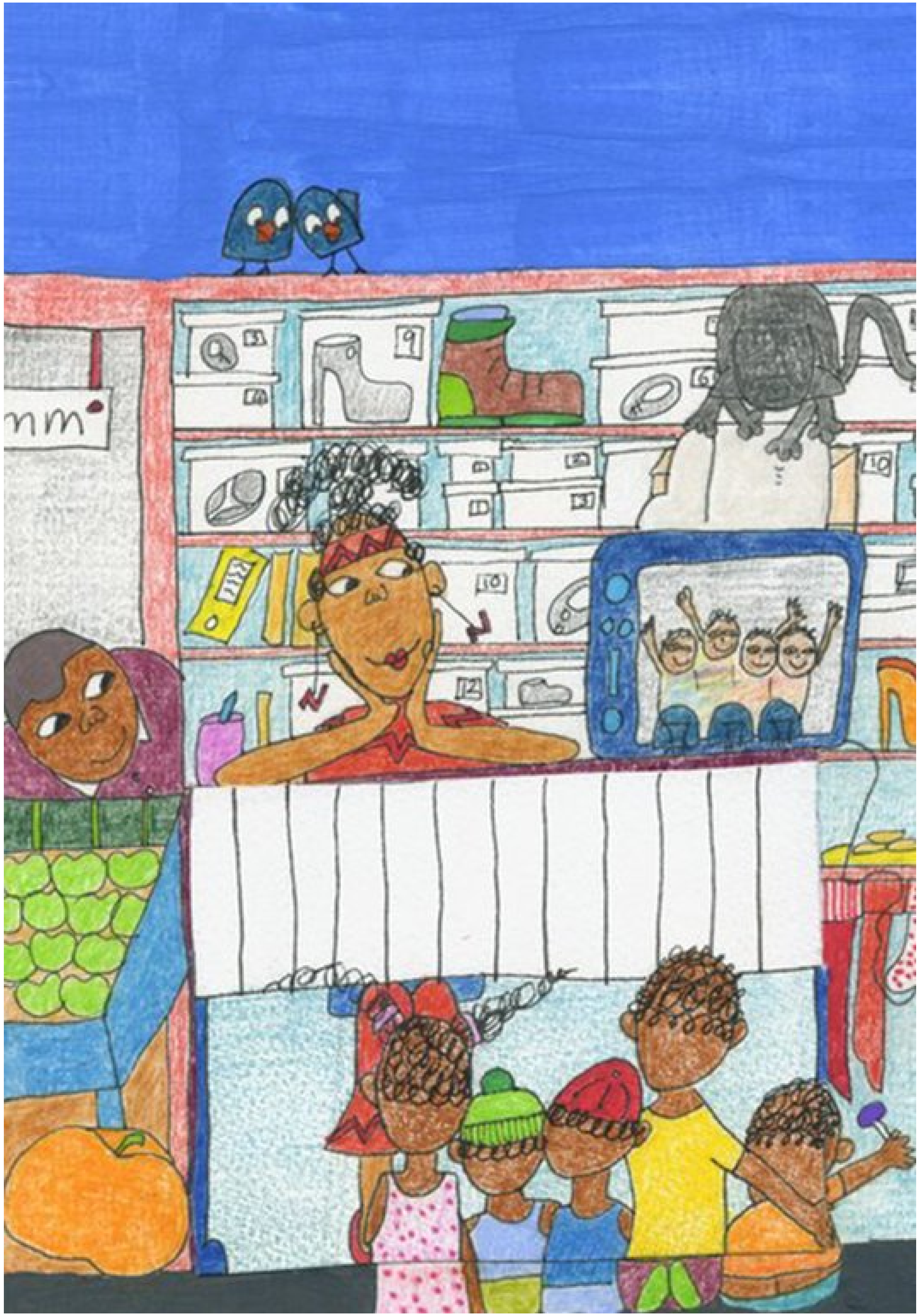
Then Panditji started proposing marriage to his sons and daughters, his daughter to Nanda's engineer nephew and Nanda's daughter to his son. Now, Nanda's heart is broken, and Yavatam accepts him as long as he keeps the conversation to himself, but never to the detriment of his children. Meanwhile, a couple of Nand's nephews from the village and Nand's brother also went to the tantrik's house and rebuked him, he finally accepted that he does not know any tantra-mantra and neither can he punish anyone with this method.He also said that he would steal the money from Nanda, but could never steal the money. This was a major blow to Nanda. Bhakshi would pass by the house of that Tantrik of the village but he would not touch her and neither would Nanda touch her. In the meantime, Nanda's daughter got married and Nanda Jena left shelter on all sides and started moving ahead on the path of destruction without any goal.



Like going to the office, thinking in the evening. Some of the texts that used to be read have also been lost. Even those who used to study while sitting with the children will now find a place to stay. The order to go to the village for Fagua and Durga Puja is also broken now. The entire family now goes to the village only for Durga Puja. However, Nanda never forgot to visit Asgare village in Phagua. On his way to his village, he came to a distant place in the village of Nanda. Pisa was a devotee of Kali. His village is located next to Nandak village. Poor are good people.Nanda would go to him and listen to the discourse. Then he also took diksha from her. Having nothing else to do except recite the Kali-Sahasranama, Nanda engaged in the same recitation throughout the day. Thoughts of the witches kept coming to Nanda's mind. He used to look at the people around him with suspicion. The children were put to the test, suspecting that none of their enemies would harm their children. However, after his initiation from Pisaji, he developed a distorted self-confidence.



Then all the work started at a slow pace. Children's education, their jobs. That is the sum of the middle class, that is, the aspirations of the middle class. Biya-daan ka jhamla. Minor arguments at home and outside. Nanda was even more convinced when he saw the children's courage to compete with the world. This is because her children never leave the house. After returning home, not even the friends and relatives were there. There was still competition from the outside world.They would pass the written test of the competition exam, but the language and province would come up in the interview. Nanda had never brought up children in such an environment and the children used to wonder what this new environment was. But then both of Nanda's sons got employed. Nanda did not get the big position he had hoped for from Aruni, but he did get a job with the Indian government's B Group. He was also an engineer who joined the government service.

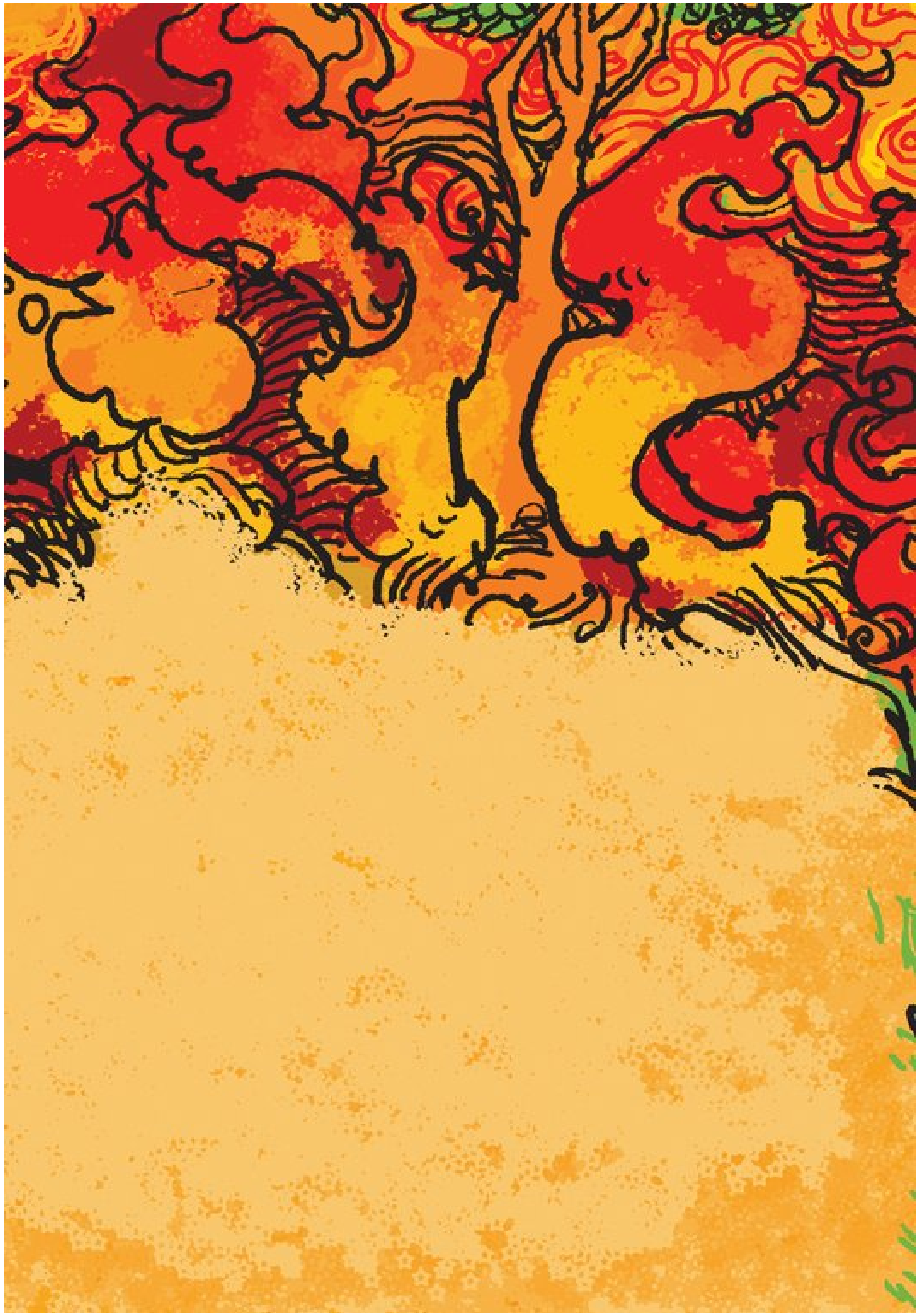


The other son also became an officer in the bank. Nanda's children had not seen a film in a cinema hall for 10 years. The children of Nanda had not seen the Puja fair of Patna, Patandevi, Golghar. At first, people laughed at this, but later everyone felt that this has not become the specialty of Nanda's family. It was also a surprise to the people that Nanda did not even have a television in his house. Nanda and his entire family had not watched a single episode of the Ramayana serial aired on Indian television.Because television was not allowed in Nanda's house and because one did not go to someone else's house, there was no question of going to watch TV. After getting the job, Arun brought home a television. When Nanda saw the Mahabharata being preached, he said to his wife one day:



"Why don't you put Mahabharat on your TV? "There is an empty DD1 in your TV. A man living upstairs said his son had brought home a machine for 300 rupees. Putting them in TV brings DD Metro. In it comes the Mahabharata. The son bought the TV for three thousand rupees. Now you will have to pay three hundred rupees to get that machine from the middle of next month. " "Those who have TVs will bring machines."

When Aruni finds out about this gossip, she bursts out laughing. Install the same machine the next day.When my father saw the Mahabharata the next Sunday, everyone was very happy. In the same month, Aruni went out of Patna for arms or weapons training. Durga Puja falls in the middle of this one-month training. Dad didn't go to the village for Durga Puja for the first time. Aruni also came to Patna in the middle of the day, seeing the Durga Puja holiday of Friday-Saturday. Sunday is the day. The Mahabharata continued: Aaruni remained a companion. Along with her, Aruni went out for some work without eating or drinking. He came home with his friend. The mother brought food for both of them.



"Daddy ate it." "Yes it is. it's three o'clock After watching the Mahabharata, he sat down to eat. You eat, and I'll make him tea, and then you'll be broken. " Aaron ate two or three crows and got up. His companion asked the reason: "What happened?" "I don't know. There is panic. " "I have to go to training tomorrow. through it. " "I don't know." Then came Abaaz from inside. Why did everyone run? "What happened, mother?" "Look at it. I brought him tea - yes, but he couldn't open his eyes. On other days, he used to sit up late after hearing the name of tea. "

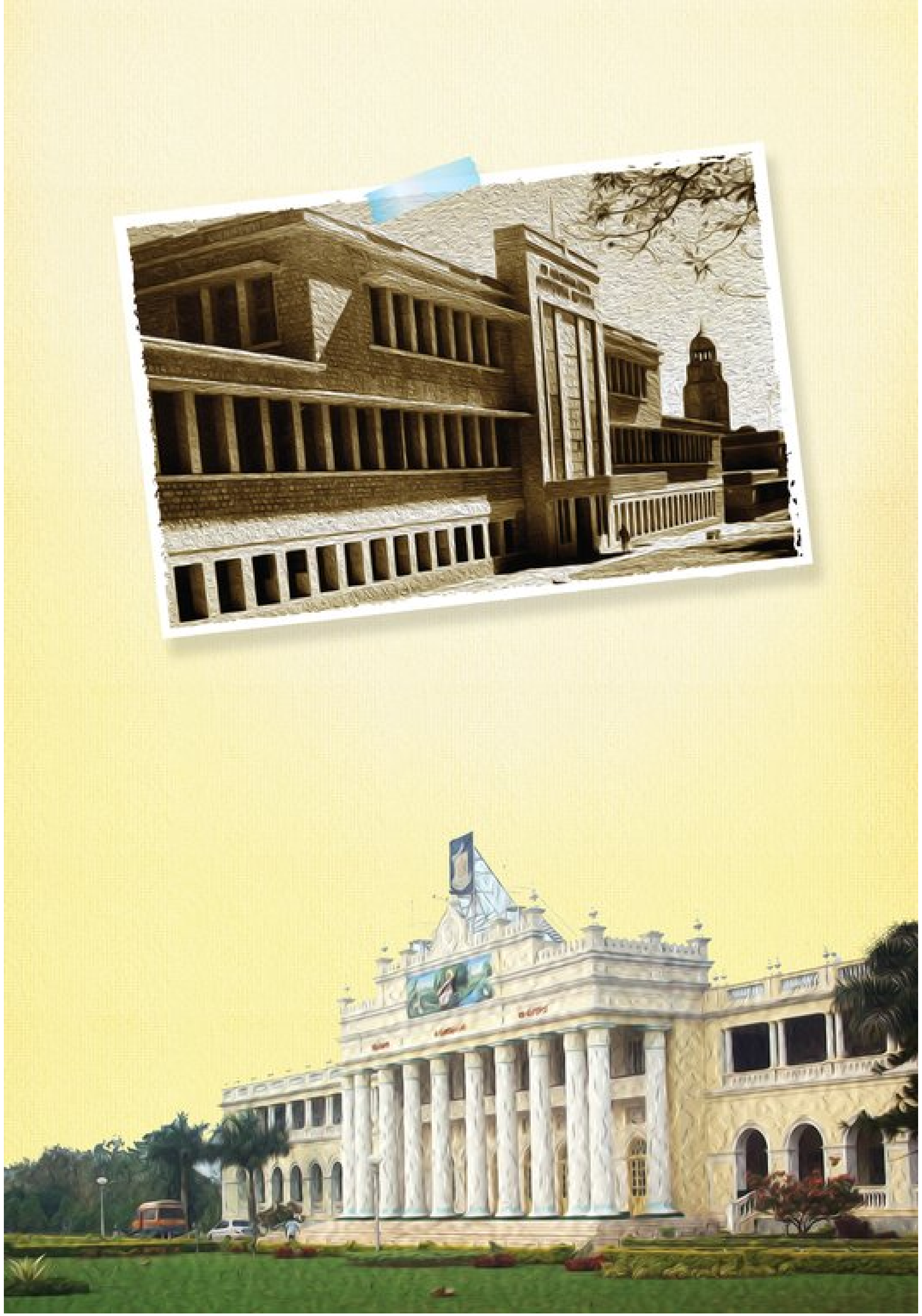


Nanda's body was mutilated. Hearing Kanna-Rohata, a doctor who was upstairs brought Ala and announced Nanda's death. Aruni stood up, speechless. His companions did not know which way to call their companions. Take care of everyone's duties. Someone at the gate, someone in the drawing room. A crowd had gathered. His companions returned the bed covered in the same bedsheets and approached Aruni.

"You have to prepare for action. Arrangements will have to be made to transport them to Bansghat. I'll go get the car. " "Babuji was very attached to the village. He said that he would not visit the city for the next seven lives. However, he was cremated by Babuji in Patna. But at that time this Ganges-bridge of Patna was not built. Now that they can be taken by car, the cremation will take place in the village in the morning. "



"I make the arrangements." That companion of Aruni was Hanumana. In no time, the car arrived. Problems arose when police spotted the body on the way and stopped it. "You don't have a uniform ID." "Yes, it is." "You don't want to get in trouble, but you should show up if the police stop you on the way." The house was empty. Locked up. Both brother and mother left Patna city on that night of Shukla Paksha with their deceased father. The car stopped at the Ganges Bridge. A list of the dead was hung, of zone-workers. All of them had died after falling while constructing the bridge. Aruni gets out of the car and looks at the list. Workers like Uraon, Jha and others were killed. Workers with a "Jha" title, more so with a tribal title! There were many dead, some in their hundreds, but overnight, with the help of the police, the engineers set fire to the walls. The names of 30 people were there.

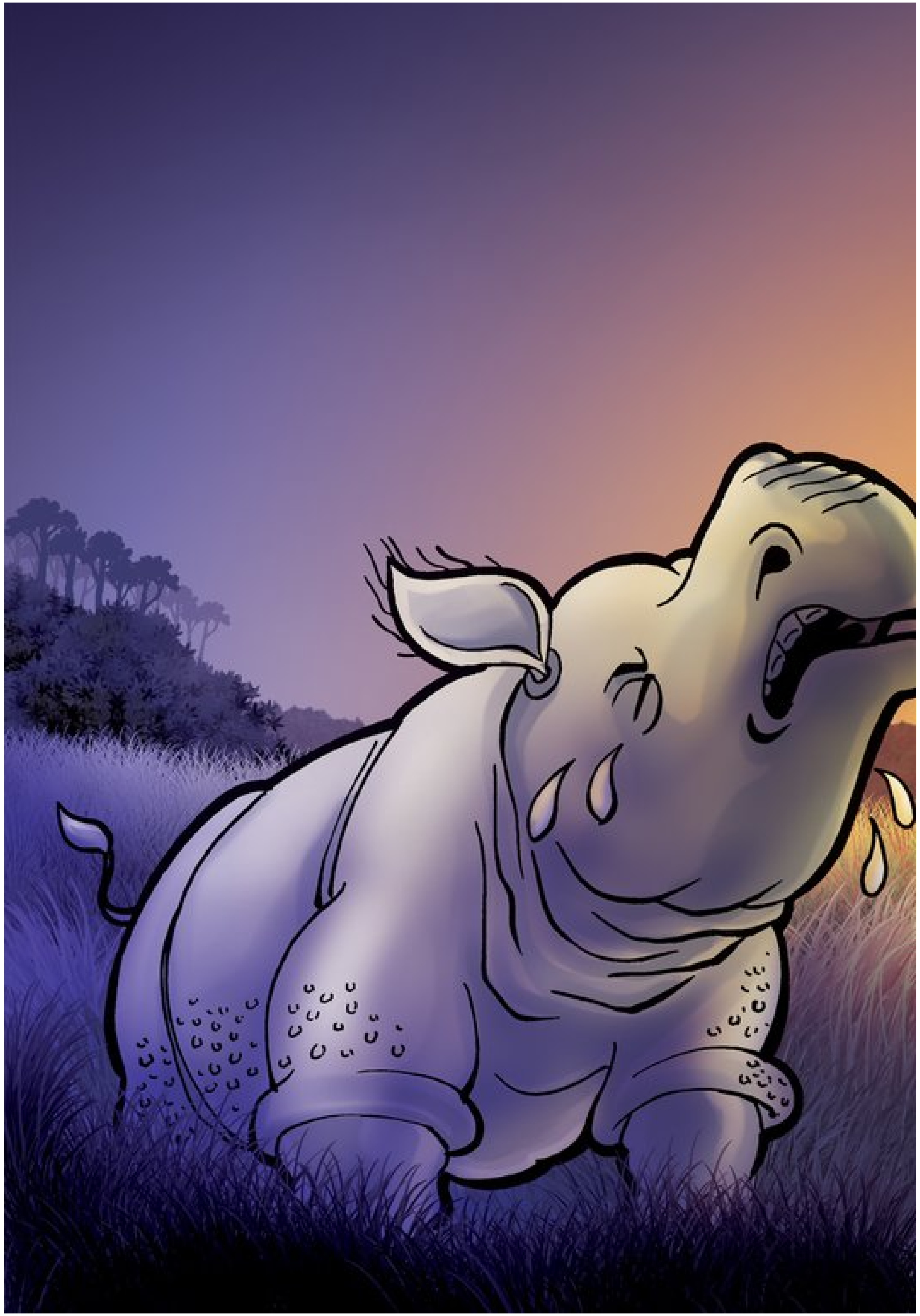


"The workers were running from pillar to post, at many places I gave information, no one listened. If we are not able to give them justice, then it seems that we are guilty. " This part of Nanda's diary was once read by Aruni. He thought let's go around and find Babuji's diary, where is it? Then the car moved on. The Ganges Bridge was left behind. Next came the Ganges-Bridge Colony. Witness the story of Aaruni's childhood. Schools, homes and playgrounds.

Godown of Satle Ganga Bridge. How many times he left here in a stolen truck, he was caught once. Huge trucks, many with wheels, people would arrive at the Gumtillag fair as they saw it. The children counted the wheels of the truck, whether 14 wheels or 16 wheels.



Aruni was forgotten by all in the competition of life. Corruption, the death of Joan-Bonhier, her father's struggles are all coming to the fore but now. "All this has come to the fore again, as a memory of the father, but not as a loss to the father. Why did Aruni choose this name for me, Babuji? " "What happened, son?" asked the mother. "No no. It felt good to see this colony. " "Don't look at this papaya colony."
The discussion of the Ganges-Bridge became a taboo at home. That's what Aruni understood. But another start would not have been possible. The mother was horrified by Aruni's question. The silence that prevailed now ended with a visit to the village. On the way, a piece of light broke off, leaving behind thousands of pieces, their minuscule forms, metiors.



The elder brother caught hold of the dead brother's face and started to cry. "Such brotherly cocks. Dhurva leaves first, leaving behind his elder brother. If you had never thought about it, you would have saved it today. " Hundreds of tolls were added. There was no food in anyone's house after hearing the news. Kakra telephoned the address to say that the news had arrived there. "In the pen, Babu's ashes will be there," laughed the elder brother after his wish. Everyone reached the tree by lifting it on their shoulders. "Look, there is a smile on someone's face, it looks like a little mooi," said Nanda's elder brother.

As soon as Aruni's elder brother extended his hand towards his father for fire, he became distraught. Uncle assured me. That dead body, mixed with the fire, would have eliminated any possibility of a re-enactment. All the rituals, as if no one had died, but a festival was being arranged, with pomp and show. The shraddhkarma and the evening recitation, as instructed by the mahapatra or kantaha brahmanas, are of the unreliable details of the Garuda-purana. It's all done.



Utmost peace and what a great noise. He recalls episodes of being engaged in a re-analysis of his past. Aruni Thakur felt a little unwell and was admitted to her flat in a spacious apartment adjacent to the Woodlands Nursing Home in Calcutta in a very unwell condition. Moments of turbulence seem to come to him spontaneously. He used to ease his burden by narrating his problems to his well-wishers. Gradually, the problems aggravated to the point where I started losing my mind after listening to others.

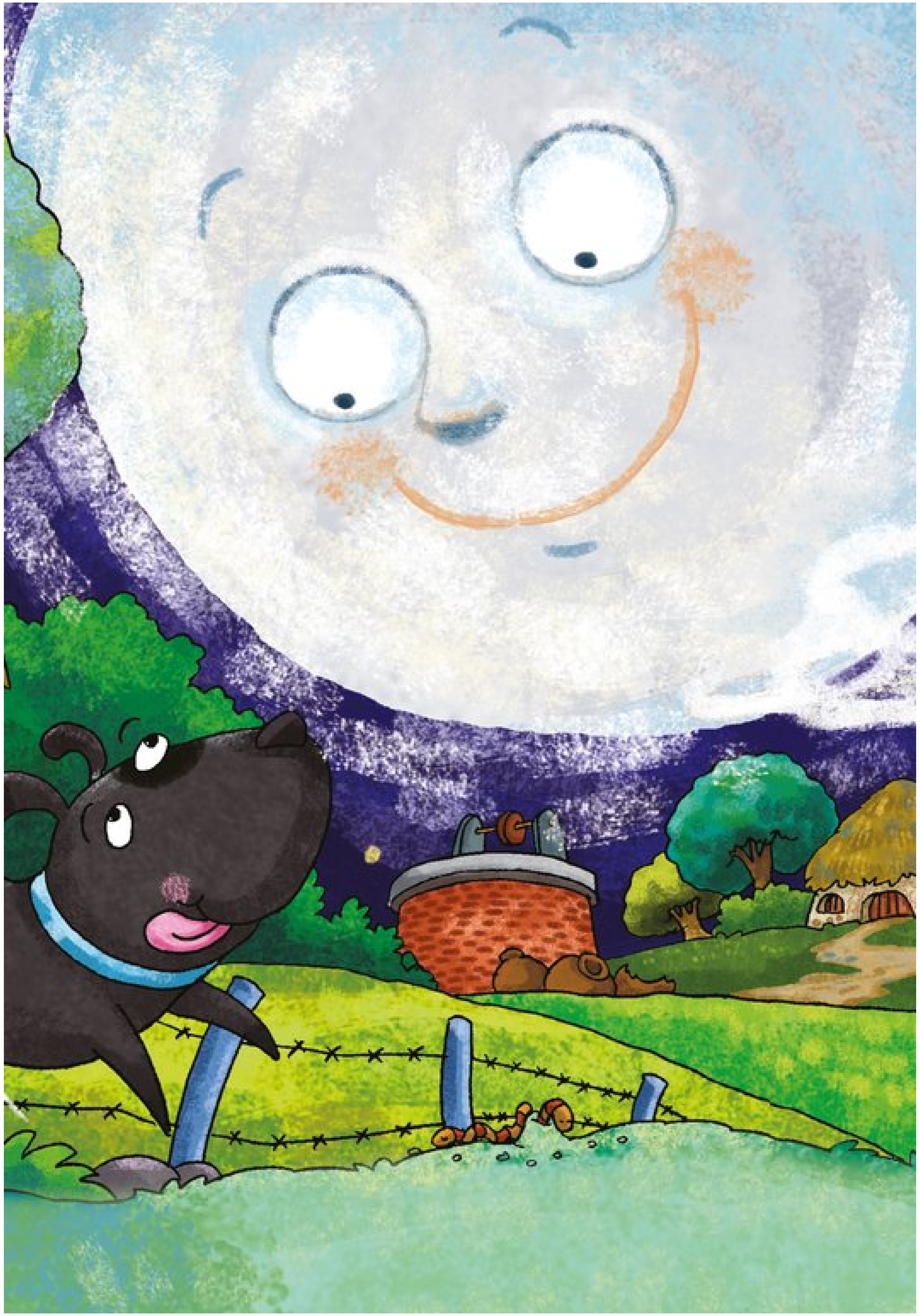
So now he seemed to be confined to himself. The well-wishers begin to understand that Aruni is out of trouble.



Aaruni has been having nightmares in her dreams since she was a child. Until recently, he remembered how he used to sweat profusely in the middle of the night and his parents used to worry about him. Who are the father and mother of the child? The ancestors of the Gods, then their ancestors? People used to laugh at these questions, but later when Aruni read philosophy, she came to know that many sages and sages have also dedicated their lives for the answer, but this question is still unanswered.All these unanswered questions have again become a dream for him in his state of ill-health. At times, he felt that he was on the roof of the house and did not want to move slowly towards the unoccupied portion of the roof. Any force of gravity pulling him is the gravitational force of a body as large as a thousand years. They don't fall down when they reach the bottom.



Was it a beginner's guide or a message to avoid any future accidents? For days, Aruni kept trying to figure out the right time to go to sleep, but gradually she discovered that dreams and sleep were two of life's mysteries that were out of order and unanswered. And Aaruni grew up, then her lessons were started - the hymns of Agastya - Saraswati Namastubhyam Varade Kamarupini, Vidyarambham Karichai Siddharbathume Sada. The reception of Gaurishankar with Shri Ganeshji's Ankush is Siddhirastu.
Satte shubhuta devi shikhara vasini, ugrain tapasa ...
While playing this sloka, Aruni often laughed out loud and paused abruptly after the samavedic analogy of Pashupatih patih. The father thought that starting to teach at an early age would break Aruni's habit of sitting in a chair with her hands on her head. He didn't like a word of my mother's words. He kept on interrupting Aruni's conversation.



Aruni's hand was full of the keys to the house, so he said that he would throw the keys into the suitcase if she did not listen to him. I thought that yes, I would throw the jhaba on the banana and give it to her. The result was to be the same in both ways. The keys were not found after much searching. Still, all the almirah keys of the house are duplicates. After so many days, thinking about all this, a smile suddenly appeared on Aruni's face.

The principled father had some problems at work, so he wanted to see Aaruni grow up as soon as possible. The third to the sixth should be placed in the fifth category. Then it happened that everyone had gone to the village as per the rules during the Holi holidays. The rules for visiting the village were the same during Holi and Durga Puja. Dad left everyone and came back. Then the month was almost over: this letter had come to the village, and now everyone had to go to the village.



Maa nodded but Aruni was very happy. But in government schools, at that time, the wrong tradition of writing in front of the class in one class less was taken in the light of the new education policy because there was nothing new in the new policy. Dad was devastated when he learned of this, and in retaliation, when they returned to the city after the fifth grade, Aruni was made to write her name again in the seventh grade instead of the sixth grade.The purpose of his father's instructions to teach sixth-grade science and mathematics to fifth-graders was made known to Aaruni when these two subjects were asked in the entrance examination and Aaruni sat for both sixth and seventh-grade entrance examinations and was successful. After a long time, when Kyo talks about the sixth grade in the context of Anno, Aruni senses some ignorance. During his visit to the village, Aruni once wrote a letter to his father as his shoes were lost in the city. Along with the footwear, the letter also gave details of three typographical errors made by Aruni and how he had submitted his copy by solving two questions at a time instead of three in a competition to solve a math question.



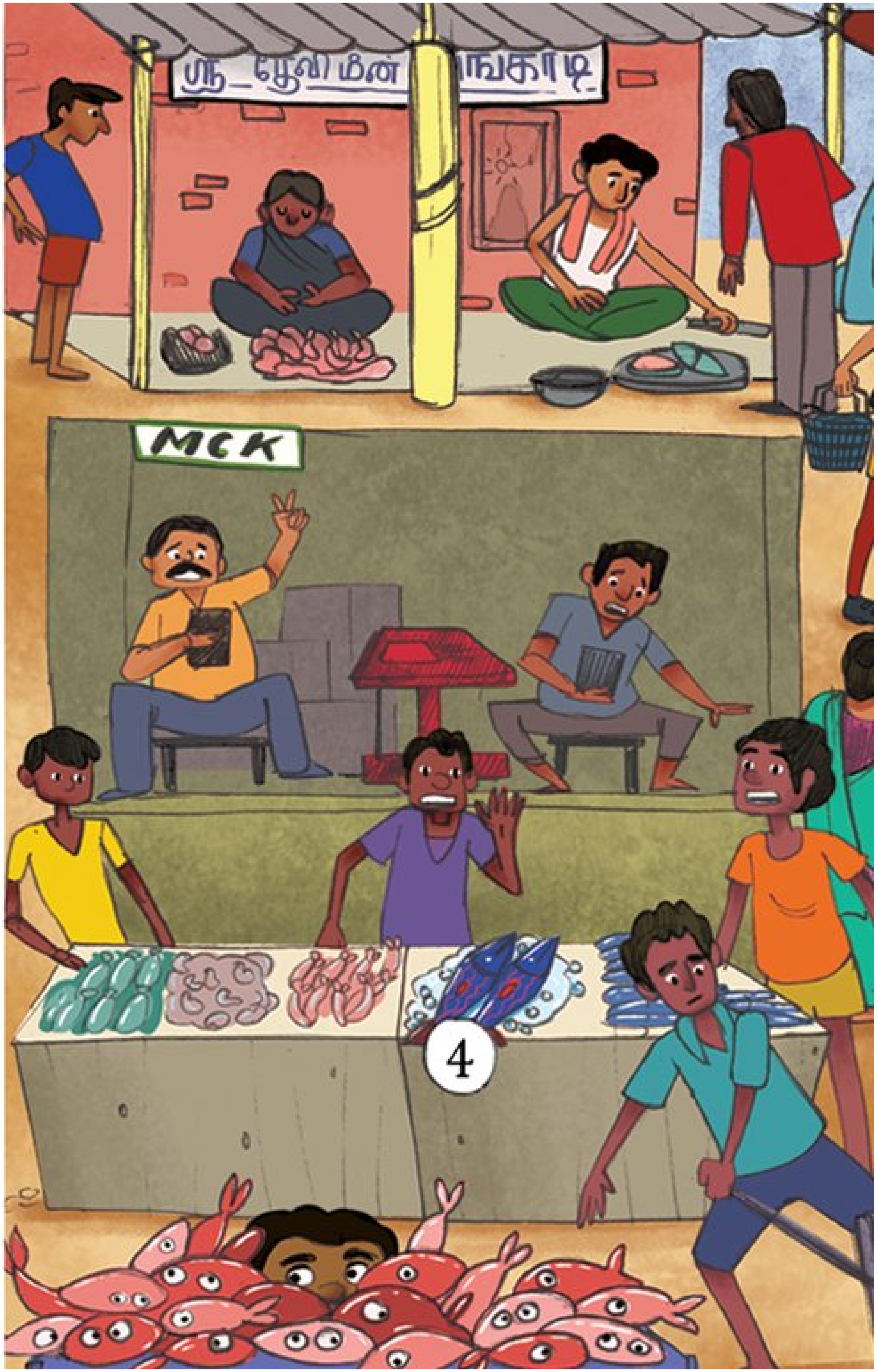
He did not know when anger entered his nature, but his father had instructed him to recite the Sanskrit verse "There is no other ripu like anger" ten times. There was also an incident where a child at school smashed his head with a Sylhet during a fight. Aruni also picked up Sylhet but thought that he had stopped the hand that had broken his head. As a result, his father worked two jobs.One was that his silhouette was replaced with a wooden corbelled silhouette instead of iron, of which some or the other part was found to be wood, and the other that a school was opened in the colony where Aaruni studied by calling a meeting of the equivalent officers in the colony. Later, when Kyo Pandit started reciting the Sundarakanda of Valmiki's Ramayana and advising the astrologer Kanguria to wear pearls and moonstones to reduce his anger, he remembered that Sanskrit verse.



She still feels uncomfortable asking for help and compromising under childcare. But he did not have the confidence to fight a battle knowing that both defeat and victory were equal. And victory slowly became his goal. For which he also helped her wholeheartedly and accompanied her on time. Periodic compromises eased their struggles. Since then, it has been difficult to maintain friendly relations. Again, the new city left no room for new partners. There is no end to ambition and the arts of living are unique. This name, however, was now sometimes heard in homes. The city of Calcutta worships talent. However, there was one hurdle in becoming a businessman - the knowledge of Bengali along with English, which he learnt on the way. Sickness in a busy life - this is where they find comfort. Illnesses are habits of thinking. And after buying this flat, I also called my mother. However, he realised that Maa was not affected by all this.



Because she was the official wife and wished to see her son in the same form. The new city increased the percentage of experimentation in his son's personality over theory. Now, due to ill-health due to time, the son gets time to think about the future. Before achieving success in business, Aruni started working at a paper printing press. He urged his friendly printing press owners to work on percentage instead of salary. He took orders, binding and printing, and slowly set up a printing press of his own. Some sold them to customers to print from here. When he learned of this, he made a ruse of putting his press calendar in all the bundles. When the end consumer found out that they were buying the goods through an unnecessary broker, they immediately started placing orders with the printing press. Aruni never heard her name called in the house.



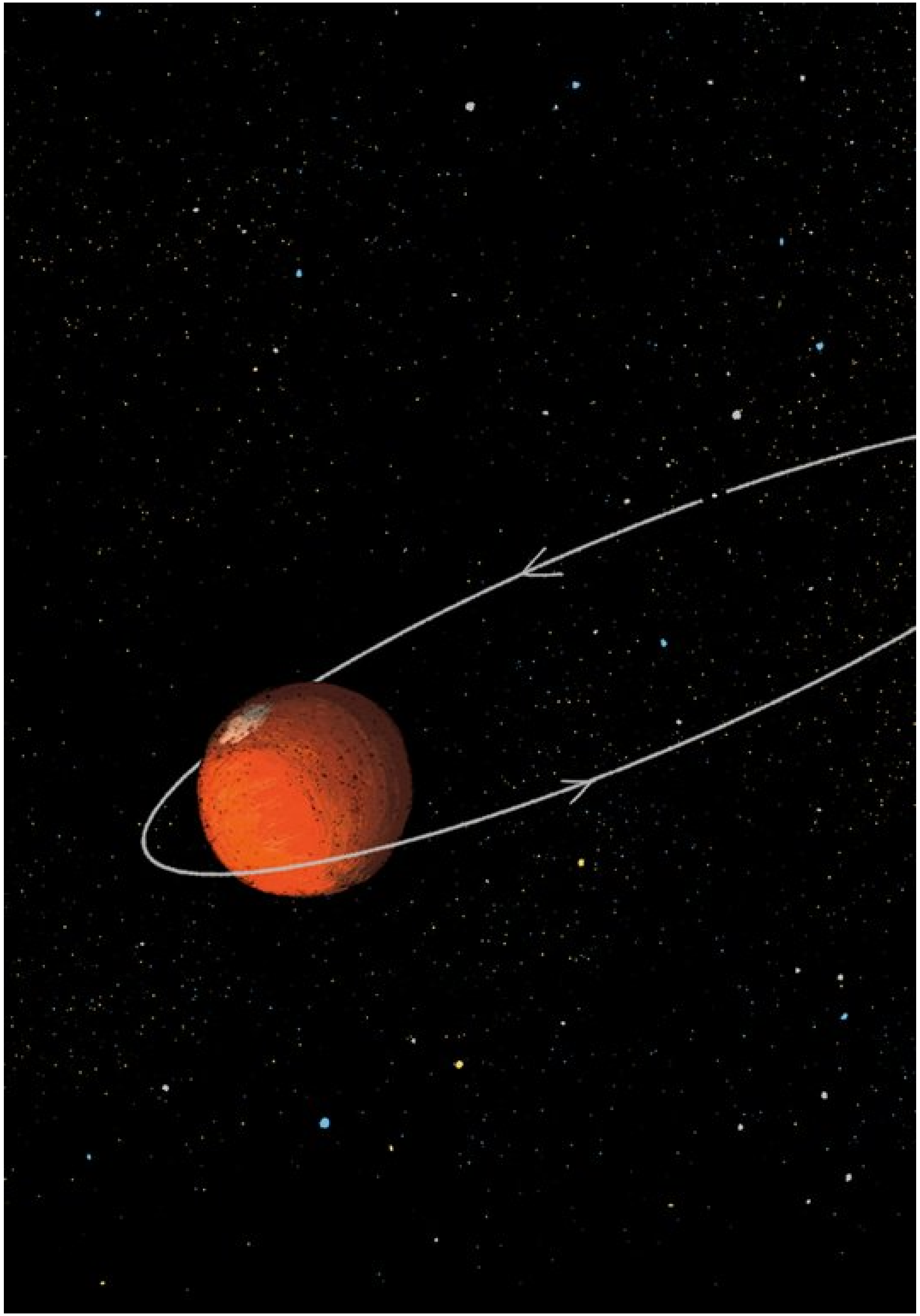
His name, printed on the top of the book, was that of a company - and he couldn't help but feel close to it. The crushing of the world put an end to his father's struggles, but Aruni continued to fight and win professional battles with her mind. After my mother's death, I started hearing this name twenty times throughout the day. While his colleagues kept narrating the above incidents of commercial success to Aruni's mother, thinking that he was boasting about his friend, Aruni started feeling uncomfortable and diverted the conversation.Her mother had come for her wedding. When the mother insisted, she was surprised because she had the monopoly of insisting in the house. But Ma knew that her son had become practical and had forgotten how to persevere.



Aruni thought that Chotu had shown a lot of courage, so now it was time for him to do so. Married again, baby. Maa saw in her grandson the form of a husband. Soon after her husband's death, her son became a practical man. But that won't happen now. What the son could not do, he will do now. The grandson's name included the names of both the son and the husband - Aruni Nanda. Then start reading - Siddharastu - Shri Ganeshji's Ankush and Vahay Ugren Tapasa.... Pashupatih: Patih.Her son was educated by her husband, who took care of the house. Now that she has taken charge of the house, the son has no time to rest. Now I read it to my grandson. The origin is Himam or any of the synonyms Kalohyam, Anekirvipula, and Prithvi. The earth is vast and time is infinite, infinite, so there is a belief that if not today, then tomorrow will make our efforts worthwhile.



Aaron has felt distant from his mother, is somewhat unwell, and is re-examining his past while living in solitary confinement in his spacious apartment near the Woodlands Nursing Home. He sat for two or four competitive examinations and became a Group B uniformed officer of the central government. To satisfy his mother, he quit business and took up a government job and not Class I.



"Let's eat something, it won't work." Aruni's little uncle said, pressing her lovingly. Kriya-karma was over, now it was time to return, to go back to my father's path with Naukari.



The month of November 1995. With his hair cut, he boarded a bus from his village to Daribhanga and from there to Patna. Some of the books were sold out, so I listened to all the book features. One by one, all the travellers were received, from Joche-Pihani, Healing, Phoolan-Devi to Manohar-Pothi. Some of those negotiated answers were sold and all were withdrawn. You should also avoid arguing with the conductor while getting off the bus. Then the inventor of the nebolic distillation ascended, drew out the juice, and after a debate with the sailors he rose.Then the crowbar, the pen, and the screwdriver went up and down. Upon enquiry, it was found that the car had been driven at 10.30am, when it rammed into the bus. The weapon was released as a marketing tool, with the rationale that a backward bus rider would not get a seat, would not get more passengers, and would get a seat.



The time of opening the car was 11 o'clock but at 11 o'clock there was a debate for five minutes whether the clock was 11 o'clock or not. Later, at around 11: 10 pm, when the conductor of the bus, Ashok Mishra, who was behind the wheel, broke into a scuffle about a collision between the bus and Shahi's bus - who was a second too late to understand - the driver suddenly honked his horn. Sitting on the seat next to Aruni, she began to shout loudly to an old boy, for five minutes the noise was getting louder. All the passengers got on, and two or four passengers who had just got off the rickshaw began to shout.The pillion riders wanted to pick up their luggage and take it to their bus, but they had read and written and wanted to go by the next bus. They counted the names of two or four chaudhars - villages, then explained to the bus driver that these were poor people - he said that instead of a two-by-two, what should I do if I want to stand in that two-by-three pushcart - he will not take a penny less in the fare. The driver abandoned the vehicle after his plan to take two or four more passengers fell through.



A middle-aged man had climbed on top of one of those rickshaws. Coincidentally, the person sitting next to Aruni kept whispering that Phalana was very old and had not come yet. After opening the car, he got up at the next roundabout and then found the gentleman sitting next to Aruni in the three-seater of the same two-by-three car. Aruni's mind was fixed and she did not want to talk too much. But Bagalgir first thanks his father's luck for which he got the seat. In Patna, essential work was delayed because of a late bus. Then, after introducing himself as an assistant director, he informs Daribhanga that he has a house in Patna. Both spoke of the house being built with their father's efforts, both of the houses being double-decked and made of marble and granite.



He starts liking Aruni as he likes people who listen to him. And so he asked: "In which mansion is your house in Patna?" Aaruni said, "Daddy doesn't have a house, I am on rent." After a brief silence, the gentleman asked Aruni, "Do you eat paan?" "No." After this answer, he showed his father's expertise and said, "I understood by looking at your teeth."



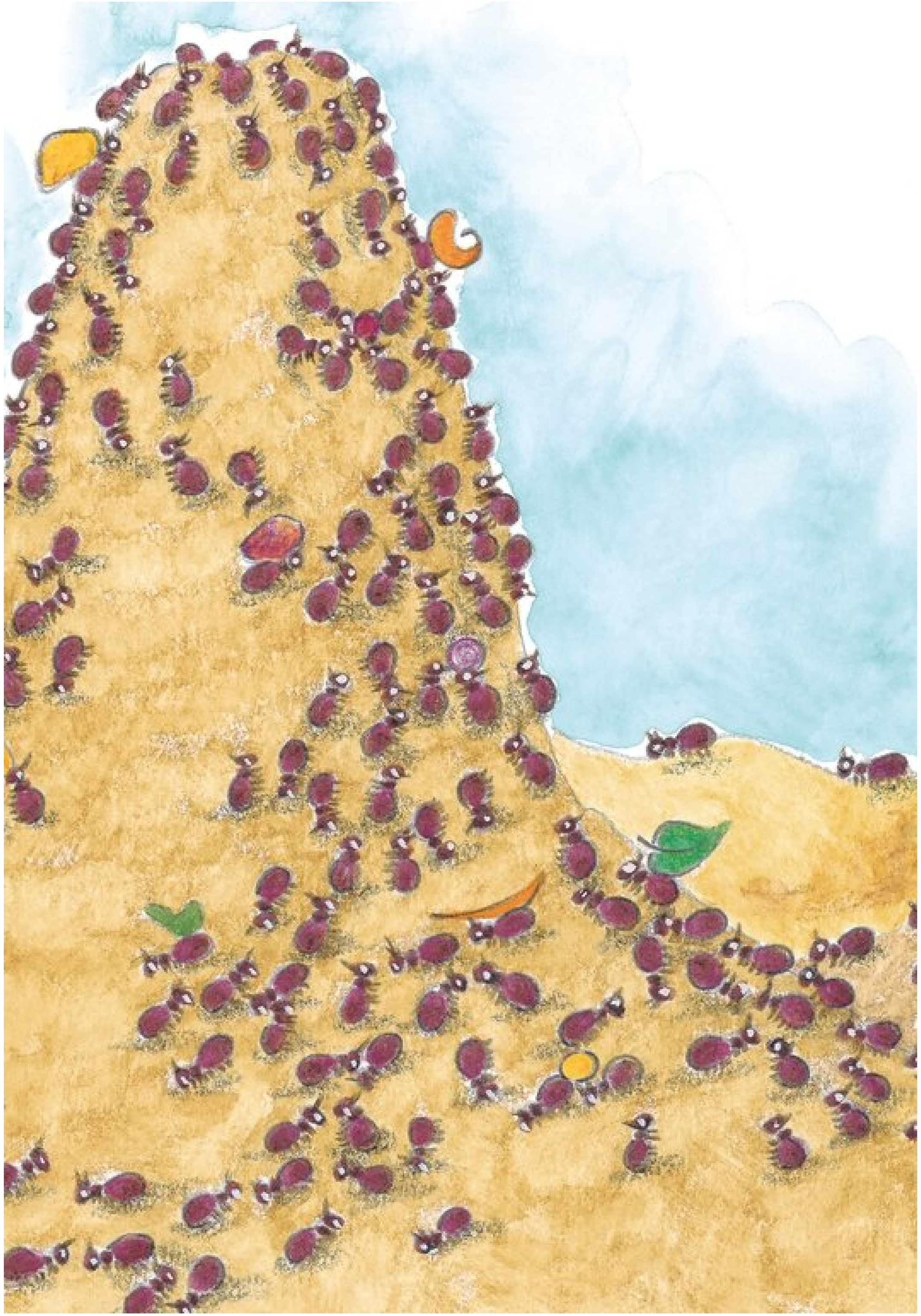
After the betel leaf game, the father will talk about his daughters' in-laws. The son also talked about preparing for the IAS and about a group that was formed among the students for this preparation and the admission to that group was limited only to the talented ones. Then, at the end, he also said that his son also got the membership of that talented group. As they continued, a line of cars stopped at the hotel. Some passengers objected to this. One said that this driver-conductor stops the car at this substandard hotel by eating food. Their food is free here and at the same time, information about what will be free is taken indirectly from the passengers and understand that their bills are paid by the passengers. He also appealed to the people not to get down and start the bus.



After some time, all of them got down and the gentleman also slipped and stood up, blaming his non-committal attitude in explaining the cause of Mithilanchal's plight. The car pulled up again and stopped with a thud a short distance ahead. The conductor said that everyone should get down. The car was punctured. Appealing not to stop the car at the Line Hotel, the gentleman said that the car that stopped at the Line Hotel has been badly damaged since then.Let's see what happens next. After descending, four to five people formed a circle. This place was usually around Vaishali. One looks at the expanse of the field. The dispersal of the houses was also discussed. At the same time, in their village, there are houses on houses and four on four and that is the reason for the quarrel, it was discussed.



The middle-aged man next to Aruni was a little taken aback as the disruption had taken away whatever little money he had. It's not uncommon to experience that his line slows down when he's standing up or down at the hotel. Then the bus left and the gentleman started again. When the city of Hajipur came up, his memory would be sharper. When the bus left, he pointed to a colony and said: "This is Ganga Bridge Colony, what was and what has become now. Quarters for living were filled in one part and ballast and cement in the other. At present, the colony is not maintained. "



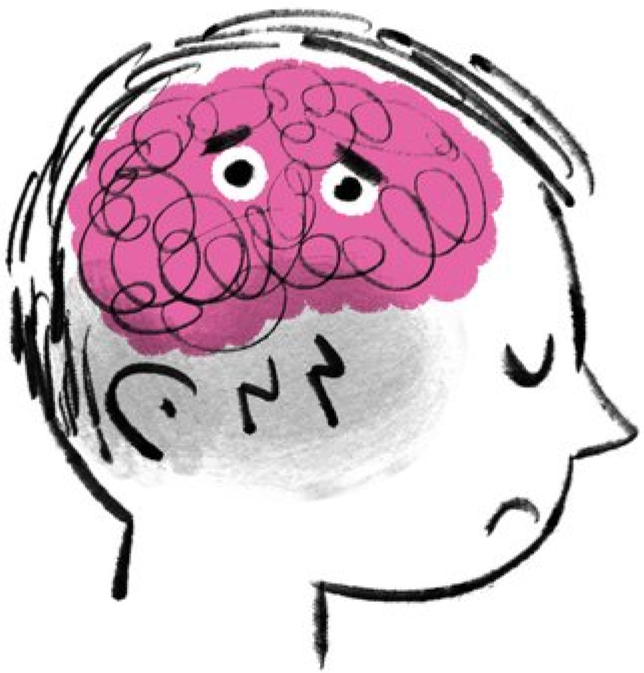
Aaruni was shocked. He said, "There was a school here." He pointed to the front and said, "Look, here's the name." The name has been erased in the rainbow "- then he asked curiously -" How do you know. " I have studied in this school. However, only engineers of the Ganges Bridge construction lived in this colony and the school was built to educate their children.

- We lived here in the colony. - What is your father's name? - Shri Nand Thakur. He did not deserve to be called heavenly because his father had died fifteen days earlier.



You are the son of Thakurji. As he said this, he looked more at me than at him. "What's your name." Aruni asked. "I.A. Azam" - He replied. Aaruni then counted the names of all her children. One of his sons, Nehal Azam, was studying in Aruni's class. Now let's change his tone.

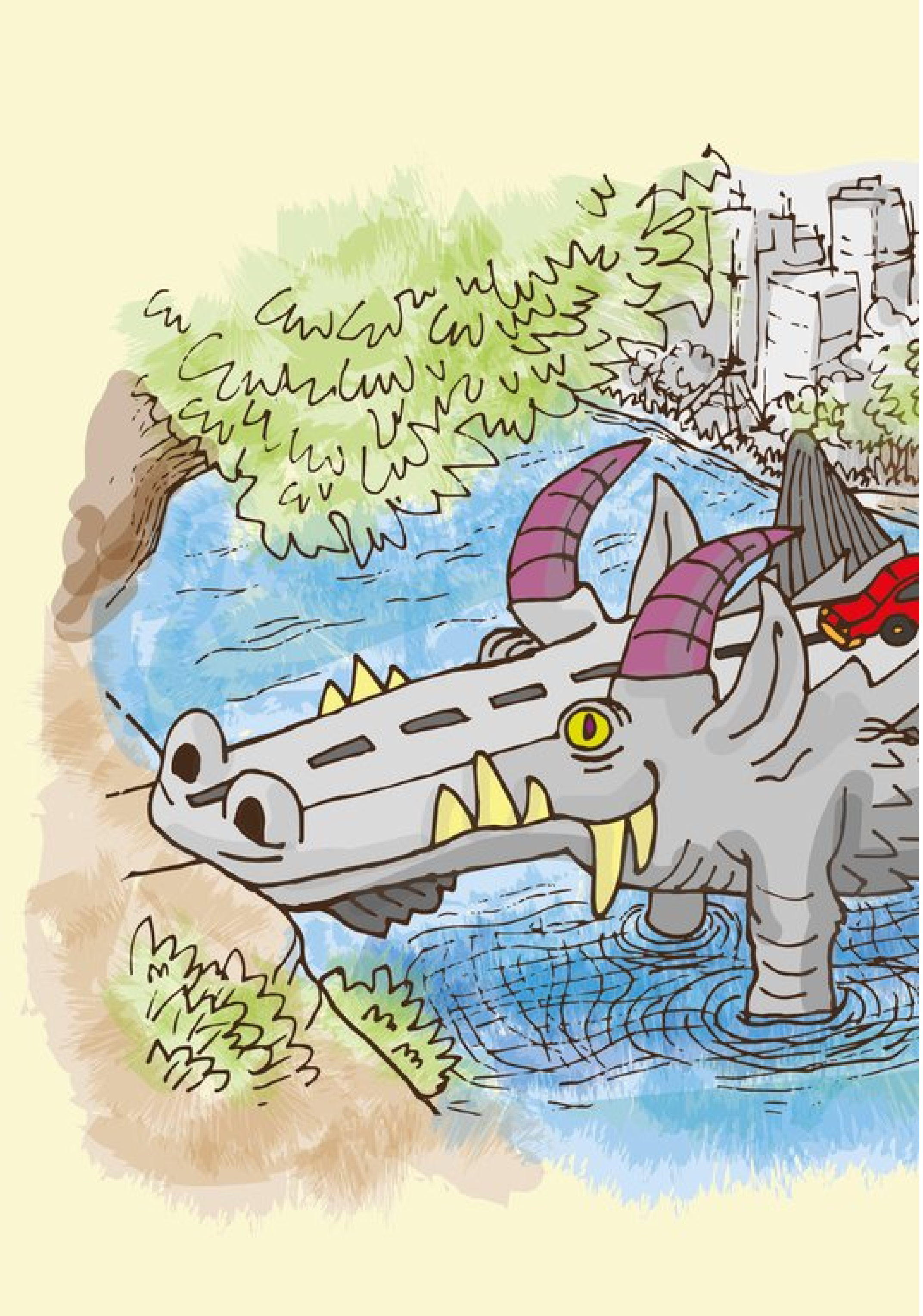
- Two people used to worship a lot in the colony. One is Pandey ji and the other is your father. Pandeji used to earn money with worship. But your father was completely honest and kind. Chanda used to bring homeopathic medicines from Kanpur, and provide free treatment to the colony people. My daughter had a huge gur on her head. None were cured by allopathic means. It was here that his father corrected him. He had a degree in homeopathy without being an engineer.



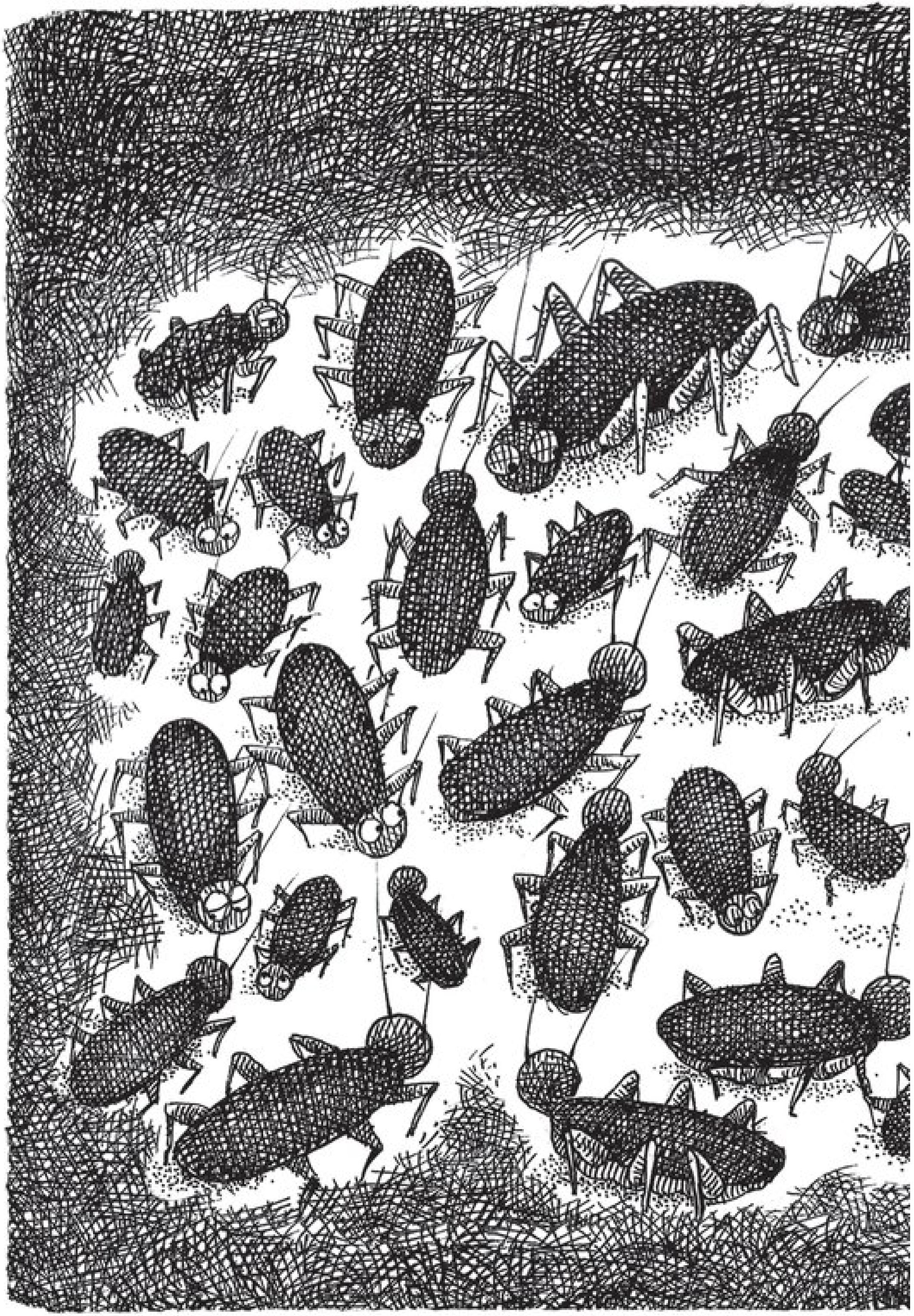
In the drawing room, small and large, plain-coloured vials of homeopathy appeared before Aruni's eyes. - Where are you posted today and tomorrow? The relationship broke up after a long time. After that, there were no more postings. It has been over fifteen years since we met. He died fifteen days ago. Looking at Aruni's cut hair, he said, "I made a mistake." I didn't ask for a haircut. So you were lost all the way. Then he said, "I am very concerned about the workers."



The plane had just arrived at the Ganges Bridge. At the next gate, the bus was stopped for ticket checking. Why did someone give a dialogue which is similar to one-way. Repairs are underway on one side. Look around at the scene in front of Aruni. The foundations of the bridge were laid during its construction. The ruins of the colony. That debt would be broken every year. Dad said that the engineers and contractors had met. Then he found a suitcase full of money. Aruni's father kicked one and the suitcase was thrown away.
A father-in-law used to stay in his house, he used to put all the money in that suitcase and ask that moneylender. The mother led them all into the inner room. Once, near the foot of the Nanda bridge, Aruni was taken away by a steamer and told to see. During the construction of this foundation, many workers fell into the Ganges after dancing like a circle from above. Above the right. So many before my eyes. Only a few of these families were compensated. Others do not have their names on the list, nor do they know why. However, all engineers have met the standards.

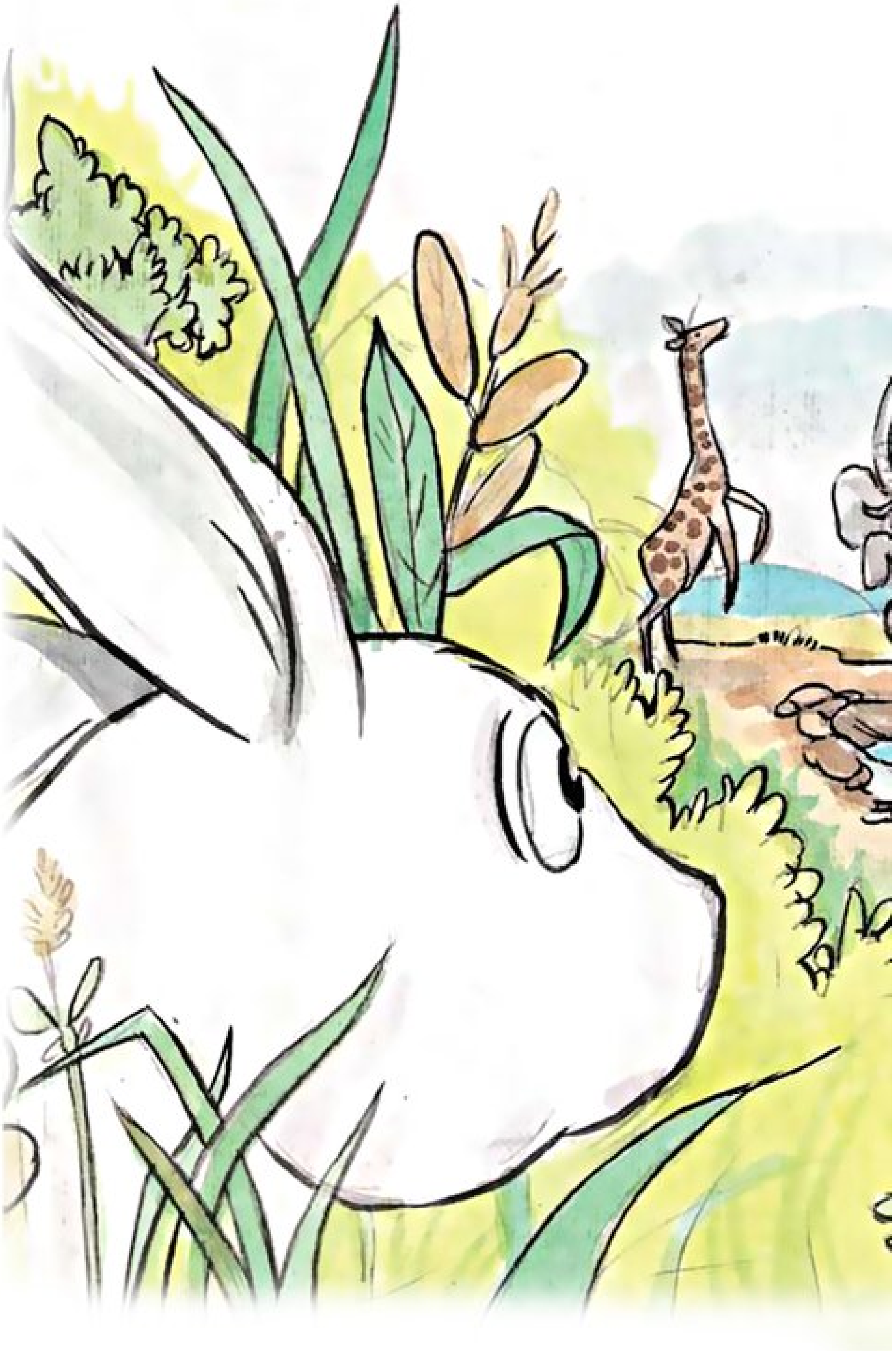


The plane had just arrived at the Ganges Bridge. At the next gate, the bus was stopped for ticket checking. Why did someone give a dialogue which is similar to one-way. Repairs are underway on one side. Look around at the scene in front of Aruni. The foundations of the bridge were laid during its construction. The ruins of the colony. That debt would be broken every year. Dad said that the engineers and contractors had met. Then he found a suitcase full of money. Aruni's father kicked one and the suitcase was thrown away. A father-in-law used to stay in his house, he used to put all the money in that suitcase and ask that moneylender. The mother led them all into the inner room. Once, near the foot of the Nanda bridge, Aruni was taken away by a steamer and told to see. During the construction of this foundation, many workers fell into the Ganges after dancing like a circle from above. Above the right. So many before my eyes. Only a few of these families were compensated. Others do not have their names on the list, nor do they know why. However, all engineers have met the standards.

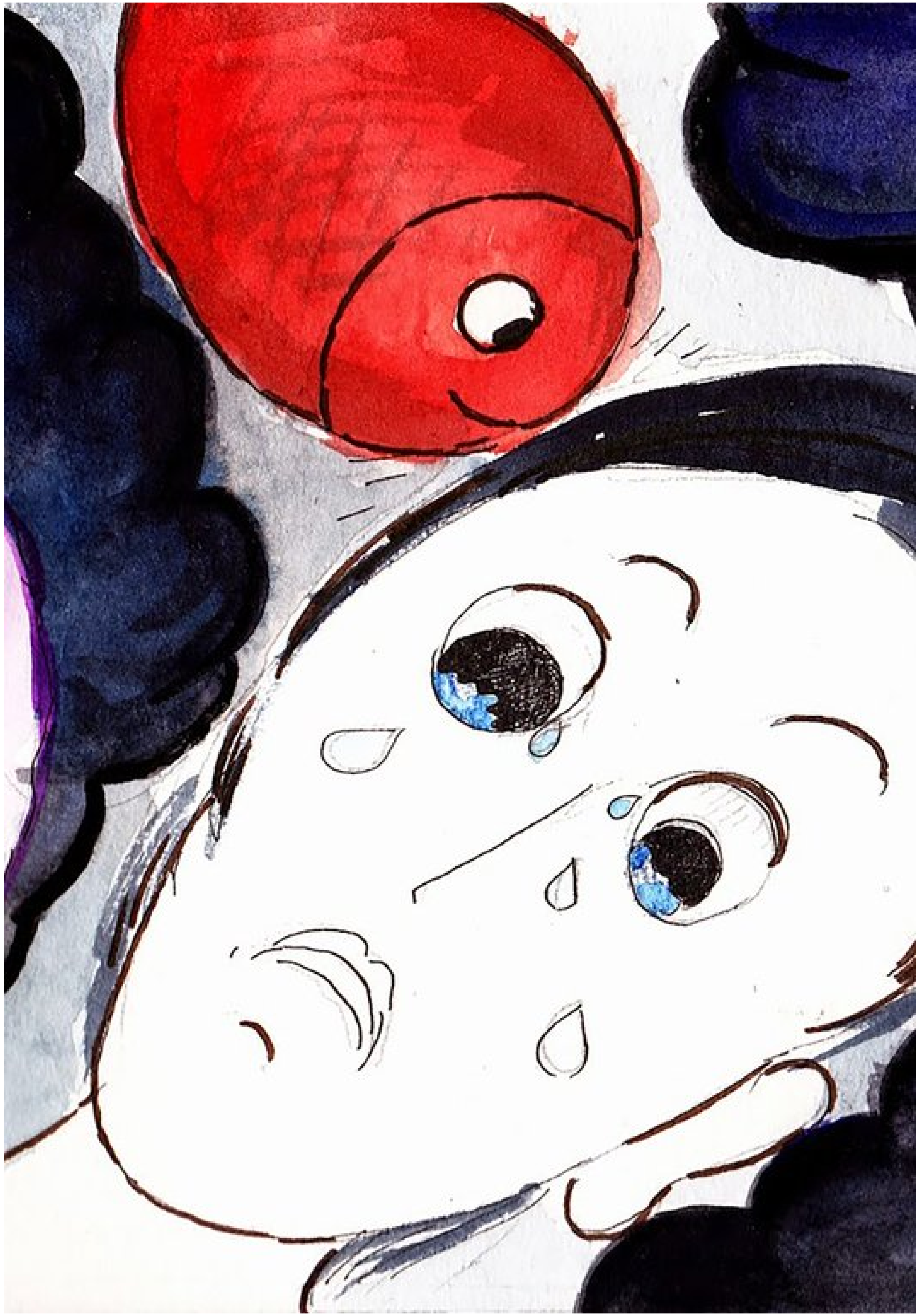


Don't let your hair fall out. After getting down from the bus, he again saw the list of workers who were martyred in the construction of that bridge. Very few had names - mostly non-compensation blocks. As soon as the bus started, Aruni and Azam Sahib pounced on the bus. He started playing again. - In Patna, you said you live in a rented house. - Yes. He had gone to the village for his father's work, after the death of his father, his mother's heart did not go to that house, so he has remained in the village. Now come to Patna and find another dera. However, I am employed in Kolkata.

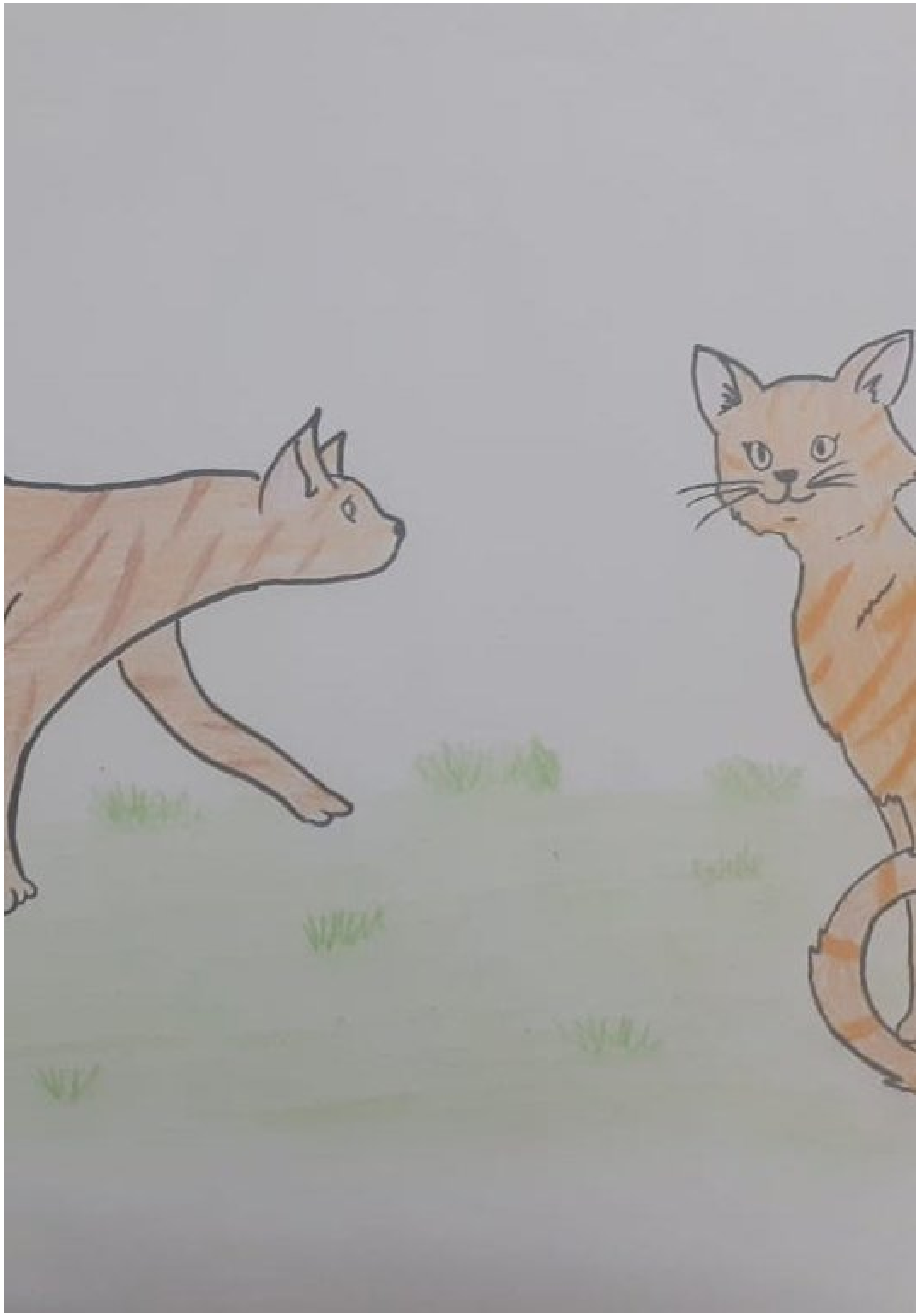
- You understand. After working honestly in the PWD for thirty years, he was unable to build a house. People did not do anything. I followed my father's footsteps here after 1981. The two houses we have built are two-storied in name only. Adhakhizhu, one room each at the top. What did the government give your father? And what did you find? Death before retirement. There is no respect. At the inauguration of the bridge, two thousand engineers were given by the government. He was the form of Allah-God. Don't act out of a desire for respect. All will lobby to go to the Works Division and these will lobby to go to the Non-Works.



Then he asked Aruni, "What do you do?" - Father, mother and brother lived in Patna, I am in the Intelligence Department in Calcutta, sometimes the uniform is there, sometimes it is prohibited. - Come to Darbhanga and Patna. Don't let me know. My wife liked it very much. Nehal is in Patna. Then, holding both his Patna and Darbhanga addresses in his warm hands, he alighted at the Hardinge Park bus stand in Patna. Aruni used to be happy to see the hoardings on the Patna skyline from outside. But after his father's shadow is removed, he no longer has to compete with the city.What a coincidence this was. How did Azam Sahib come to be? Why didn't he meet her for fifteen years and what did destiny suddenly want from him? He took a rickshaw and left for home. Allow me to think again.



Once, after playing jackfruit koa, Babuji had a flatulence, at two in the night. Don't forget to call Sravanji's father next door, who will call a doctor. If you're tired but never talk, don't forget to tell her when you get to work today. Mae picked up the neighbors by banging on the trash, and continued to scream. The neighbour called the doctor, who went and saved Babuji's life. The mother also kept cursing and saying that if you have a five-year-old son, everyone will believe that you have a five-year-old son.And all these... Yes, I will go away from this world on my own. The sister was studying in college. The road to the college had to be paved. And before college, go to school and do both. My sister told me to come with you. One day, the two of them played together. However, the two walked back and forth without talking.



I am afraid that the children will not know that this is our sister. Now she wonders what would have happened if she had known. Is this a lack of development in your personality? Later, when he grew up, he told his parents that what you had given the name of 'Ghurusu' and 'Mukhusu', ever thought that behind the advice of not keeping quiet from any neighbour, not to associate with friends, not to roam around - behind the advice that you had given - the desire was to remove the evils of the society, but it remained 'Mukhusu' and 'Mukhusu'.At night, he used to watch the scenes of the parents' quarrel in his dreams and used to get up scared. Aruni used to have a lot of fights with her elder siblings but once after the parents' quarrel, she used to cry a lot, she used to cry a lot. Before that incident, a few days ago, after a quarrel with the brothers-in-law, there was a lock-up. Every now and then, the wahis would poke ahead. However, this time, Aruni overpowered the younger sister and never quarreled with her again. The brother stayed behind, studying with her, so he quarreled with her, but rarely. The mother blames the father for all these gossip.The mother never stopped talking to everyone - neighbours, acquaintances - and said that the father was to blame. Don't insist on buying the globe once.



Give yourself enough time to wake up today or tomorrow. Stop reading all the time. And then I went to the Globe. The sister still maintains that Aruni's learning curve will break once her insistence on bringing a globe is complete. The place in the class came down from the first and my father started looking for the reason in tantra-mantra. Meet an occultist. They went to live in the village for several days. Babu was an accountant in Ganga Bridge Colony. He tells Babuji that you don't take bribe but your wife takes bribe in your name. All the villages were then evacuated. Bihar government jobs are closed every month after all transfers. And so, after all the transfers, the Nandas would send everyone to the village. In the process, everyone was in the village at one time. Nanda's letter came to the village in the name of his mother. Aaron started to read. Nanda wrote to Aruni's mother asking her to return the bribe if she received it. I have written to the vigilance, there will be a raid, then if the money comes out, it will be a big disgrace.



In all these circumstances, Aruni started trying to forget the situation at home in school. He laughed at the lie. This habit has caught on. The house began to expand. People talked about Nanda's honesty. Aruni refrained from bringing the topic of the quarrel out of the house, saying people would talk if they knew. And understand that he went on living the glamour of honesty. The habit of thinking and sleeping was such that it did not leave behind thousands of years of writing and reading while sleeping and dreaming and waking up. The tenth half-yearly examination was held a few days ago. There will be one question in the Commerce exam. But he got it wrong, then tried a second and third time. All the questions were answered, but the answer to the first question was not complete. The copy was hidden under the body.



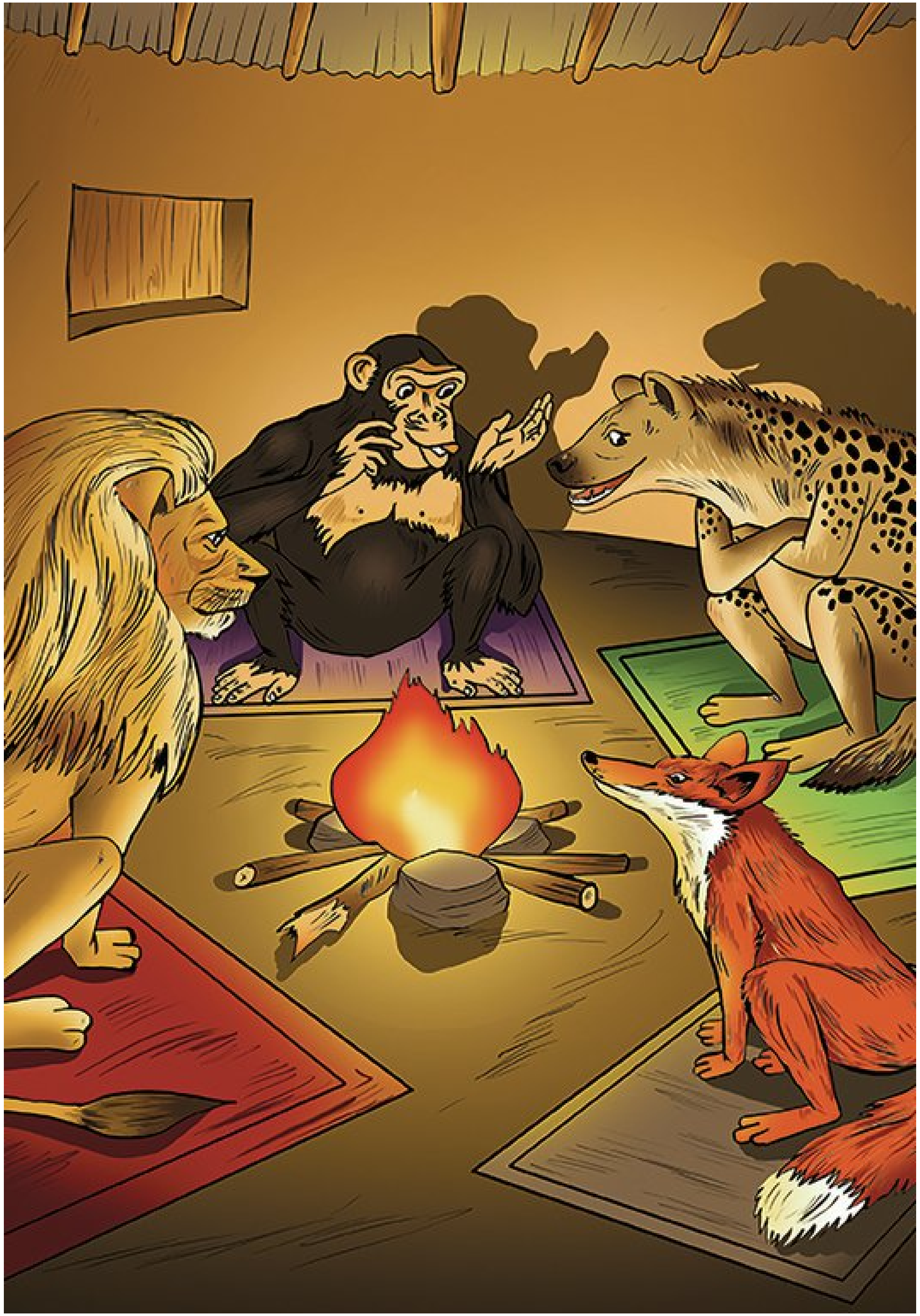
And when they had gone out to drink water, they returned home. He used to think while reading. The same page would have been filled in the same hour. I went to the zoo once. They were found by some of their relatives. A lot of hi-fi. Though there was nothing to say, watching their antics made Aruni feel low. Chuppe came out in the crowd for the house. He walked away with no money in his pocket. Everyone at the zoo was terrified of getting lost. When they reached home, they told everyone that Satte had gone to Bhothala. He did not tell anyone. Everyone who met you said that you are the son of Falna. The poor are god. In the office, he had to make a pay slip for his father's salary. Once, a pay-slip was made for Aruni. Kirani Babu said, "Make his father's pay slip without taking any money." Colleagues are neither happy nor happy if they are not from their father's side. Colleagues take what they do not earn themselves and give it to others. The elder brother is counted among the baddies among the children.



Once after the transfer, when everyone went to the village, the elder brother who used to pluck the best trees from the flower garden and plant them in front of his house, now in the same year, Dabbu, came in the number of students sitting behind everyone. At that time, after the transfer, living in the village became a bit more relaxed. Then, when one of the chief ministerial aspirants, Netaji, came to the village to seek votes, his uncle met him and told him to transfer his brother from works to non-works, and the children would grow up. Netaji said that if I win, I will definitely do this work.There has been a lot of lobbying to go into works, but this is the first lobbying to go into non-works. Coincidentally, he won over Netaji and also became the chief minister. He did this even after his father was transferred after he was sworn in. And Nanda's family kept coming back to the city. While in the village, a man who was an associate of Aruni's brother told someone about the incident.



According to her, Sangeeta's mother had an intense nature and used to fight while eating food. But that day, he saw someone else with a more intense temperament. Aruni was seeing the consequences of the strife that followed the poor economic situation. Two events startle him. One is the month of the income tax deduction - March. This event used to happen every year, but as the cuts increased, it came to a year and cut the entire month of March. The mother asked how the food would go now.Now let's all go begging. But Nanda sent a postcard to the nephew of a village and he brought eight hundred rupees and gave it to him. The moment you see someone begging for alms, your heart starts pounding. The second incident was when she had an accident in her backyard and after that her brother had stopped eating and had some red eyes.



When Nanda began to understand, he asked, "What will happen to us if something happens to you?" The father, after calculating the insurance benefit, GPF, gratuity, etc., explained to the son that he would get Rs. 99,000 immediately and then get a monthly pension. For about an hour, Babuji kept explaining to the elder son. Once, a Pisa had come to Aruni's place. Everyone feels safe when they come home today. The title also evoked laughter as it became the essence of Nanda Pisa. He said that a BDO as honest as Nande was in Sahib Jhanjharpur. His father was a sailor and became an officer. However, Nanda did not have a bed in his house. Pisa told him how he became an officer, stayed in the village and ate fish and rice sitting on the floor. There was profit in the fish trade.



When Nanda began to understand, he asked, "What will happen to us if something happens to you?" The father, after calculating the insurance benefit, GPF, gratuity, etc., explained to the son that he would get Rs. 99,000 immediately and then get a monthly pension. For about an hour, Babuji kept explaining to the elder son. Once, a Pisa had come to Aruni's place. Everyone feels safe when they come home today.The title also evoked laughter as it became the essence of Nanda Pisa. He said that a BDO as honest as Nande was in Sahib Jhanjharpur. His father was a sailor and became an officer. However, Nanda did not have a bed in his house. Pisa told him how he became an officer, stayed in the village and ate fish and rice sitting on the floor. There was profit in the fish trade.



After the marriage of Aruni's sister, sisters-in-law used to come to the house sometimes. By the time it was too late, Aruni's mother's quarrel with her father had begun, as there was nothing left to arrange in the house. After the transfer, Pitaji's campaign focused on punishing the bribe takers. And when trust in the government machinery was lost, the same tantriks fell in line. There was increasing discord between the parents at home. One day, Aruni had an argument with her father and all three brothers and sisters started crying. From then on, Aruni's quarrels with her siblings began to subside.

Aruni reached home after humming for several hours. By two or three, you'll be out looking for another rental home, and in the evening, you'll be alone.



Once he was coming home from school. What were you doing on the way home? He was coming home from school. On the way, everyone was talking to each other about something impossible to happen. Both of them studied in the seventh standard, simultaneously. But today, he had gone home after taking leave after tiffin as his elder brother had a stomach ache. Watching everyone laugh at school made me feel at home. There is also jealousy over the fate of the other children. Then it dawns on me that he has the same circumstances as everyone else.

But Jhootha goes on pretending to be happy. At home, he lived in fear amid the strife of his parents. It seems that all these circumstances will never end. Otherwise, they may not be able to talk to others, or tell their secrets to anyone. Sometimes they can't even cry out for help. The mother adorned the well with epithets such as Gharghuska, Mukhdubbar, etc. Walking in the evening or singing at Durga Puja fairs take away all these things from their lives.





Once there was an earthquake, everyone came out after breaking the grill, but Aruni was left lying on the cot. Some inaction and some thinking that what will happen if the house falls on a broken body, you will get freedom from the problem. On that day, while returning from school, when he reached near the house, he saw the crowd and thought that nothing would happen to his father. When he reached home, he asked his mother and sister what had happened. When everyone had finished speaking, he stood up again. He began to shout, "Daddy, is he dead?" Where is his dead body?

To this, the sister said, "No, don't ask him anything." Your partner who is the son of the landlord, his younger brother, his father and the rickshaw puller, all four used to go on rickshaws. The poor rickshaw-puller had married and taken the bride away. A huge truck rammed into the rickshaw. He died on the spot.

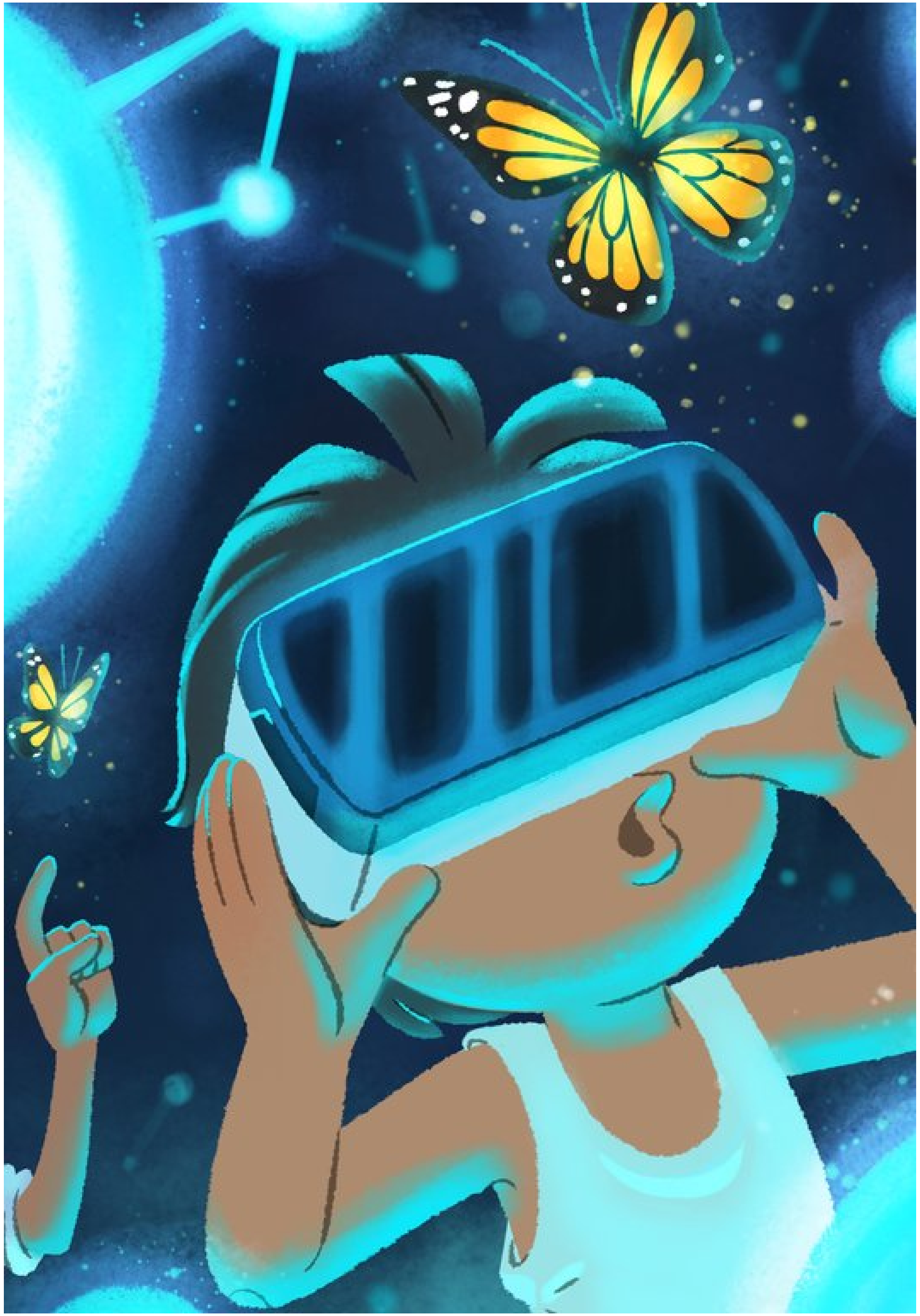


Aaron's earlobe was gone. The one who brought it to someone else's house today. However, the one who died had been going to school with Aruni every morning for a year and a half. Every morning he would ring the bell on the steps and she would come down the stairs and everyone would go to school with her. Yesterday, as usual, he had rang the callbell and his sister, who was wearing spectacles and was frowning, told Tamsa from above how loud and late the callbell was, and why it was ringing so often.Yesterday, he came but I told him only then that I will not ring the bell from tomorrow, if you have to go with me, then come down and walk with me. If she didn't come, why would Aruni ring the bell?



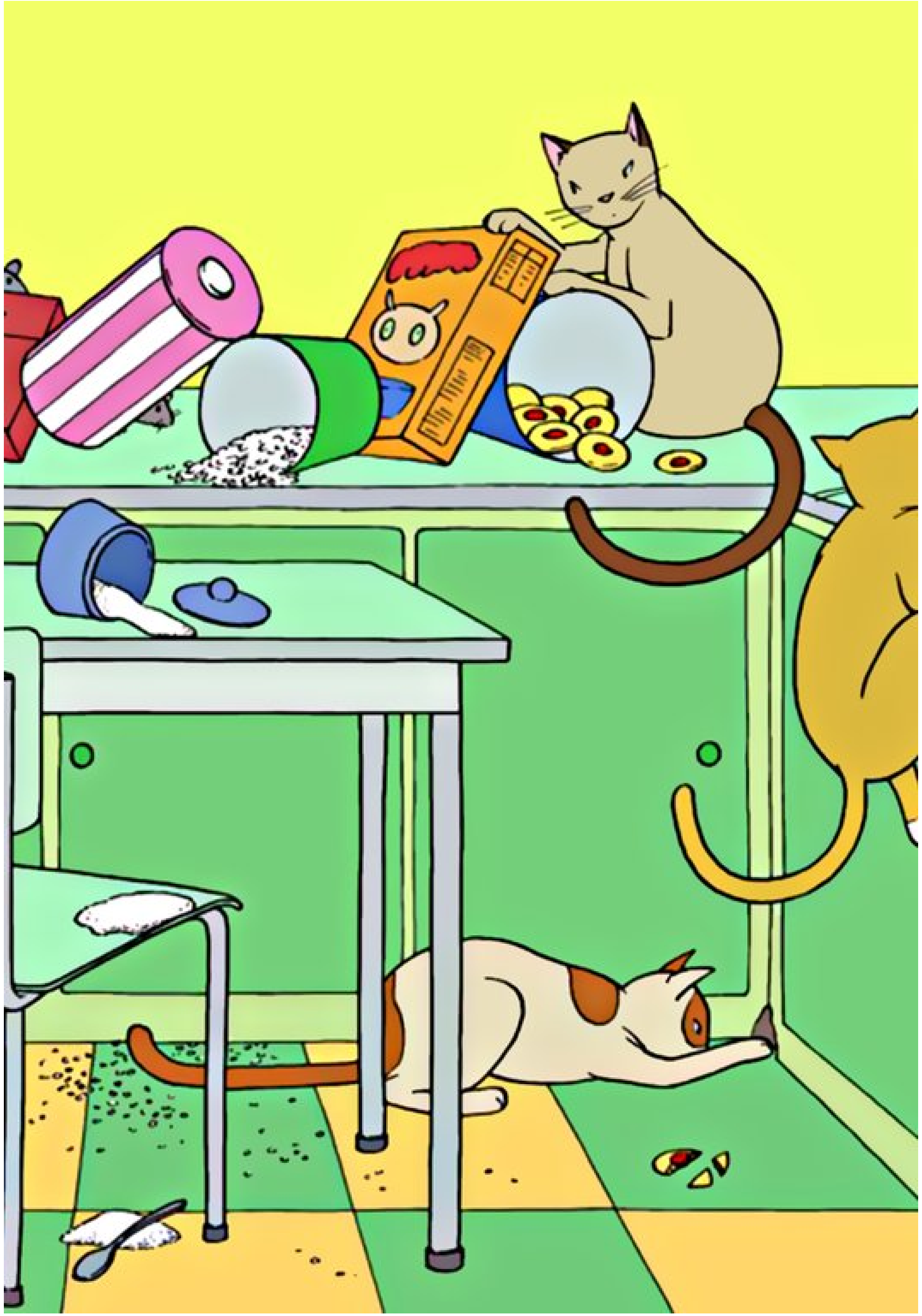
It was the first time in a year and a half that Aruni had not played the call-bell and the first time in a year and a half that she had done a school naga. Now, Aruni's heart felt that if she had not spoken, then Aruni would not have been able to make a call since yesterday. But he must have had some other agenda. Because the younger brother and father were going somewhere by rickshaw. However, Aaruni was worried but not sad. He did not understand what was going on in his mind, so he stood with his mouth shut. He only thought that he would not go to school with it from tomorrow, as it would be impossible. But he showed the truth by not going anywhere.

Aruni's mother had tears in her eyes, but Aruni was happy because her father had died. After finding another rented house, the two brothers put everything together in the new house and brought their mother from the village. Aruni went to her job.

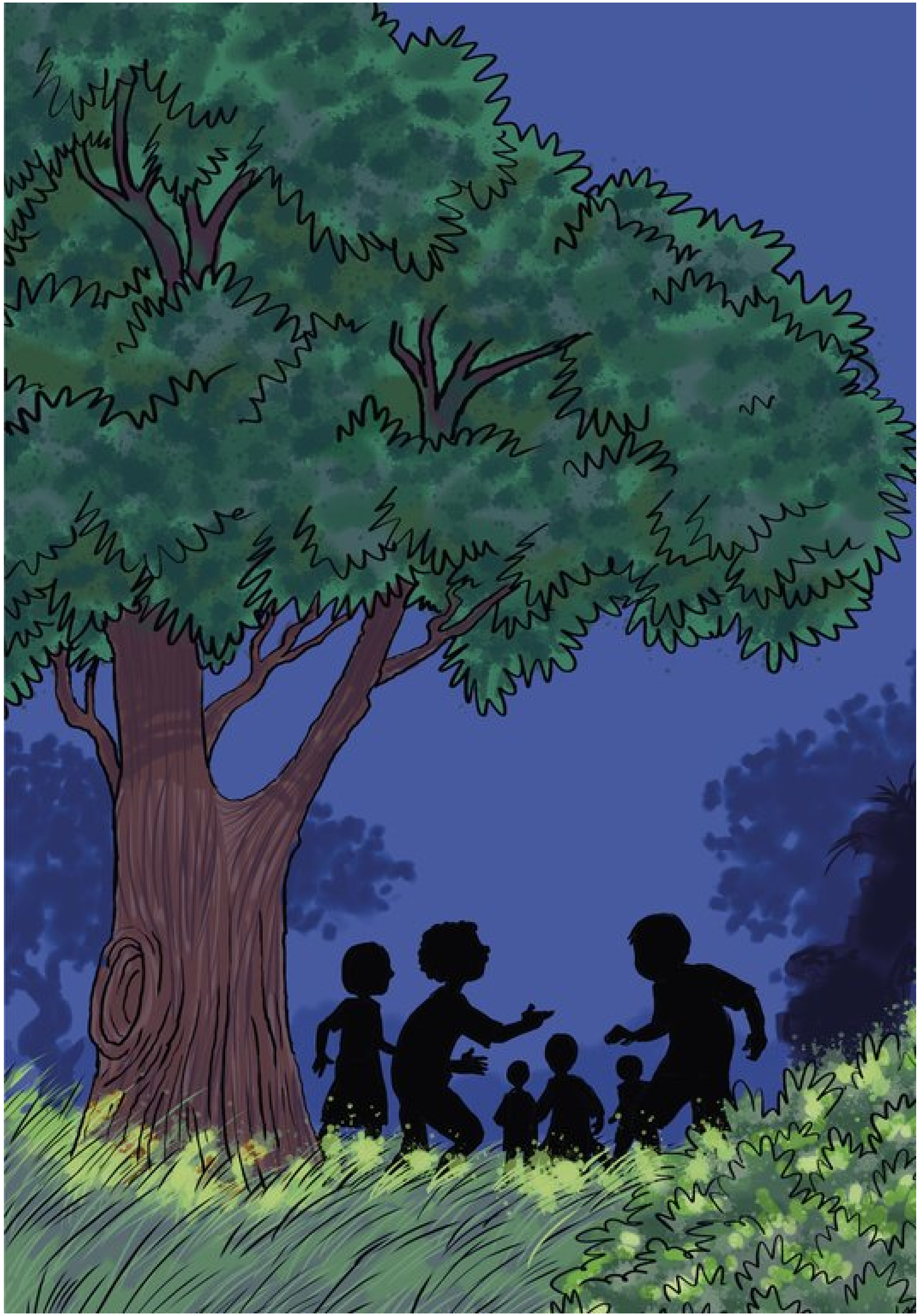


"No, there is no such thing," it has to be done within our functions. " "But don't you think you've been a little too cruel this time?" "There is no such thing as cruelty. We act on the basis of specific information. " "Suppose I have a grudge against someone and on that basis, the department can be used by them for their personal gains and quarrels." "Do you suspect anyone? "

"No, I was just giving an example." "No, we don't leave immediately based on any information. First you search for them and then you get permission to search so many places. " "But now you will never tell me that if you are not at fault, why should I be respected?"



"So we have to sit hand-to-hand. But you're right. Action will be taken against anyone who has acted maliciously towards you. "What action will be taken? Action was taken against me. All my purchases will go down the drain. We are so old, we have been in this business for three books. If I do, remove the clandestine? Who would have thought that all the buyers were raided and nothing was found? "He was right. It was known for working as a plywood merchant number one, but the information that Aruni received was contrary to that.However, the raid went empty. The team came empty-handed from factories, homes, and dealerships. But how will you respond to the officer now? Being a reputed company, the officers had intimidated and allowed the raid, considering the personal prestige of Aruni. Aruni received a phone call from the headquarters, saying that it had been rained in the morning, and at ten o'clock she was asked to report to the office.



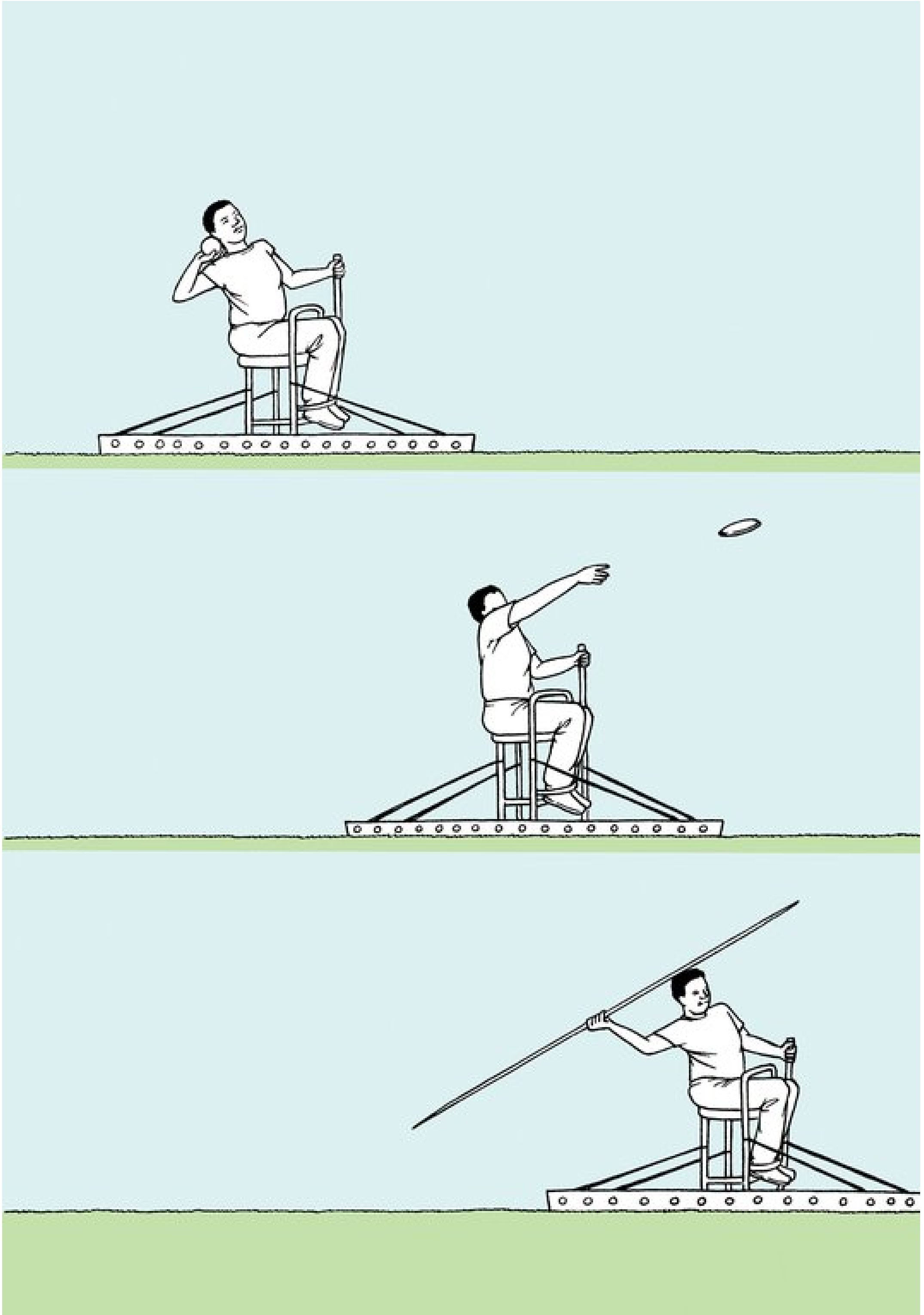
The owner of the factory also said ten things about the incident. The company came to Delhi under the name Swarnaplai. Aruni came to the camp early in the morning, turned off his mobile phone, set the alarm for 9 o'clock and tried to sleep. The raid was going on since yesterday morning, how did it happen, why was no clandestine removal raw slip found. The case was not leaked. However, Arunik's additional director vigilance only came to know about the case.All of them were in bed, thinking that there was no condemnation, but the alarm went off at 9 o'clock. Everyone in the office was waiting for him. Many people have also reported that the intelligence of this case is with them, but they did not take part in it because it is difficult to prove clandestine removal in such cases. The whispered home said that the big hero was about to come out of the director's office with a transfer order.



Aruni went to the director's office and asked for a few days' time. The conversation turned to what the plan was. This time, he did not want to leave any kind of confusion. Now, Aruni started working away from the gold plaques factory and its dealers. All the documents were scrutinized. Some of the information was also written down on paper. Then, according to his plan, he left Calcutta for Patna and from there for Araria.

He did not eat paan and drank tea at home. But if you want to know something from the people, how will you work without opening tea and paan shops? He begins to drink tea. Babul Dada's gulkand paan neeko was very good. Babul then handed over a list of all the nearby plywood factories to Dada Araria. But God owns the roads leading to the factories.

After going to Dhool Dhakkar and finding out a factory that supplied gold to Swarnaplai, Othukka tells the concierge Aruni that the owner is sitting in another factory, the two factories are found out by Aruni.



Aruni reached the factory exhausted. A Marwari gentleman was seated. "Where have you come from?" "I am from Patna, but I don't know how to go back." "Yes, a leader has been shot dead outside the jail. While Netaji was in jail, Purnia walked out of the jail unharmed. What will the jailer do? Last month, a prisoner was shot dead in Bhatta Bazar when he was not allowed to visit the jailor.This time around, the government suspended the new jailor. Hence the call for a bandh after the murder. stay with me. Here we are staying in our guest house. The family lives in Siliguri. The marriage has not taken place. In the morning, I have to go to Kolkata. If you go to Siliguri in your car first, we will change the route and drop you at Purnia bus stand. "



The young boy said that he liked Aruni. There will be a lot of chatter in the guest house at night. The leader's extortion receipts, including donations, were forcibly cut off. "It would have been a loss without the clandestine, yes, compulsion. And it is these leaders who are to blame. What does the merchant do? " Now the Marwari youth, whose name was Naval, looked at Aruni with a frown. Let Aruni know that she did not have any doubts. "No, we have a no-clandestine policy. Yes, some adjustments have to be made. " Aruni remembered how the owner of the gold ply had shouted that he would remove the clandestine. So, what do they do? However, this factory in Araria did the job work for gold ply, and so all the burden of government duty was on gold ply. What would you do with this clandestine thing? Taxes have to be paid to others.

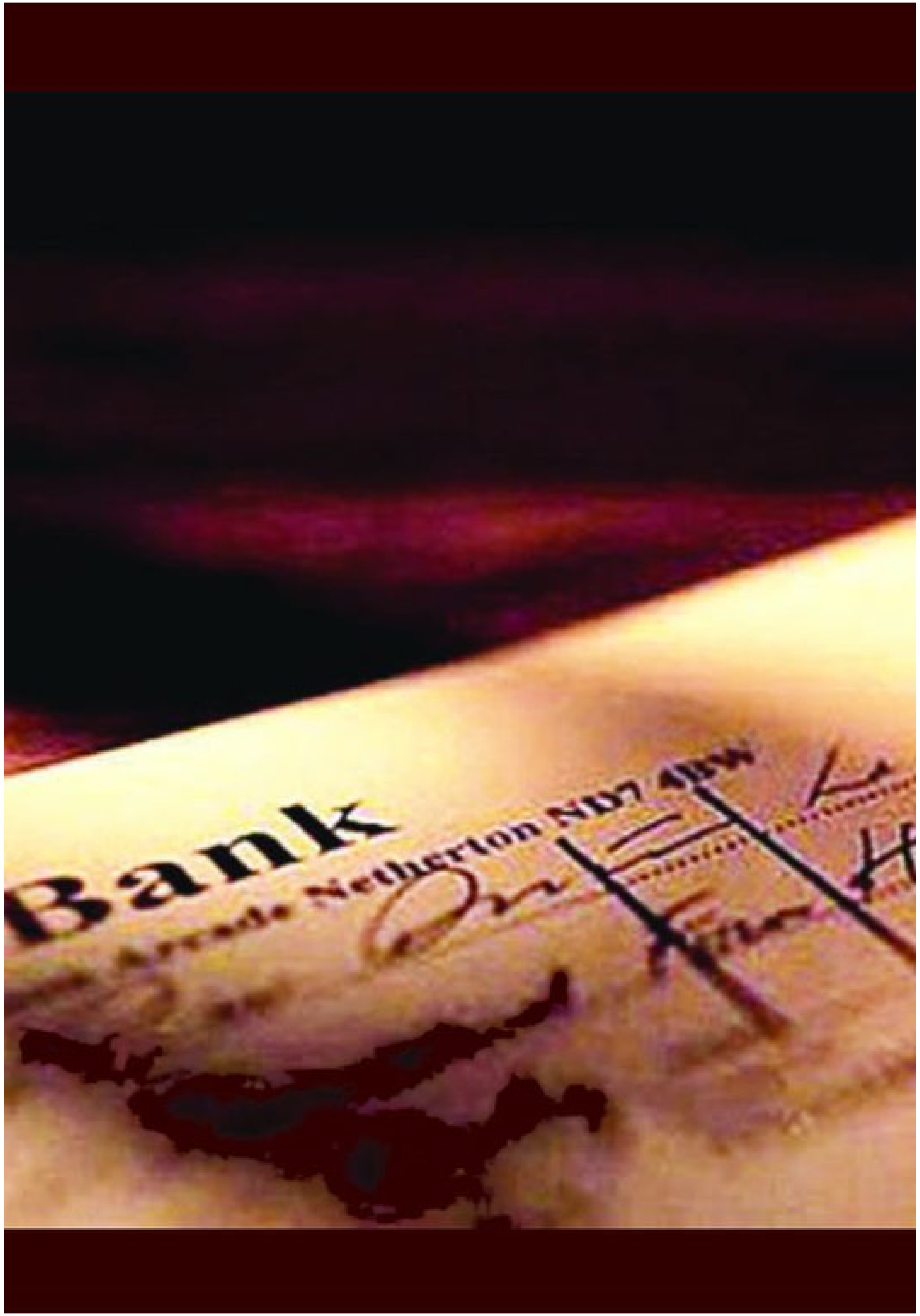


Just then, a phone call came. Don't let the ringing dampen your sense that it's an outside STD call. After that call, the young man suddenly looked up and there was silence. Bhanasiya, whom Navalji was addressing as Jha, reported the food to be cooked. Only formal talks took place between Aruni and Naval. Then they both went to sleep. In the morning, as per his promise, he dropped young Aaruni off at the Purnia bus stand. Before getting down, Aruni asked Naval. "There is a gold plaques office in Kolkata. Are you going there? "The young man laughed.

"You are from Vigilance. The STD I received yesterday was from a gold-plated Calcutta office. Someone from your department may have informed them about your trip to Araria. See, I said that I only make adjustments. And what do I gain by it? I don't feel taxed. Yes, I get work out of it. And the small external expenses come from the departments, the police, the leaders. Well done then. " Saying this, the gentleman left, shocking Aruni.



Now after coming to Kolkata and reaching office, everyone knows that Arun is visiting the factory at the expense of the government on which the government has given tax exemption. After meeting the director, Aruni returned to Patna and then to Calcutta. The police went around the station and checked if there was any case against Swarna-Plai or any of his employees. However, the golden ply made a very good impression from the start. Now, Aruni was lost in thought. The company has been evading taxes worth crores of rupees from the input-output ratio. But there is no proof. Leave your address and phone number at the nearest police station so they can be notified if there is a case involving the company or its employees. Tell your director not to ignore the closure report. Let's see if we can find some information.



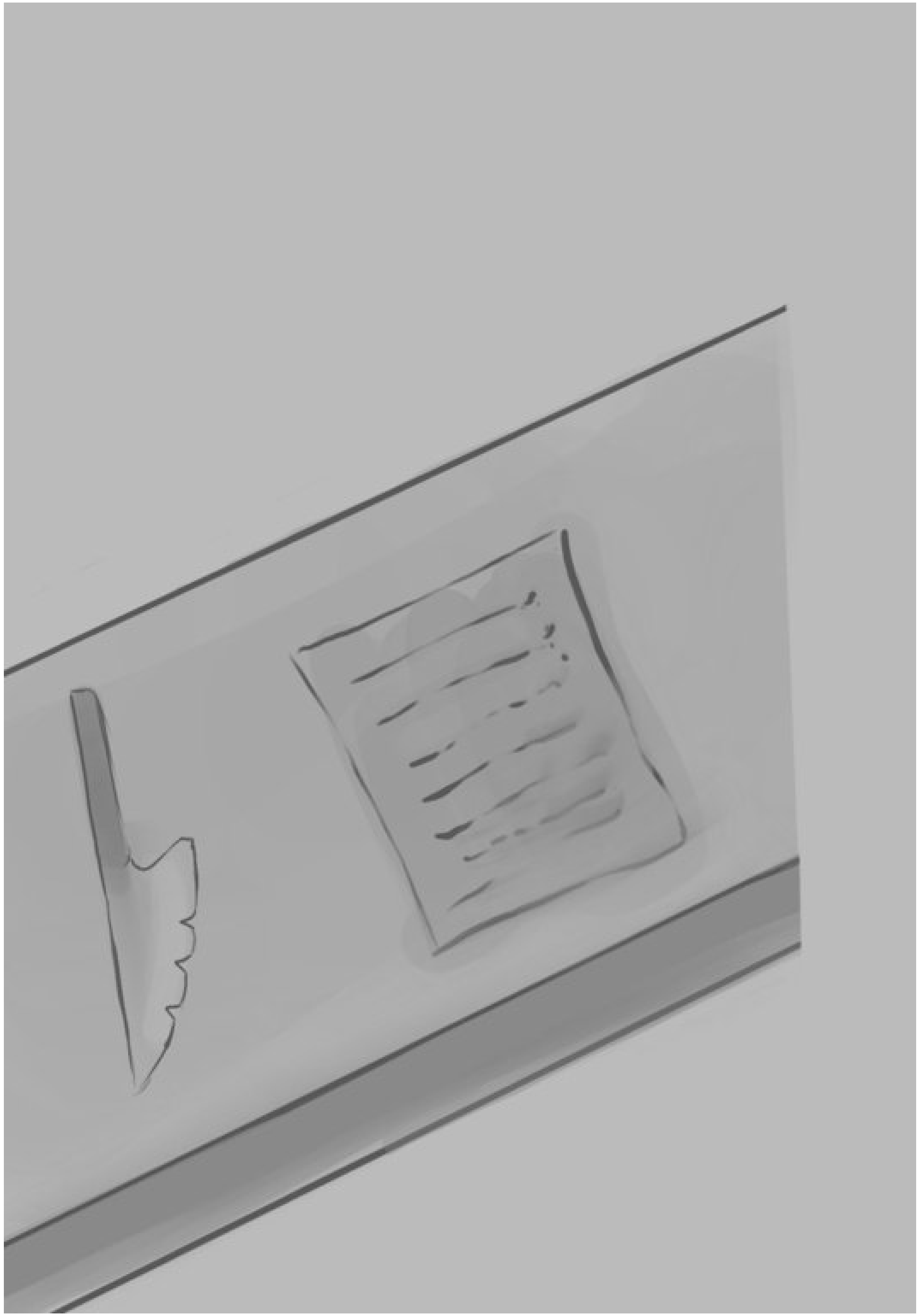
after six months. There was a ringing in the morning. "I am speaking from Calcutta, Salt Lake station. One has written a complaint that Swarna-Plai, while returning from office with the payment, snatched his suitcase along with the auto, which contained some cash and cheques. " "How much cash and how many checks." "An FIR has been filed by way of a cheque for ₹1.79 lakh and a cheque for ₹1.83 lakh, often with no insurance on the cash. The check would have stopped the payment. " Arun along with the team raided the house of the person whose money and cash were snatched by the auto driver.



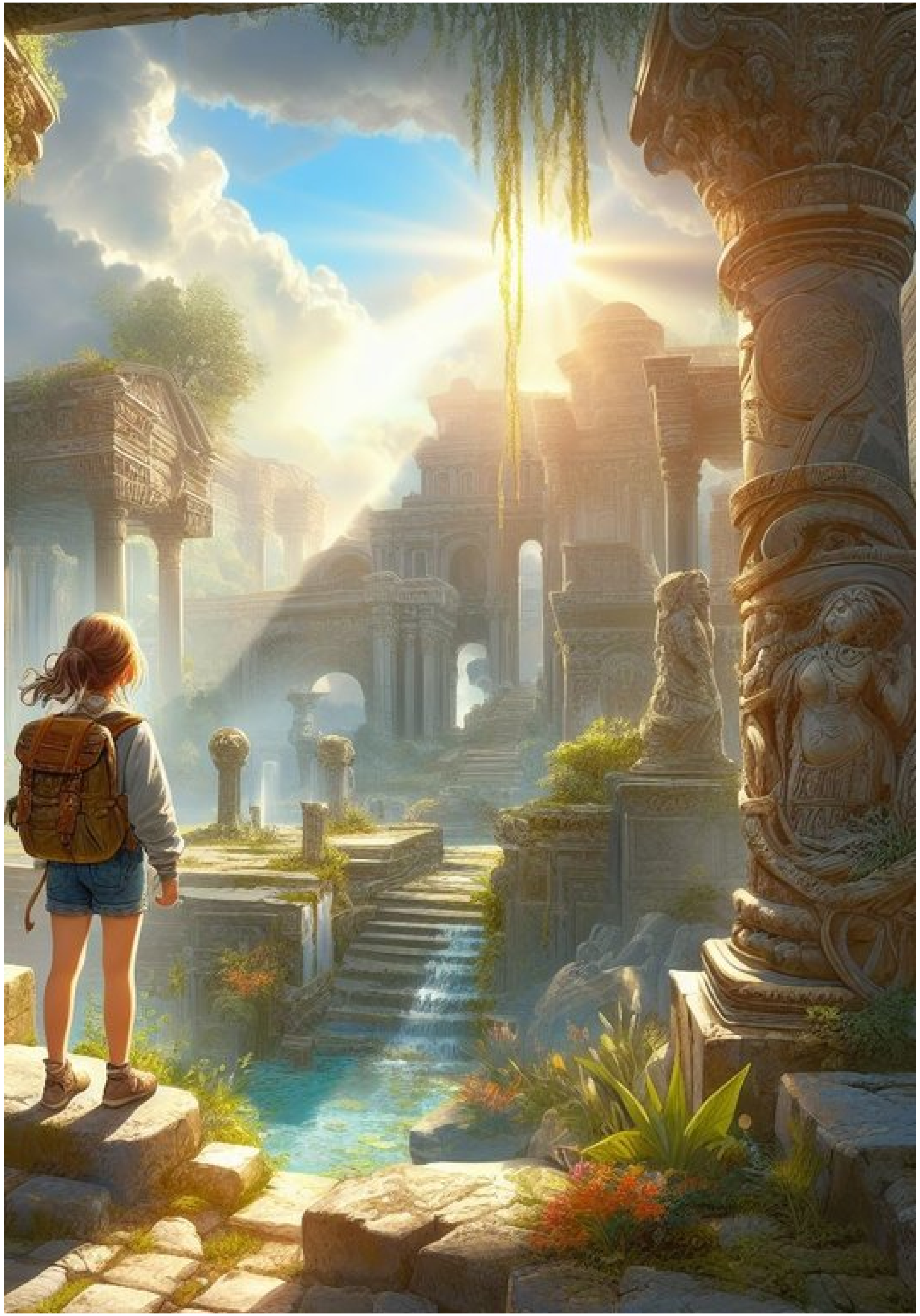
In the middle of the raid, Aruni finds a diary. Patna then called and asked for the latest removal returns from Araria's factory. Then the gentleman whose house was raided was brought to the office. On the way, it is revealed that he was Sajjan Naval's brother-in-law and was an accountant at Araria's factory as well as a liaison officer at Swarna-Plai. All the facts were now known. The diary that was found had columns of cash and cheques. There were details including the date. The payment column of the cheque was matched with the clearance of the Araria factory and it was proved that almost all transactions involved payment of the amount in cash by gold-plating. And the details were neither in the gold-plated account nor in Araria's factory. Swarnaplai tax was also payable only on the payment of such removal by cheque (pakiya). Then give this report to the director. The accountant's offenses were bailable. The court released him on bail.



"Tell me the latest news. They are very nice people. But he did not say anything. " "He died or was killed in a road accident yesterday on his way from Araria to Siliguri. From here we will go straight to there with Jamiya Babu. " A man with an agitated voice came to pick up Babu, the accountant. "But know that this success of yours has come from my Burbaki. All this would not have happened had I not been lured with a cash insurance claim, "said Jamya Babu. Order seeking action against Director Swarnaplai. A show-cause notice was also sent against Swarna Pally for a multi-crore tax scam. Aruni was worried.



"Okay," he said. That is what the adjustment was doing. Why was he stealing? That was just the medium. Have we become nothing but a medium, the death of the novel? "



After the commercial success of Aaruni, the success of Naukari also began. Whether he becomes a medium or not, he will not lose like his father. He remembers all the conversations in between.



"Listen to me. The daughter is growing up. I didn't do anything for my sons. They did not build their own houses. Where will you live after you retire? "Don't worry daughter. The son-in-law came on his own. They are getting more facilities than we were getting. Then everyone will know whether they have read it or not. After retirement, he will continue to live in the village. Do not wander around the city of seven births. " "If they come to Sir-Kutum, there is no arrangement in the house to welcome them." "What is the need to make arrangements? Add a little more oil to the pan. "
Aaruni grew up listening to her parents talk like this. Once upon a time, a family came to visit Dad in the hospital. His speech was somewhat similar. "What have you done to the body? It wasn't fun to watch these kids. I used to read a lot of these. And you had no concerns about any of the facilities. We have ruined our own lives and the lives of others. "



That's when the disruption happened. The wife said there was a phone on hold: "Aruni." There is a big politics going on in the office. There is a conspiracy against you. It was my job to remind you. But you don't respond at all "- Aruni was listening to the voice of Hanuman - the only devotee of Rama besides her - on the phone. "Oh my god. what happened. You will be scared like your father. After a few days, you will feel lost and become a sage. Or to slay the wicked. What would you choose between the two? " "Don't worry," he said, smiling, and hung up the phone.

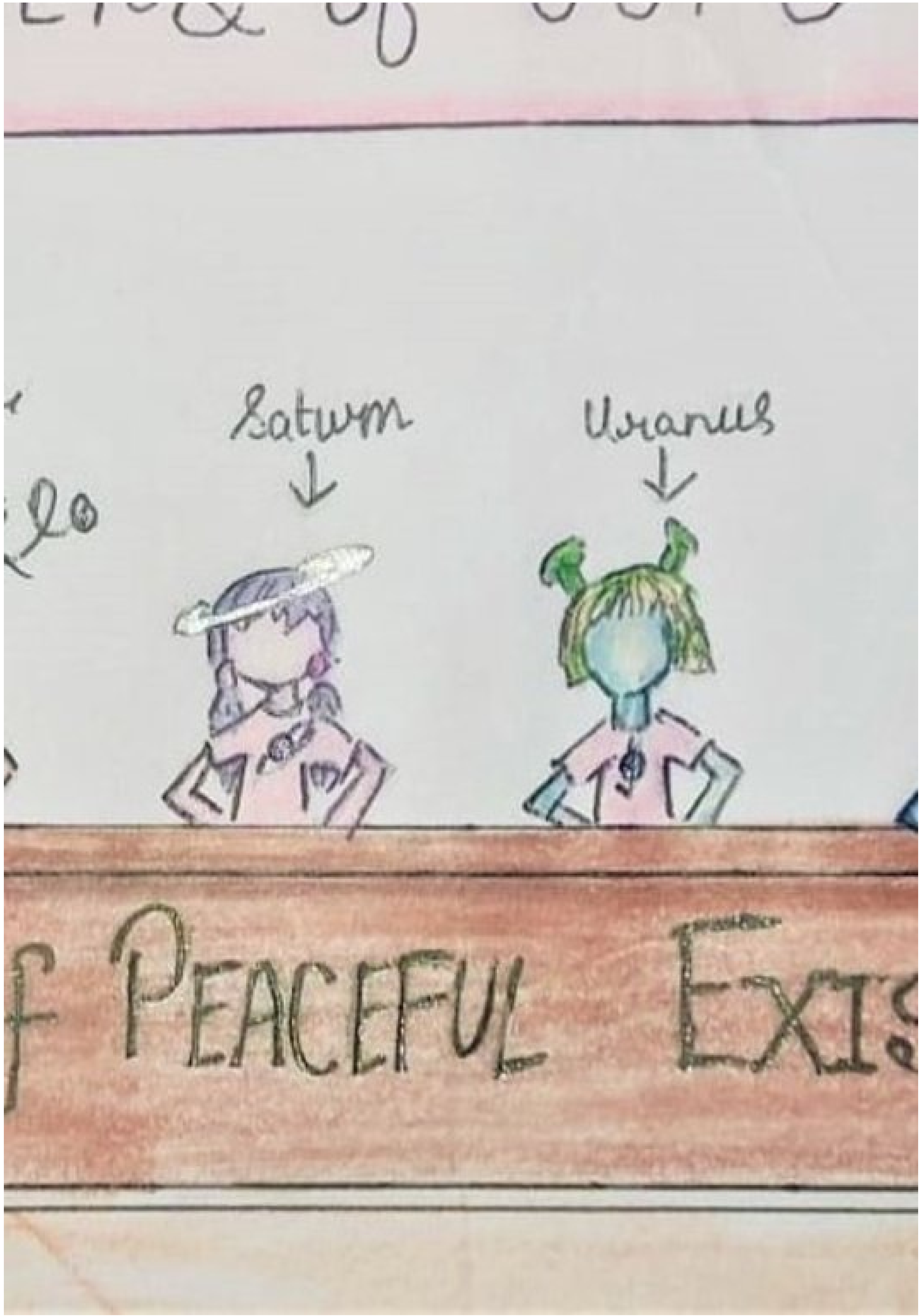


One of the office lobbies was behind Aruni's. After the transfer-posting, Aruni was under pressure. Some people have made some complaints against him without any basis. One officer, Shashank, had a hand in it. His posting of a particular person did not go down well with him and he wanted to follow Aruni into the promotion. Meanwhile, Aruni's phone went dead for a few days. After that, calls were made from his phone to Abu Dhabi and Dubai. However, at that time, government phones had to report to the telephone department for ISD facilities.

An administrative officer in his office had written to the telephone department asking them to provide this facility without Aaruni's knowledge. In the vigilance inquiry, he had given a statement that Aruni was the head of the office and he had to obey her verbal orders. He wrote to the Telephone Department on Aruni's verbal orders to facilitate the ISD. The mafia had broken them up, and the civil servant had implicated himself in them. On Monday, the fax arrived and Aruni was transferred. "Represent against this order" - the same familiar tone, that of Manindra. "You're in a mess. Everything will be fine, "said Aruni on the phone.



A party was held at Shashank's house. "Not even Mr. Aruni rep. Relieved, he walked away. Understand how to surrender yourself. " "Think of promotions as being on hold for ten years. Seniority does not matter. Distinct from slander. We hear that Dubai smugglers used to talk to everyone on the phone. "

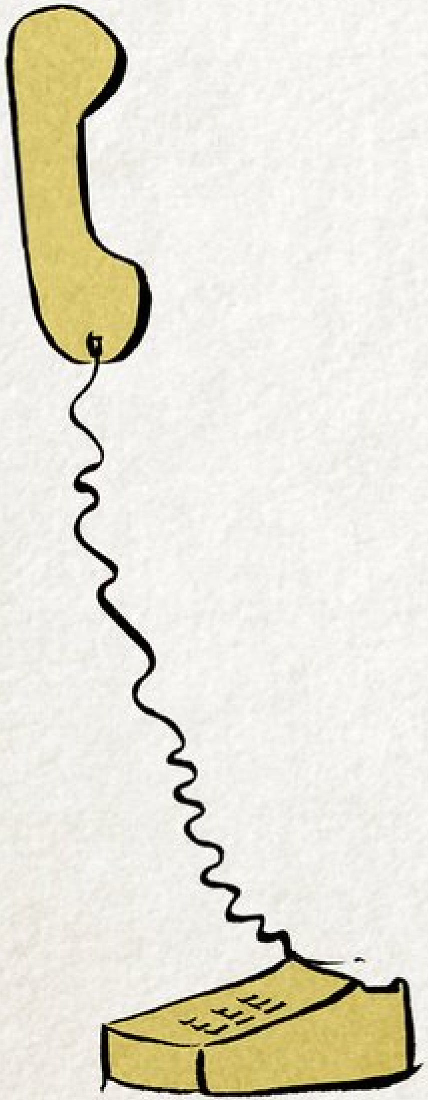


Omhar Aruni finds himself lost in Babuji's transfers, struggles for honesty, failures of struggle and then his tantra-vidya and pooja-patha and disillusioned with home, office and the mundane. After all these developments, a worry line appeared on his face. But that did not last long in Aruni's mind.
He converted losses into wins several times. In jobs and even before that in business. "Is this Yau Manindra? No phone calls. You forgot when I got transferred. " "Why did I, why did everyone forget you were here?"



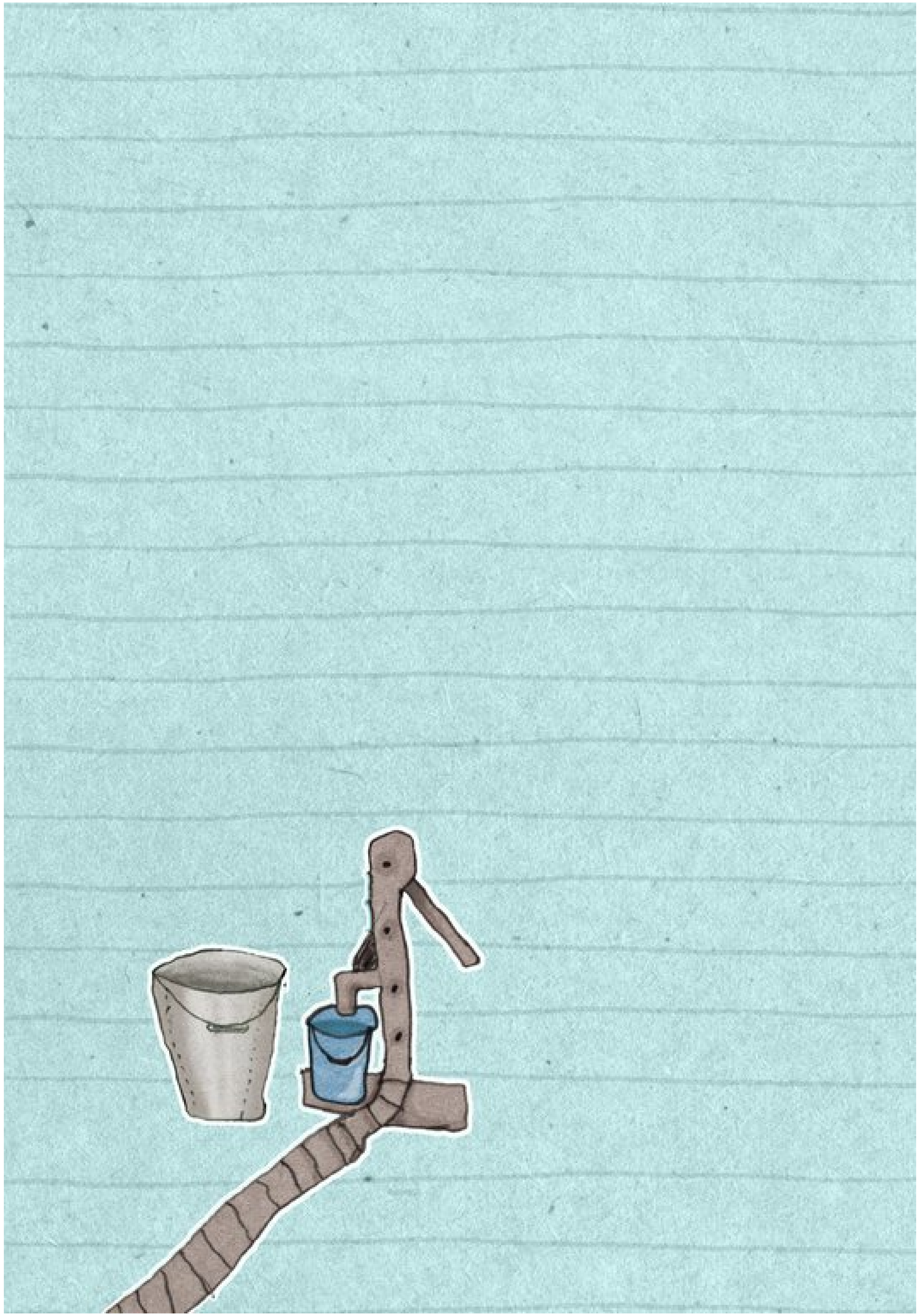
"What did you understand? Which I have also forgotten. You have a heart. When I dropped out of science after Inter, against Babuji's wishes, I took up arts. All the science books were thrown into the pond at 11 o'clock in the night. I did not leave any relics in the subject's own house. And when I got my first class in arts, I went to the village. How many times I had left him before, so many births and deaths. But I didn't go to the village. "

"Oh, my brother. You have everything. I thought I had become like your uncle. These are not excusable. Show it to someone. Now I have faith that something will happen. "



"That's it then. How can I change when you haven't changed? I left myself for a few days. Now listen to me. Do what you say. Don't talk too much. You may have noticed that my telephone was out of order at the time the call was made. Complaints were also written from home to the telephone department. But it was written over the telephone. A written letter and its receipt are not receipts. However, check to see if the telephone department has any records of such complaints. "

A few days later, Manindra gets a call that the phone department has resumed issuing complaint numbers after a month. That didn't work out. "Well, then, find out which number was called abroad from my number. And what number is that foreigner calling from? " "Yes. I was not bothered by the gossip. "



Now, the list of telephone numbers that Manindra brought was of all telephone booths. However, none of the calls were directed to Aruni's number. Shashank was shocked when he heard all these details in the vigilance hearing. It would have been better if Shashank's men had kept in touch with Booth Bala, otherwise they would have been trapped and Shashanko's name would have come up in all this. As a result, Aruni walked out of the investigation. "My brother. I am Manindra. Nothing happened to them. "

"I have been transferred to Delhi. You see it. You will be safe. " "I was reassured the day you told me the truth. You have to avenge your uncle's insult. Only the personalities have changed. The characters are the same. "



In Delhi, Aruni was posted in the Information Technology wing of the Vigilance Department. This department was considered a shunting posting. That Aruni chose this posting even after getting out of the vigilance inquiry only proves that Aruni stayed on. He will sit in the corner for five years. Shashank's group was ecstatic. Meanwhile, Aruni resumes her science lessons. Throughout the day, the computers and their technicians faced off with everyone. After a long time, they had seen an officer who was struggling with work.

Others simply complete the Kohuna term and run away.



However, this department was very sensitive. Now, Aruni has become very close to all the employees of her department. All applications were advanced in time. All office equipment was new. The previous officers had to run away from time to time and did not meet the necessary requirements of the office.



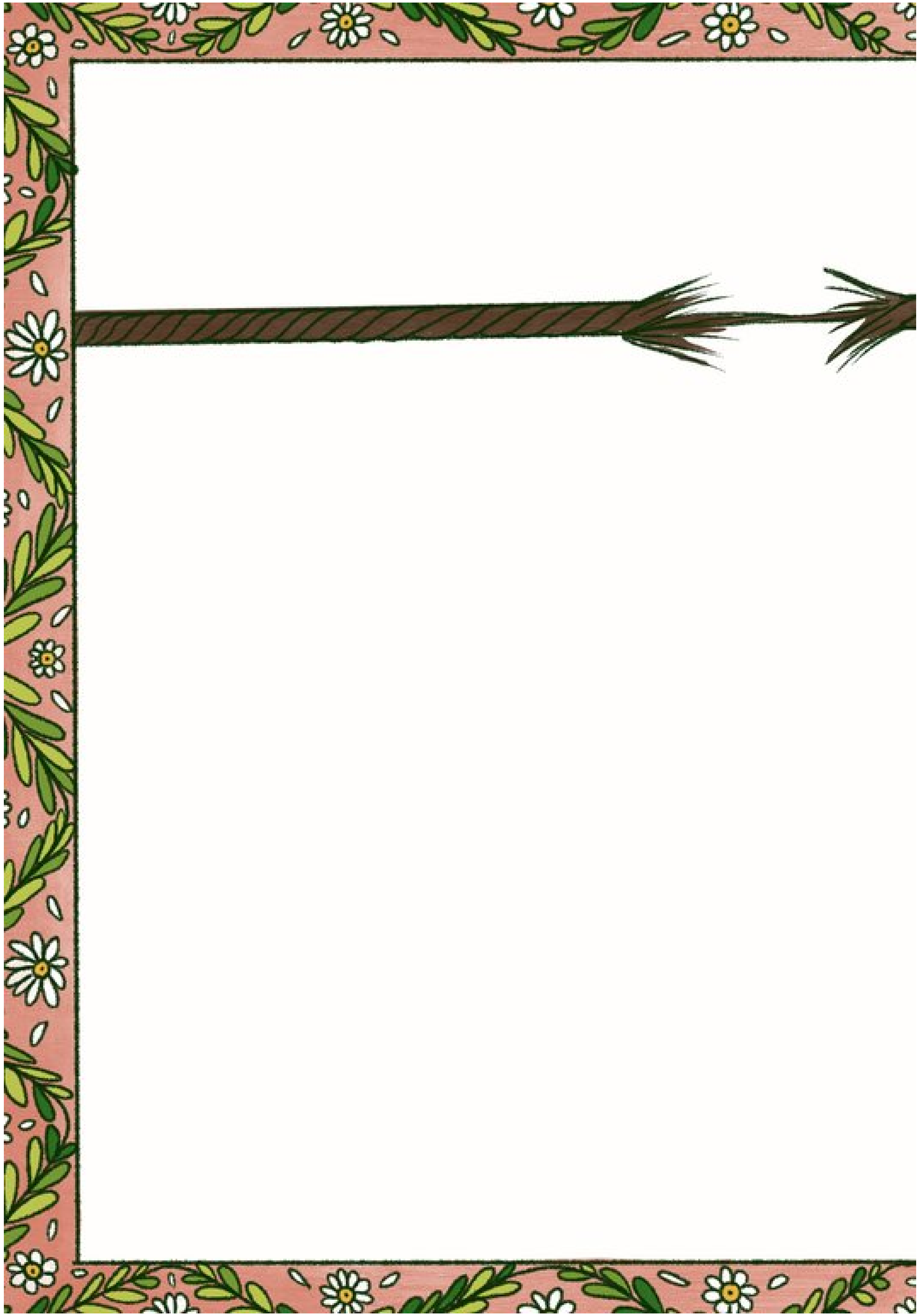




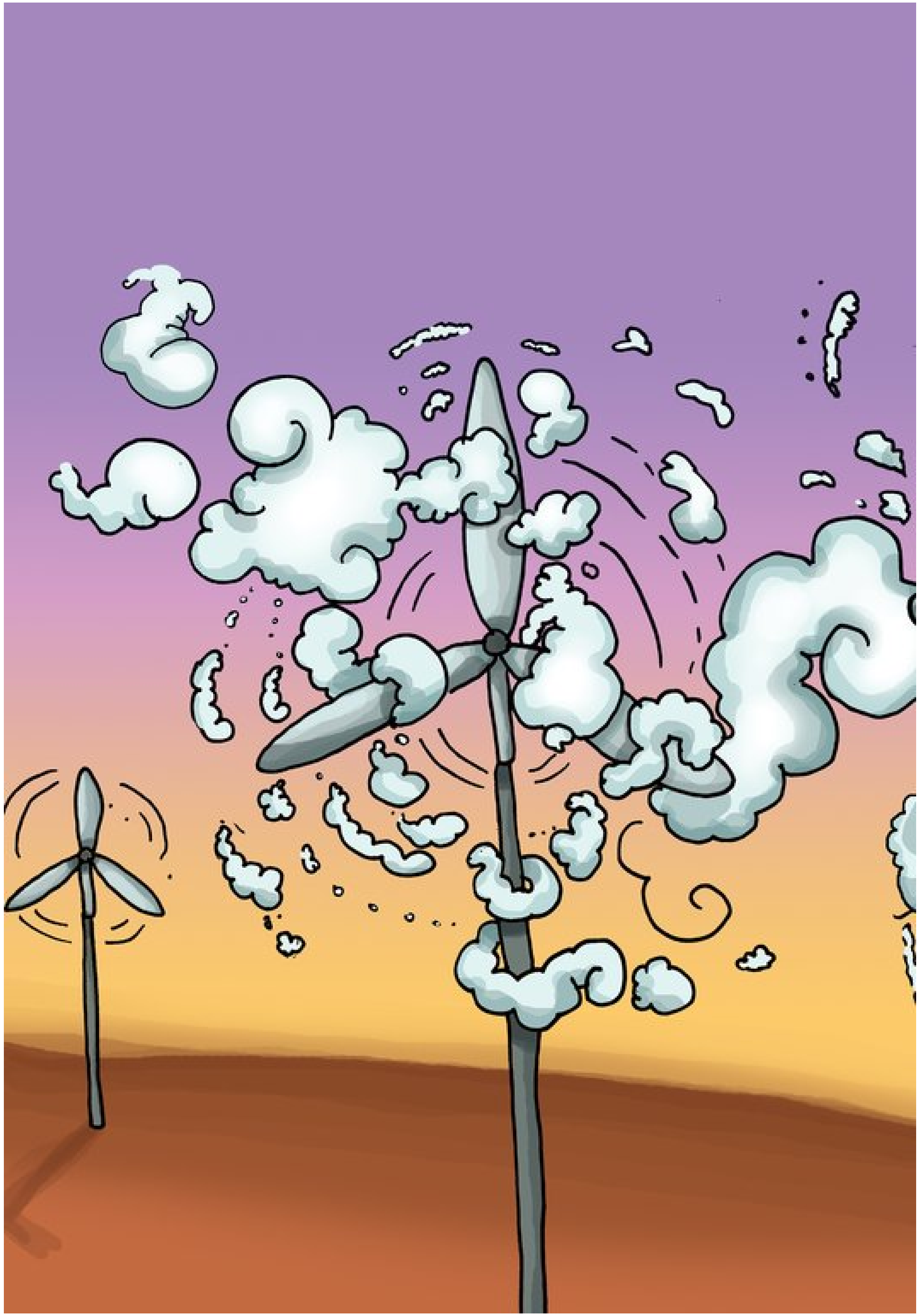
An equipment was brought to the office to prevent corruption. It had the facility to tap the phones of smugglers. A few days went by.



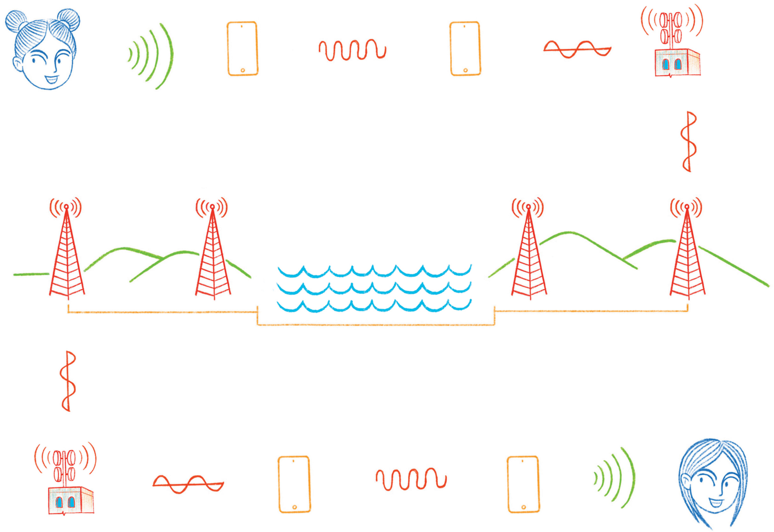
"Manindra. No phone calls. " "I'm sure now, brother." "Yes, the time has come. Do one thing, let there be a news item in the newspaper about Shashank's relationship with the smuggler. Then everything is ready. "



The news appeared in the Omhar newspaper and the public relations officer of the minister, whose job it was to cut the news of the department from the newspaper and deliver it to the minister, delivered the clipping to the minister. The timing was opportune as the departmental minister faced a barrage of allegations at the time, and he took no chances as Parliament was in session. Order an inquiry. The hair was brought to the vigilance department. They had internal meetings in which the IT department was also called. The Coarse Technology Department issued no-objection certificates in all cases.
And the hair used to be finished after the inquiry.



The date of the meeting was fixed. Aruni attended the meeting as a member of the vigilance committee. "No charges of any kind are proved against Shashank. Earlier, telephone tapping equipment was made available to your department. But in your office, if the fax machine is installed after 6 months of storage, then this machine should still be kept or some conversation records have been made. "



"Yes sir. The machine arrived on the first of this month and began to be used from that date. The smuggler whose name appears in this case is on the list I was ordered to record the call. Shashanka's Conversation is equivalent to this person's No. Two half-minute conversations. The second conversation is at nine o'clock at night and after this conversation, the smuggler's phone goes to his employee and he takes only half a minute. " "What date is this?" "Five dates."

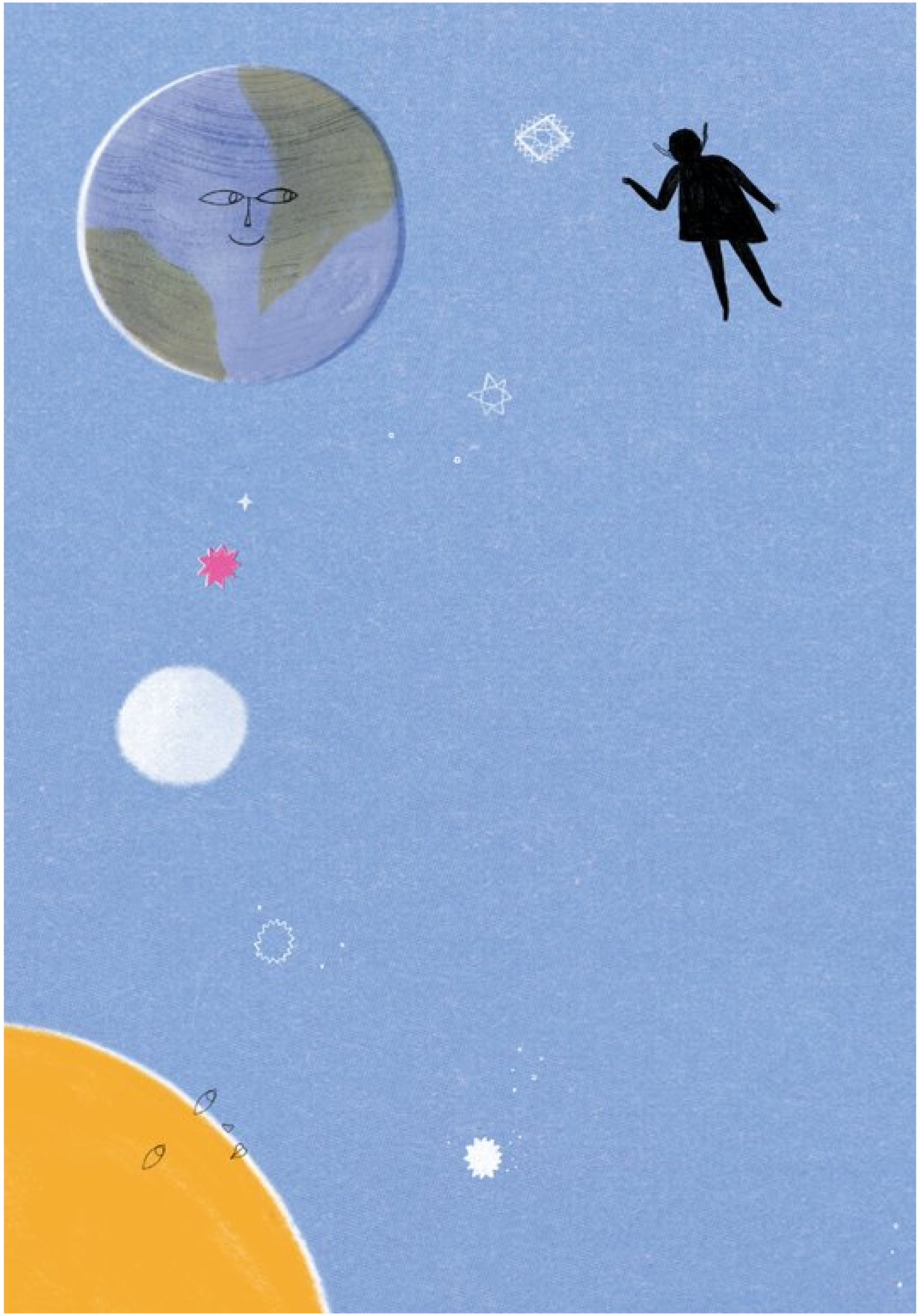
"This smuggler was raided on the morning of the 6th and nothing was found. Give me the details of all these phones. "



"In the first call, Shashank says come home at 8.30 and meet me. It's a very important thing. He says in the second conversation at nine o'clock, "It's nine o'clock and you haven't arrived yet." It also answers that he is standing at smuggler Shashank's gate. " "What is the conversation on the third phone?" "The third call is made by the smuggler to his office staff at 9.30 am. He orders the employee to come to the office immediately. Just nothing more than that. No evidence could be found in this case. Let me give you a No Objection Certificate. "



"Oh my god. what do you say? Your department hadn't done anything yet, but you added all the links today. Shashank called me to meet him. On the second call, the person was standing at her gate. The third is what his staff does in the office that night. The news of the raid was leaked by Shashank. The employee removed all the papers and the officer of my department came in the morning with a folded hand. Give me another call now. Shashank's number could not be taped but as per procedure, his voice samples had to be matched. If he picks up the phone, say the wrong number and hang up. "



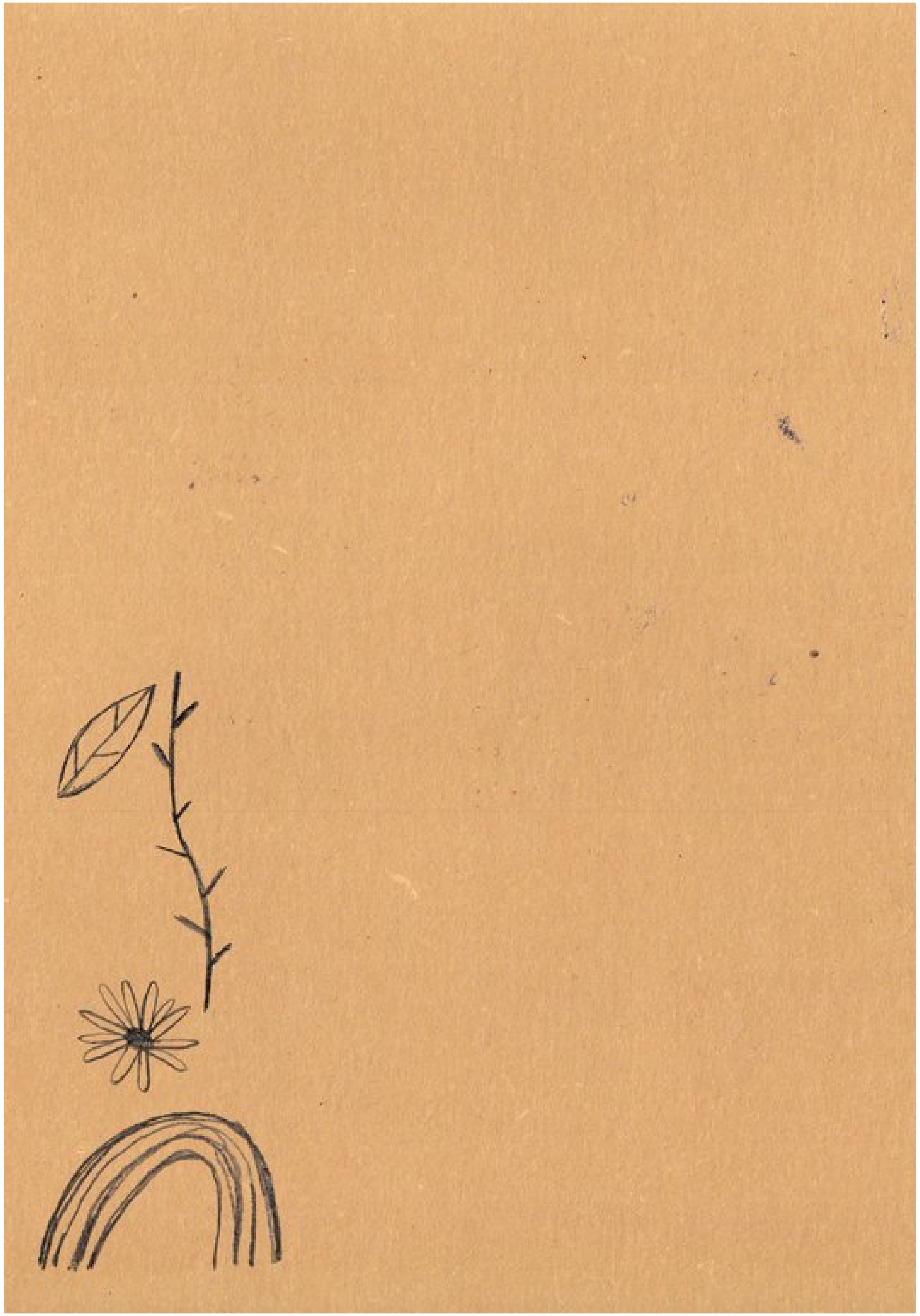
"Yes it will be." This process was then carried out. "This is an open and shut case," the vigilance committee chairman told the DG. The Director-General called Shashank and asked him for two options. "Shashank, after all these incidents, you have two options. You will have to take compulsory retirement from the department. Otherwise, the inquiry will go ahead. " Shashank took compulsory retirement. He left the department.



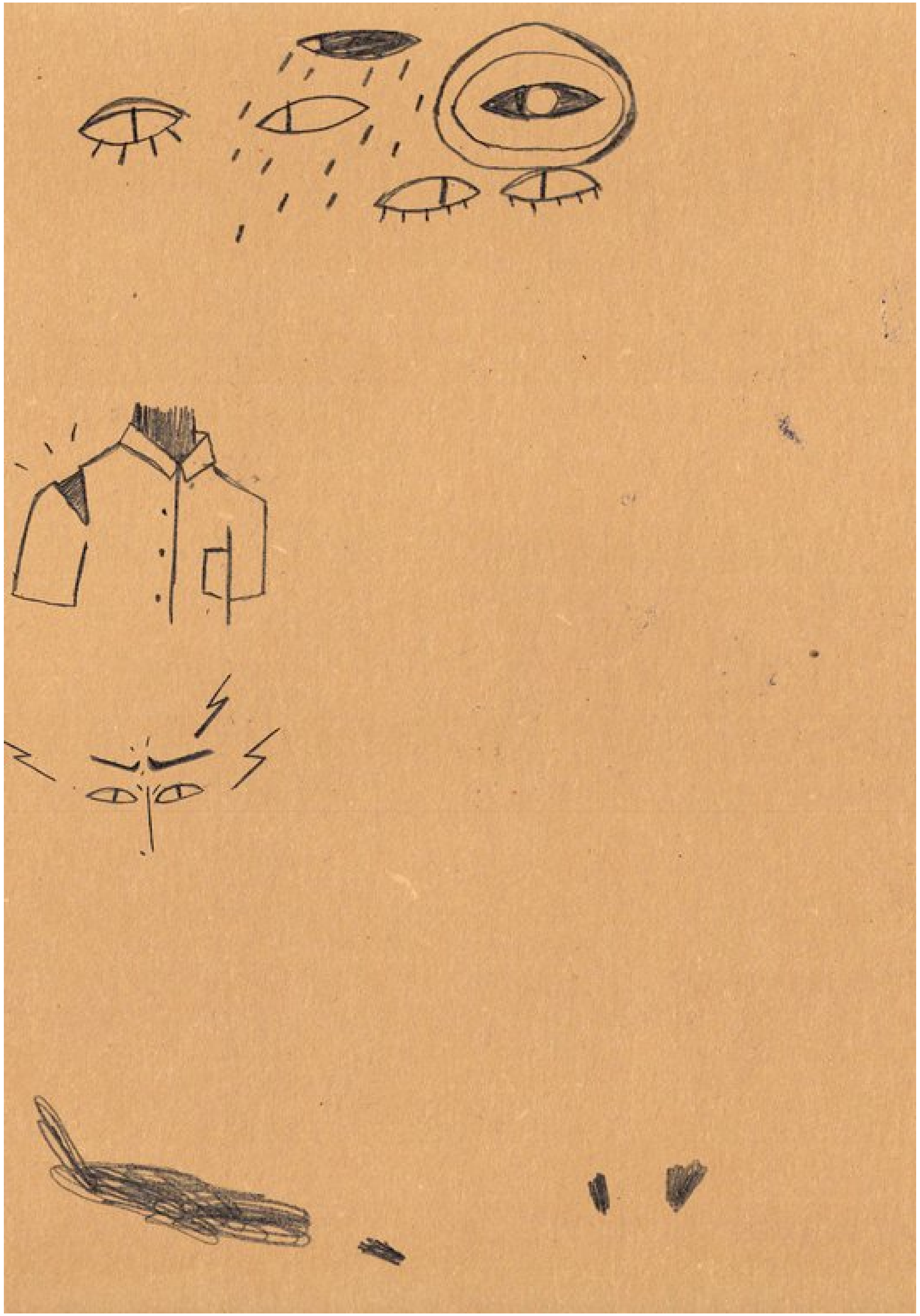
"Brother Manindra. No phone calls. " "Bhajar. I was relieved the day I found out you had all the baby talk. There is no difference between uncle and you. There were only two routes. Do you remember how much I told you to follow this path of victory? But that day, when you told me about the baby, I was relieved. " Aruni's reading graph kept fluctuating with her father's mind. However, they returned to the target. The incident happened once again while he was out of a job.



And then Aruni's accident after a government visit. After being on a ventilator for 15 days and then on a ventilator for a year, Aruni was back on her feet. Where would the child who wrote the diary be? The fictional narrator had written all seven, narrating the future of Aruni. It was also recorded in Aruni's diary:



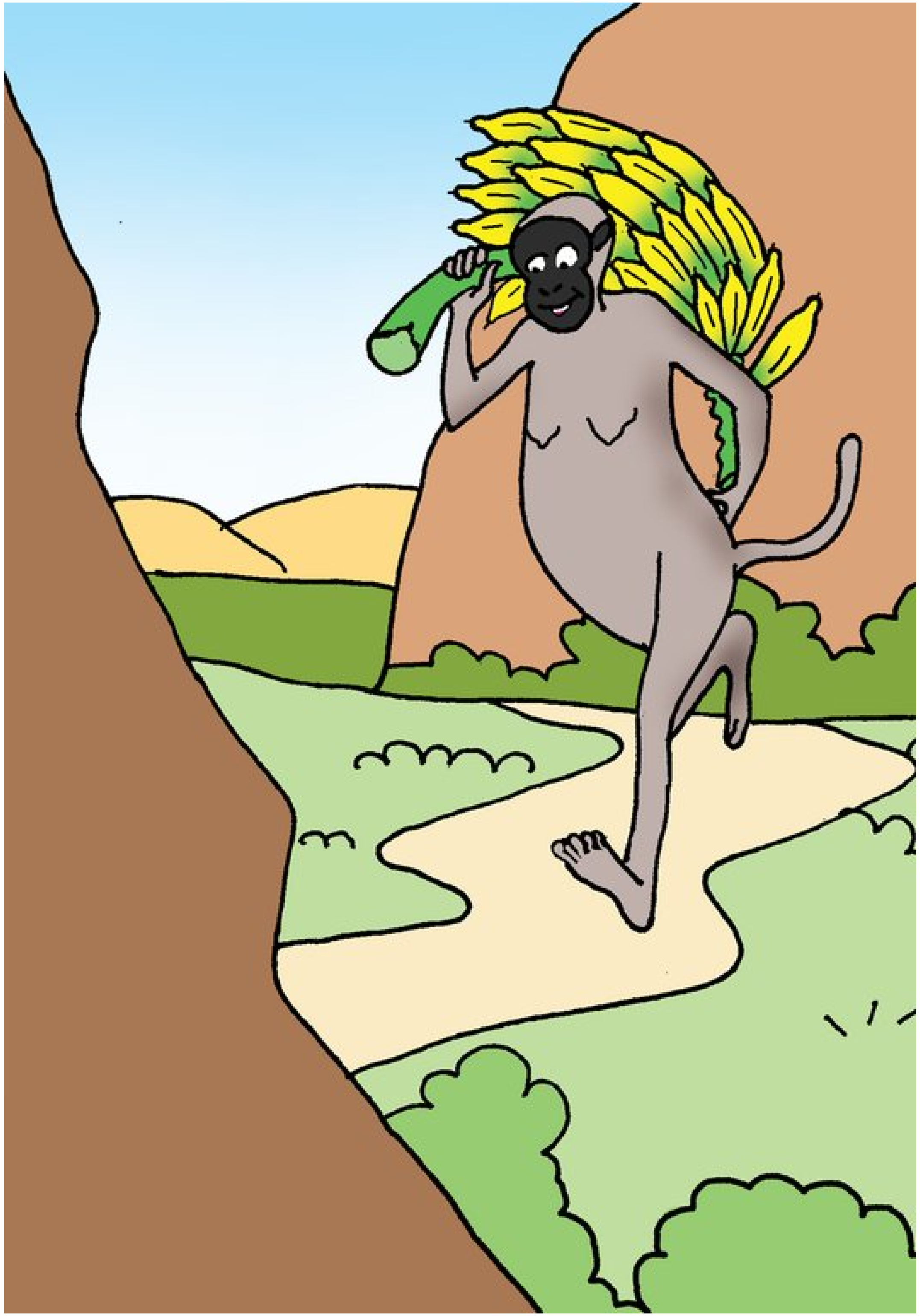
"My father thought I was running out of time to talk to him. Some of it was due to my father's habit and some of it was due to my father's accident, due to which one and a half years of my life were lost like one and a half days. Something that also got my attention was how to compensate for the time lost in a year and a half. Then came the idea of limiting social contact. In this, I was successful without any effort. This was due to my seemingly incurable illness.



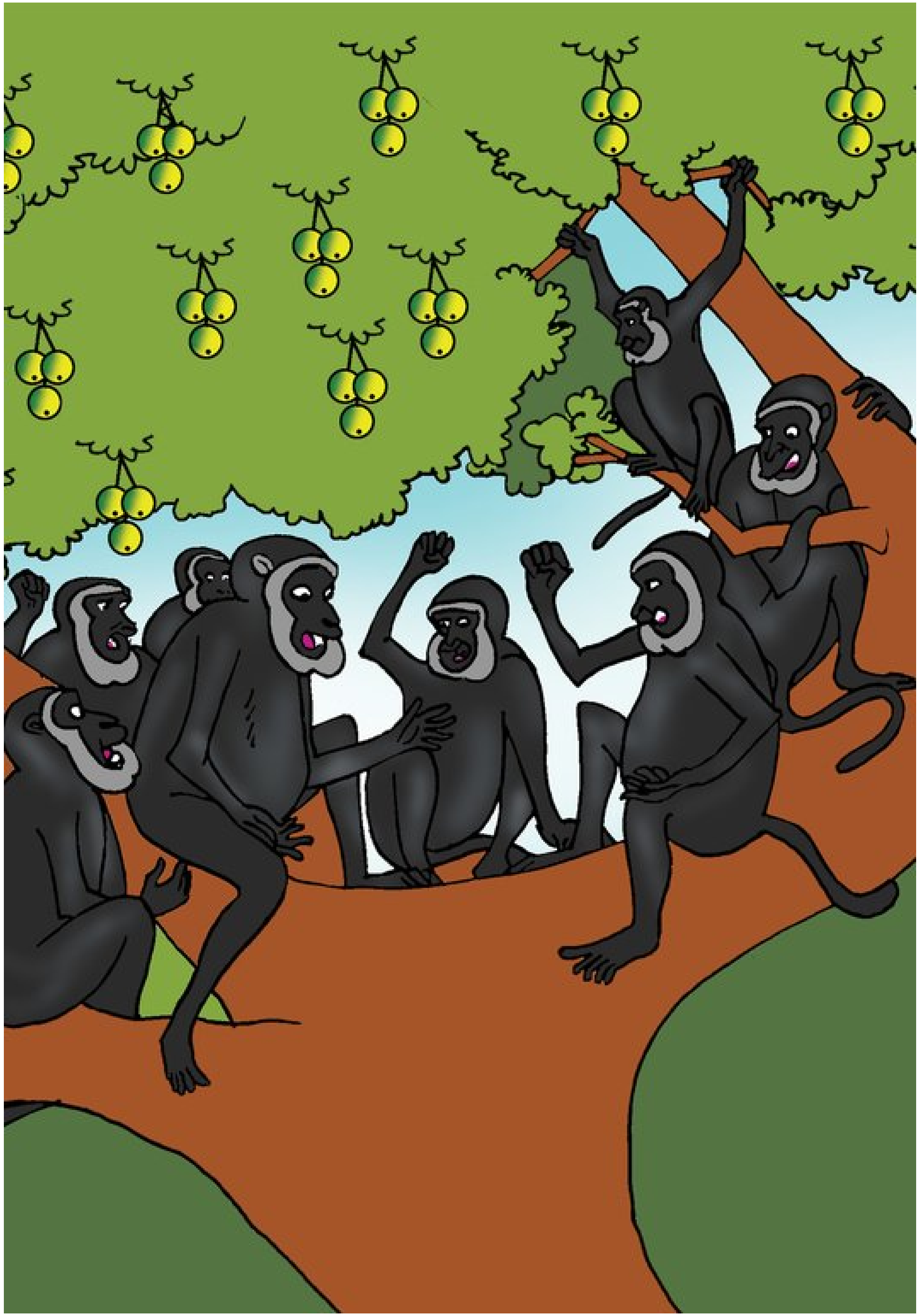
These included various doctors' opinions, some botched operations, and the added impression that I would now have to live with a disability. Forget anything else, I had this thought in my mind. The doctors seemed to be assuring Fuchsia. In the process, the number of people on the phone to those asking for news was also reduced. When I started driving the car after that sudden break, then on a stick, many people found it uncomfortable to have a normal relationship with me again. What didn't take away from me was the fact that I was in a forced relationship, but my behavior with people on the other side was neutral, and people seemed discouraged by that re-connection.



This behaviour would have been seen as condescending to someone who laughed at me in bad times. This saved a lot of time. Initially, it seemed as if he did not know why he was in the office. But when I reached the office, it was like a hero's welcome. However, my colleagues noticed that my walking with the stick caused a stir in them. Everyone just kept praising my courage. As I walked away from the stick, one of the companions said, "Now you are walking around like a pig." I came home and thought about it. With the help of my wife, I videographed the photo of my walk with a handycam.



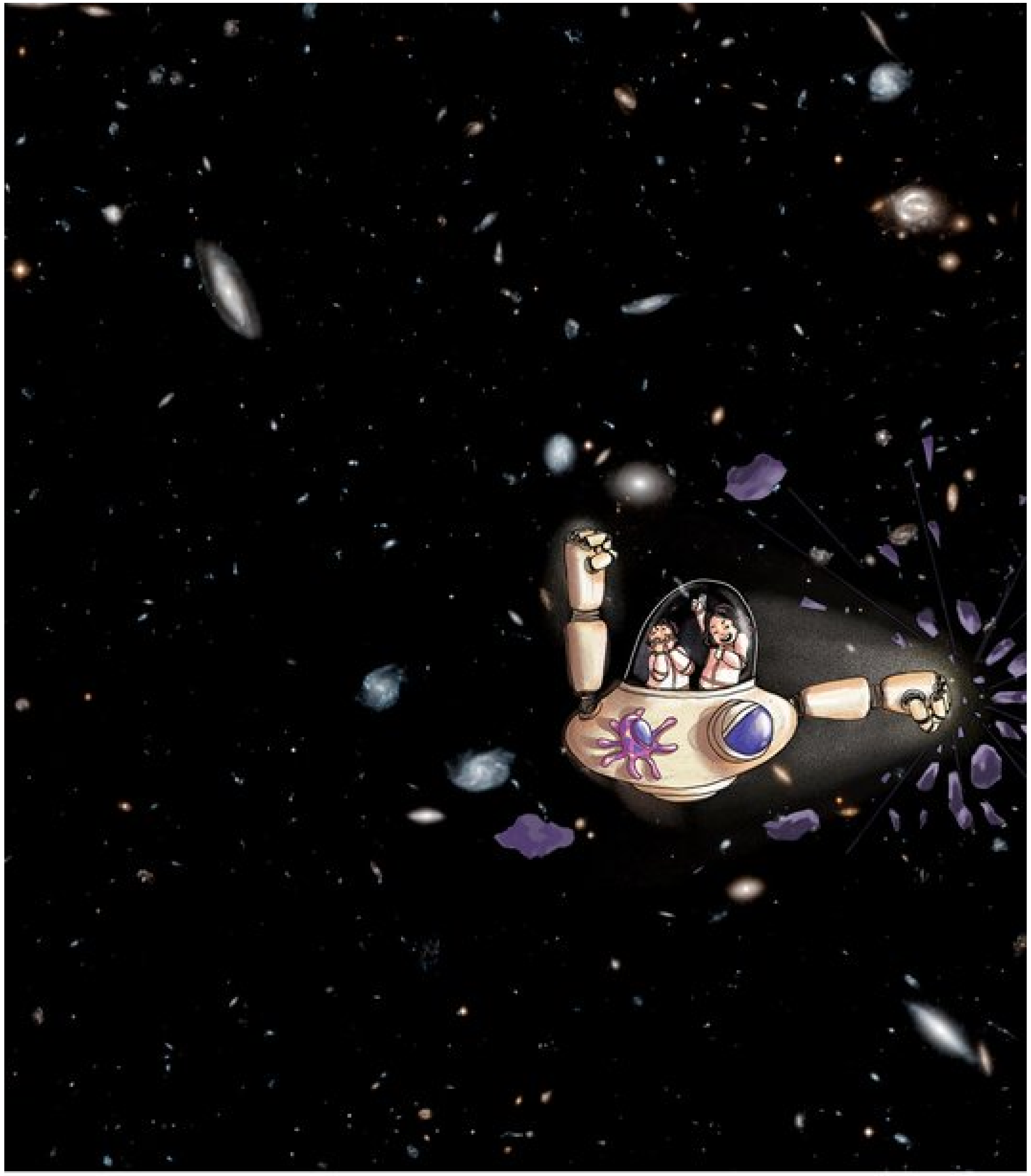
Once upon a time, I was silent. The way of walking also resembled running naked. At first, it would have been more, but the companions did not even leave a trace. Later, the people of the house said that it was too little, earlier it was more. It was then that I realised how much worse things seemed to the friends and those who felt close to me. It was then that I discovered the secret to their encouragement and continuing to admire my courage.



After the loneliness of my early life and the doubts, hopes, expectations, or experiences of being isolated in public life after holding down a job, this kind of experience gave further strength to the different development of my personality. "



After undergoing several operations and while coming out of anesthesia, Aruni felt that she was throwing herself into a world full of holes. Victory over death is yours.



But when he returned to office a year and a half later, people were not convinced. That was the only familiar smile on his face. People even said that the accident did not happen but was staged. The cause was the same as the Naval accident.

Story Attribution:

This story: सहस्रबाढ़नि (पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास)ISBN:978-93-340-4576-5 The Comet (First Maithili Graphic Novel) is translated by Gajendra Thakur . The © for this translation lies with Gajendra Thakur, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Based on Original story: 'सहस्रबाढ़नि (पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास) ISBN:978-93-340-4576-5', by Gajendra Thakur . © Gajendra Thakur , 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Cover page: Seven comets, by Vidyun Sabhaney © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 3: Seven comets, by Vidyun Sabhaney © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 4: A toddler with a finger on its lips, by Zainab Tambawalla © Pratham Books, 2011. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 5: Children in forest, by Mansi Thakkar © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 6: Mahatma Gandhi with Sardar Vallahbhai Patel with other members of Congress, by Goutam Sen © StoryWeaver, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 7: Graduate with his father, by Adonay Gebru © African Storybook Initiative, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 8: Child and father in the kitchen, by Priya Dali © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 9: A boy sitting with his guru, by Somesh Kumar © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 10: Man walking in a village, by Sugrib Kumar Juanga © Pratham Books, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 11: Letter being written, Old woman and girl holding an orange sweater, by Tanaya Vyas © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 12: Girl standing at a river bank, by Dỗ Thái Thanh © Room to Read, 2012. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 13: Army men on a boat, by Arkapriya Koley © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 14: Girl looking at a creature rifling through a drawer of utensils, by Stephen Wallace © Book Dash, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 15: A worried groom at his wedding, by Rajiv Eipe © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 16: Two men riding a bullock cart at night, by Swathi Sambasivam © StoryWeaver, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 17: Flood, by Joanna Davala © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 18: Carrying a hurt monkey, by Isaac Okwir © African Storybook Initiative, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 19: Two people rowing boats on a river, by Mamun Hossain © Room to Read, 2012. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 20: People heading towards a village meeting, by Jeyanthi Manokaran © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 21: Earthquake zones around the world , by Aindri C © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 22: What to do in an earthquake, by Aindri C © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 23: Man on a horse, by Natalie Edwards © Book Dash, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 24: black magic, by Jahnavi Jain © Jahnavi Jain, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 25: Instruments for a science experiment, by Priya Kuriyan © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 26: A mongoose talking with snake, by Samidha Gunjal © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 27: Triangles and alphabets and symbols moving, mathematical questions, by Swathi Sambasivam © StoryWeaver, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 28: Pant and dhoti talking, Bushes in the background, by Pratham Content Group © Pratham Education Foundation, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 29: Aeroplane's engine, by Lavanya Karthik © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 30: House on the hill, by Adrie Le Roux © Book Dash, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 31: Buffalo on the hill at dusk, by Atanu Roy © Room to Read, 2013. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 32: Honey Buzzards and Deaths head hawk, by Siddhi Vartak © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 33: A man strangled by a rope, by Tapas Guha © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 34: Water enters a tank and gets filtered, by Samidha Gunjal © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 35: Grandmother sleeping on mez, by Ajit Narayan © Pratham Education Foundation, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 36: Religious ritual with priest and people, by Angie & Upesh © Pratham Books, 2010. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 37: A lady with banana leaves, by Sandhya Prabhat © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 38: Coconut trees in fields, by Ritwick Roy © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 39: The chief's throne, by Idowu Abayomi Oluwasegun © African Storybook Initiative, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 40: A pig, by Josh Morgan © Book Dash, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 41: Boy watching monkey on tree, by Srikrishna Kedilaya © Pratham Books, 2004. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 42: An apple orchard with sheep sleeping, by Adrija Ghosh © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 43: Animals in an orange orchard, by Phạm Thu Thùy © Room to Read, 2012. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 44: A blue circle, by Gitanjali Iyer © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 45: Family, by Nyambura Kariuki © Book Dash, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 46: Rabbits climbing roof of a house, by Ajit Narayan © Pratham Books, 2007. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 47: Comets and Planets, by Anja Venter © Book Dash, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 48: Three students listening to a woman, by Ruchi Shah, Students of Himalayan Public School © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 49: Counting, by Angie & Upesh © Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 50: Memory, by Angelika Heuer © Angelika Heuer, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 51: Historical group picture, by Goutam Sen © StoryWeaver, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 52: A bridge across a river, by Krupa Thakur-Patil, Sachin Pandit, Sheshadri Mokshagundam, Visvesvaraya National Memorial Trust © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 53: A residential area, by Sujan Chitrakar © Room to Read, 2004. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 54: Hanuman Praying, by Nikita B © Nikita B, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 55: A group of children in a water body holding slates with drawings of nature and animals, by Nilesh Gehlot © Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 56: A girl on a cycle rickshaw, by Jupiter Pradhan © Room to Read, 2007. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 57: Schools Closed, by Ana RoGu © The LEGO Foundation, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 58: Two boys in a classroom, by Ashwathy Menon © StoryWeaver, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 59: Sheep with a rope, by Marleen Visser © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 60: A boy with a balloon collides into a running kitten, by Youm Kosal © Room to Read, 2013. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 61: Girl looking at boy with his leg covered in plaster, by Tapas Guha © Pratham Books, 2011. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 62: Elephant at office, by Meng Sokpheng © The Asia Foundation, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 63: Working pig, by Marleen Visser © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 64: Three birds fighting, by Chathurika Jayasooriya © Room to Read, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 65: Nadi - cloud of money bank, by Roshni Vyam © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 66: A butterfly gifts a violin to a dragonfly, by Nuwan Chathuranga Athulasiri © Room to Read, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 67: Woman bandaging a teddy bear, by Jean de Wet © Book Dash, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 68: Bee defeat wasp, by Isaac Leung © Isaac Leung, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 69: image 10, by Asha Susan Alex © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 70: Big birds fly over a village, by Jeyanthi Manokaran © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 71: Bright colourful dressing room of theatre where children interact with performers, by Pankaj Saikia © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 72: RAM , by REVA JAISWAL © REVA JAISWAL , 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 73: Crane lying dead on the ground, by Kanika Nair © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 74: bones, by Levin Leo © Levin Leo, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 75: Pigeon theatre activity, by Priya Kuriyan © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 76: Children approaching the theatre, by Pankaj Saikia © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 77: Triangles and alphabets and symbols moving, mathematical questions, by Swathi Sambasivam © StoryWeaver, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 78: Forest fire in forest, by Guru Khanna © Guru Khanna , 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 79: Bird in a field, by Natasha Sharma © Pratham Books, 2011. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 80: A sailing ship, by Sangeeta Das © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 81: Vulture and Spider approach town council, by Wiehan de Jager © African Storybook Initiative, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 82: Bully goats laughing at little goat, by Aratrika Choudhury © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 83: Two girls in a forest with a snake , by Nankusia Shyam © Pratham Books, 2010. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 84: Children eat food in the classroom, by Ujwal Nair © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 85: chaos, by Essa Biju © Essa Biju, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 86: Market place, by Manjari Chakravarti © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 87: Pelting stones, by Jesse Breytenbach © African Storybook Initiative, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 88: Girls at the zoo, by Offei Tettey Eugene © African Storybook Initiative, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 89: Girls looking at a bridge, by Tasneem Amiruddin © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 90: A family of mole rats, by Sunaina Coelho © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 91: Underwater radio, by Srikrishna Kedilaya © Pratham Books, 2004. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 92: Everyone celebrating mother's results, by Priya Kuriyan © Pratham Books, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 93: Frogs talking, by Marco Tibasima © Readership for Learning and Development -- Soma, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 94: Man on a horse, by Natalie Edwards © Book Dash, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 95: Rabbit holding a pan of water, by Ajit Narayan © Pratham Books, 2007. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 96: A women frying girl hair, by Shivam Choudhary © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 97: Girl and boy frightened by a mysterious animal in the shadows, by Pankaj Saikia © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 98: A group of people standing at an inauguration, by Google India © Google, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 99: Comets, shooting stars, asteroids and planets in space, by Megha Punater © Pratham Books, 2023. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 100: Brother bear teasing his baby bear, by Vishnu M Nair © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 101: Lord Hanumana, by Lakshita Tanwar © Lakshita Tanwar, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 102: Nordoroz the evil sorcerer b, by Jonathan Timothy © Jonathan Timothy, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 103: Orange carrots, by Antra Khurana © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 104: village, by Pooja Dhull © Pooja Dhull, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 105: A donkey dancing in the rain, by Bijal V © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 106: Children watching TV with their mother in her shop, by Marion Drew © African Storybook Initiative, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 107: Boy looking at sleeping cat smoking a pipe sitting on a chair, Boy looking at Mouse on TV wearing shirt and tie, by Angie & Upesh © Pratham Books, 2010. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 108: Cattle and birds fleeing a forest fire, by B G Gujjarappa © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 109: Child watching a funeral take place, by Phaoniu Shio © Sauramandala Foundation, 2023. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 110: Car driving along a lane by night, by Manisha Naskar © StoryWeaver, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 111: Jayachamarajendra Polytechnic, and University of Mysore, by Krupa Thakur-Patil, Sachin Pandit, Sheshadri Mokshagundam, Visvesvaraya National Memorial Trust © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 112: Cat comes through space, by Aindri C © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 113: A rhino weeps, by Abin Shrestha © Room to Read, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 114: A window, by Sujan Chitrakar © Room to Read, 2004. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 115: Telling the dream, by Lutfia Kamish © Book Dash, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 116: SARASWATI PIC, by Rajni Sharma bastariya © Rajni Sharma bastariya, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 117: Smiling puppy running, by Sonal Goyal, Sumit Sakhuja © Pratham Education Foundation, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 118: Passing his B.A. examination, by Nidhin Shobhana © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 119: Spider and vulture fight, by Wiehan de Jager © African Storybook Initiative, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 120: new house, by Abhinavkrishna Aravind © Abhinavkrishna Aravind, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 121: Grandfather throwing books , by Bhavana Vyas Vipparthi © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 122: Busy Indian meat market, by Jemma Jose © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 123: Frog reading huge books, by Trần Lưu Đăng Nguyên © Room to Read, 2012. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 124: A rabbit watching a cat write a long essay on sheets of paper, by Lý Minh Phúc © Room to Read, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 125: Mangalyaan begins to orbit around Mars, by Nikhil Gulati © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 126: Bus Terminus, by Brian Wambi © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 127: Bus Stop, by Brian Wambi © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 128: Bus, by Mango Tree © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 129: A child talking to friends in a bus, by Namitaa Pradeep © Namitaa Pradeep, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 130: A woman getting off a bus, by Proiti Roy © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 131: A bus is being repaired as a snail looks on, by Aruna Keerthi Gamage © Room to Read, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 132: Colony, by Megha Vishwanath © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 133: Colony of ants , by Deepa Balsavar © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 134: Doctor bear removing squirrel's tail, by Sanjay Sarkar © Pratham Books, 2006. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 135: A sad brain inside a head, by Sunaina Coelho © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 136: Storm blowing away roofs of houses, by Sinomonde Ngwane © Book Dash, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 137: Red car driving over a dragon bridge, by Vinayak Varma © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 138: cockroaches reached home, , by Somesh Kumar © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 139: Hare watches animals play, by Godwin Chipenya © Room to Read, 2013. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 140: Girl with a fish crying , by Vidya Gopal © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 141: 2 cat siblings, by TAKI team © TAKI team, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 142: Mixture of red and yellow paint, by Priya Kuriyan © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 143: Girl walking away, by Jacob Kono © African Storybook Initiative, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 144: Laser Maze, by JEROME JOE © JEROME JOE, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 145: Mayor and his worried council of ministers, by Bindia Thapar © Pratham Books, 2008. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 146: Scowls and frowns from the Mayor and his council of ministers, by Bindia Thapar © Pratham Books, 2008. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 147: Council of animals, by Abraham Muzee © African Storybook Initiative, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 148: Sometme Dog injured, by Rajiv Eipe © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 149: Dog and Cat get into fight, by Priya Kuriyan © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 150: The lonely one, by Marleen Visser © African Storybook Initiative, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 151: Scavengers of the Forest, by Rohan Chakravarty © Pratham Books, 2017. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 152: A girl and a dog look at plants on a windowsill, by Jemma Jose © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 153: Two people trapped in a whirlpool, by Jeyanthi Manokaran © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 154: Children and man in a virtual world, by Rohit Kelkar © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 155: Three cats raid a kitchen, by Jesse Breytenbach © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 156: Silhouettes of a group of children talking to each other under a tree, by Tapas Guha © Pratham Books, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 157: Stationery shop owner smiling, by Rajiv Eipe © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 158: A sportsperson playing shot putt, discus and javelin, by Jesse Breytenbach © Jesse Breytenbach, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 159: Businessman on stage, by Aarush R Nambiar © Aarush R Nambiar, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 160: A snail cries as a bus leaves, by Aruna Keerthi Gamage © Room to Read, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 161: A bear with a telephone on his head talks to another bear, by Vishnu M Nair © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 162: cheque, by Ridhima Kakkar © Ridhima Kakkar, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 163: AIRPORT DIARIES, by Vishakha Yadav © Vishakha Yadav, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 164: Olive Ridley sea turtles hatching at the beach, by Bao © Pratham Books, 2022. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 165: life or death contract, by Shiza Khan © Shiza Khan, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 166: The Lost City, by Kinga International © Kinga International, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 167: Father and Mother with closed eyes, by Sahitya Rani © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 168: Stronghold (By Cubical), by Life Wars creator T. A. © Life Wars creator T. A., 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 169: Little girl taking photos of happy things and animals in middle of war, by Chitra Chandrashekhar © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 170: A few of the people who wrote the Constitution of India, by Priya Kuriyan © Pratham Books, 2022. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 171: A committee of aliens, by Sampurna Mondal © Sampurna Mondal, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 172: Five tigers roam near the power line in the forest, by Sangeetha Kadur © Pratham Books, 2021. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 173: Two telephones, by Smitha Shivaswamy © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 174: A water pump, by Ruchi Shah, Students of Himalayan Public School © Pratham Books, 2018. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 175: Students in a computer lab 2, by Abhimanyu Ghimiray © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 176: A computer sends emails across the globe while a hacker phishes it from another computer, by Zaheer Merchant © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 177: Sticks and strands, a bot, and a computer, by Shreyas R Krishnan © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 178: tv breaking news, by Vachi Aggarwal © Vachi Aggarwal, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 179: Rope breaking on white background, by Swathi Sambasivam © StoryWeaver, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 180: The wind breaks down because of the spinning windmills, by Ivette Salom © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 181: Journey of a call, by Samidha Gunjal © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 182: Two birds calling out and protecting their nest, by Sangeetha Kadur © Pratham Books, 2014. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 183: Angry earth frowning, by Gitanjali Iyer © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 184: Things floating in blue space, by Gitanjali Iyer © Pratham Books, 2019. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 185: Electromagnetic waves travel from tower to tower, by Samidha Gunjal © Pratham Books, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 186: Journal 3, by Vartika Sharma © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 187: Journal 8, by Vartika Sharma © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 188: Journal 2, by Vartika Sharma © StoryWeaver, Pratham Books, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 189: A boy looking at the changes puberty has brought to his body, by Aindri C © Pratham Books, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 190: Monkey carrying some bananas, by Salim Kasamba © African Storybook Initiative, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 191: Group of angry monkeys, by Salim Kasamba © African Storybook Initiative, 2016. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

Images Attributions:

Page 192: Woman winning a prize, by Jesse Breytenbach, Wiehan de Jager, Vusi Malindi © African Storybook Initiative, 2015. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license. Page 193: Spaceship flying and punching an asteroid to pieces, by Canato Jimo, NASA Images © Pratham Books, 2024. Some rights reserved. Released under CC BY 4.0 license.

सहस्रबाढ़नि (पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास)ISBN:978-93-340-4576-5 The Comet (First Maithili Graphic Novel)

(Maithili-English)

SAHASRABADHAIN (THE COMET)- FIRST MAITHILI LANGUAGE GRAPHIC NOVEL/ सहस्रबाढ़नि (पहिल मैथिली ग्राफिक उपन्यास) ISBN:978-93-340-4576-5

This is a Level 4 book for children who can read fluently and with confidence.